

The Future of the Educated Woman
By MARIE HARRISON

The **Quiver**
A Magazine of Quality

May
1923

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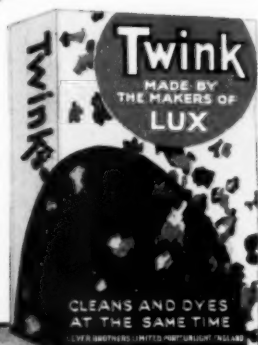
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THE' QUIVER



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F

THE QUIVER

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P.1036

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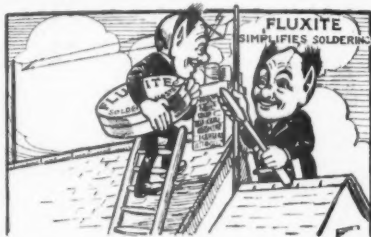
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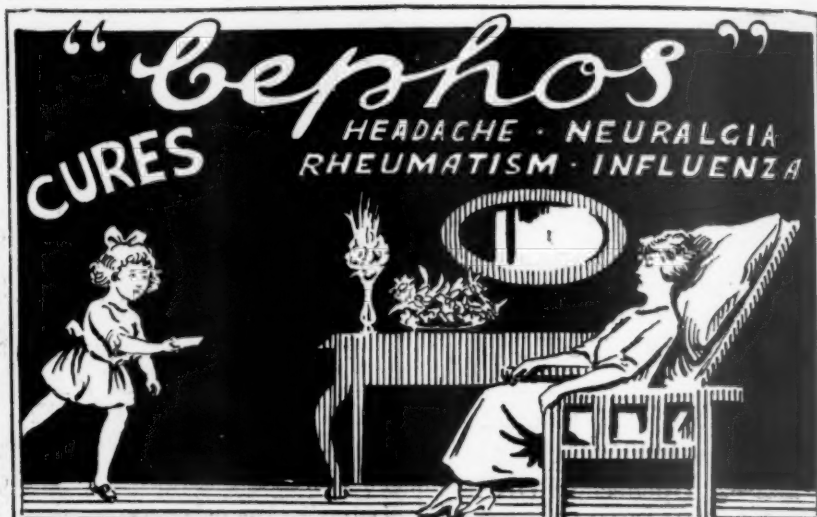
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Of All
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etc.

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ASK
FOR
IT!

"There you are then."

A
True Friend
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IT!

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THE SAFE DYE

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MANY DYSPEPTICS WHO ARE OBLIGED
TO AVOID ORDINARY TEA FIND THEY
CAN DRINK THIS WITH GREAT RELISH

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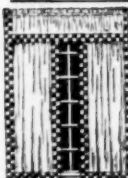
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This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimple, disgusting blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 45 years it has been the remedy for

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Weak Nerves lead to all sorts of functional disorders. Without a plentiful supply of Nerve Force the power of every organ to perform its function is diminished or impaired. Lacking Nerve Force:

- The blood travels slowly in its channels.
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- Food is undigested and not assimilated.
- Elimination of waste matter is insufficient.
- The blood becomes tainted with poisonous matter.
- There is in-nutrition or mal-nutrition.
- The brain is incapable of great or sustained effort.
- The whole tide of life in the body is low.

This Book will be sent Free without cost or obligation. It will show you how you can pass from ill-health to health and strength.



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It is not drugs nor medicine that can replace this deficiency of Nerve Force. These can only coerce or coax overworked and enfeebled organs into temporary functional activity. Electricity is the natural co-equivalent to human Nerve Force, and the success of the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment is wholly due to the fact that it restores lost Nerve Force by the most scientific and successful method.

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THE QUIVER

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for
delicious Sponge
Sandwiches, Swiss
Rolls and other
dainty cakes use
GREEN'S
SPONGE MIXTURE

THE QUIVER

**"I Should Enjoy
This Walk
But—OH!
MY FEET!"**



Try this and
forget all your aches,
pains, strains, corns,
callouses, or other foot
troubles.

A small handful dissolved
in hot water produces a
bath or foot-bath possess-

ing wonderful refreshing and curative pro-
perties. Rest your feet for a few minutes in
the "Reudelated" water thus prepared, and
Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions almost
as if by magic.

Edgar C. Horton, official holder of twenty-six
long-distance walking records, says that ever
since he commenced using Reudel Bath
Saltrates, foot misery and all muscular aches,
pains and stiffness have been only unpleasant
memories to him. When sore, tender feet burn,
smart, swell and perspire, or when the arches
tire and ache so that every step means such pain
that you fear fallen arches, just try resting the
feet for a few minutes in the medicated and
oxygenated water produced as explained above.
There is *no other way* in which you can add
such wonderfully curative elements to the bath.
See how quickly this cools and refreshes tender
skin and draws all the pain and soreness out
of aching muscles or sensitive joints. The real
and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying that no
one can fully appreciate such amazing effects
until they are actually felt. The feet will soon
be rendered so strong and healthy that they
prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain
ever likely to be placed upon them. Millions of
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sold, every one containing a signed guarantee
to return money in full if any user is dissatis-
fied. No question, no delay, and no red tape.
Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means
something*, as you will understand when you see
for yourself the wonderful effects it produces. In
packets of convenient sizes and at very low
prices, from all chemists. Ask them about it.

'BLACKBIRD' Self-filler

The new "Blackbird" Self-filler has a chased vulcanite holder, a safety screw cap, and is fitted with a 14-ct. gold nib, tipped with iridium, in any style of point to suit your individual requirements.

Self-filling "Blackbird" ... 7/6

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The Editor's Announcement Page

The Problem of Relations

By CLEMENCE DANE

My next Number will contain many important features. Miss Clemence Dane has not contributed to my pages before, but I am very pleased to announce a contribution from her pen on "The Problem of Relations."

Other articles will deal specially with Nature and Country Life, including "How the Wild Birds Feed their Young," by H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.; "A Birdland Byway," by Oliver G. Pike, F.Z.S.; "Sleeping Out, and How to Do It," &c.

On different lines is "The Day You Get Married," by Stanhope W. Sprigg, an article that will appeal to June brides, and others.

The Editor

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The QUIVER

A New World

The magic and marvel of life is just this: that Nature demands a new world every year. The old leaves and flowers are ruthlessly scrapped, swept away and buried, and every Spring we awake to a new earth freshly garbed.

Do we realize the necessity for the same process in our minds and hearts? A new world—every Spring. It means that each problem of life, each aspect of things ought to be tested anew, freshly thought out, re-created in the light of a new season. The trouble with most people is that their ideas are last season's ideas, their outlook, way of looking at things, old and stale. No wonder we fail, become pessimistic, sour.

Nature is perennially young. Nature is ever ruthless to outworn conventions, ever tender to the opening bud. Man, on the other hand, clings all too lovingly to outworn ideas, is ever intolerant of new ways of thinking, new methods of working.

Examine your life in the light of the Spring-time: scrap old prejudices, obsolete ideas, dead formulas. Renew your youth. Keep young. Let the essence of the Spring-time awaken you to new life and fresh endeavour.



In the Land of Brown-eyed Babies: School Children at Play, Kyoto, Japan

Spring is the time of the year for Japan. Here we see school children at Kyoto pausing for a moment in their play to watch the camera man (See article on page 441.)

FELLOW PASSENGERS

by
Mrs Baillie Reynolds

THE Scotch Express steamed into York Station, and Heather Moore jumped precipitately out upon the densely crowded platform.

It was like leaping from one's bathing-machine into rolling breakers, and it was only with violent efforts in which she was good-naturedly seconded by the remaining occupants of her compartment, that her suitcase was lowered to where she stood, likewise her hat-box and umbrella. In addition to all these articles she carried a small attaché case in her hand, so that she could not deal with her property unaided; and to find a porter seemed impossible, swamped as she was by the surging of that immense throng of people which seems to have its existence permanently in York Station—sometimes larger, sometimes smaller, but for ever there.

Heather felt desperate. She had but ten minutes in which to make her connexion, and the train by which she arrived had been delayed some minutes by signals. She reeled as she stood, almost knocked down by the pressure of a fresh stream of passengers just being disgorged from a train which had come to rest upon an adjacent platform. In fact, she was actually lifted from her feet, and coming to earth again sideways, stumbled over her luggage and would have fallen but that her arm was firmly grabbed by a young woman who happened to be standing just behind her and who hauled her to her feet pretty sharply.

"Look out! You'll get trampled to death among these Welshies," said a low, hoarse voice with a kind of far-off weariness in it. Heather clung to the rescuing arm as though it had been a floating spar.

"Oh! Oh! What an awful mob!" gasped she. "I shall miss my connexion,

and there isn't another train on to-night! Can you see a porter . . . or is anything written up to tell one where to go?"

Her unknown friend gave a grim, unmirthful sound apparently intended for a laugh. "York Races! What else can you expect? Where yer goin' to?"

"Blairdale—it's urgent—I simply must get there—"

"Blairdale? That's rum! Goin' that way meself. Come on, we haven't got much margin," was the reply, spoken with a sudden firmness and promptitude which soothed Heather's excited nerves.

The stranger swooped upon the suit-case and raised it, holding it before her like a barrier.

"Pick up the rest of yer traps and step out," she commanded, beginning to push her way purposefully among the crowd. Heather, much encouraged, grabbed her hat-box and followed without much difficulty along the alley-way thus cleared for her. On went the guide, carrying her burden with apparent ease, up a long flight of stairs, then down again, through archways, and along passages; then, quite suddenly, they left the crowd behind them and emerged upon a little platform beside which stood a short train, the guard of which was already closing doors and crying, "Take your seats, please!"

Seeing the two girls struggling along, he opened a door, and in another moment they had both been pitchforked somehow, luggage and all, into an empty compartment; and Heather, laughing, panting, holding her sides, dropped upon a seat, crying:

"Oh! how good of you! I am ever so much obliged! I don't know *what* would have happened if I had lost this!"

The girl to whom she spoke made no

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reply. She was standing by the open window, leaning her head and shoulders out from it, and with her face hidden from sight. Heather leaned back with gasps of relief and began instinctively to fumble in her vanity bag for some powder.

She and her toilette suggested romance. She was a pretty girl in a somewhat hectic style; that is to say, her looks were of that type which attracts attention. The carnation tint upon her cheeks was quite genuine, but it was certainly unusual. Her long, dark lashes curved up conspicuously above those rarely tinted cheeks. Her brown hair was either naturally curly or admirably curled. Her silky, mole-coloured suit was fresh and dainty; the shoes and stockings matched it exactly; and the transparent black hat, with one large coral-coloured velvet rose upon its brim, completed a toilette of considerable charm.

Her fellow passenger presented a well marked contrast in all ways. She wore a navy blue coat and skirt which had originally been cheap and was now out of date and looked as if it had been folded away for months and hastily pulled from a drawer to put on. Her shoes were not actually in holes, but that was the most you could say for them. She wore soiled thread gloves and a shapeless felt hat with a plain band of faded ribbon. Her limp, straight hair was not very tidy, and her complexion of a curious greyness. Her eyes were dull. They looked as if they had relinquished the task of attempting to express anything. She might have been any age from five-and-twenty to forty.

As at last she turned from the window and took a seat facing Heather, there was something of defiance in her attitude.

"I'm really most awfully obliged to you," said Heather prettily. "Stupid of me to choose this train. I was advised to come by the earlier one."

"P'raps," returned the other with a harshness which seemed assumed to veil some other feeling, "you done me a better turn than I done you; and then, again, p'raps you didn't. I was in two minds whether I'd take this train or not."

Heather looked at her, puzzled. "If you had lost it there isn't another till to-morrow morning—"

"I know."

"Then what would you have done?"

. Again the dreadful laugh sounded. "What I often wish I had done two years ago—tried the river."

Heather opened her eyes very wide indeed, and the bit of wash-leather with which she was dusting her smooth skin lay idle in her lap.

"Aren't you happy then?" she demanded in that tone of voice which suggests that such a state of things must be outside any normal experience.

The other looked derisive. "Are you?" she countered.

Colour flooded up gloriously into Heather's face. It was the type of blush that only one kind of happiness calls to a girl's face. The other grunted.

"Gives you away, that does. It's a feller," said she triumphantly.

Heather drew down her mouth and lowered her lids. This woman had done her yeoman service; she acknowledged her indebtedness; nevertheless there are some subjects . . . She returned no answer.

The leaden eyes, watching her with a certain amount of interest, wandered over the bare hands lying in her lap.

"Not engaged to him yet—are yer?"

"What do you mean by 'engaged'?" asked Heather a little impatiently. "Do you mean have we settled to tie ourselves up for ever and ever, get married, have babies, and jog along on a small income till we die? Well, then, we haven't. What's more, we don't mean to."

The dull gaze searched her relentlessly. "Don't mean to what?"

"To bind ourselves with knots that can't be undone," spoke the pretty lips disdainfully. "Love that isn't free isn't love at all."

"H'mph! Free love!"

It is difficult to exaggerate the contempt which the speaker threw into the words. She let them sink in. Then she added with a kind of rage: "Oh, you por, por little kid! You know no more about it than a baa-lamb in the meadows!"

Heather drew herself up coldly. "Suppose we talk about something else? Tell me why you found it so hard to make up your mind to come by this train?"

She was conscious of being ironically studied. The other seemed to ponder. "If I tell you that," she presently remarked, "you'll maybe want to change carriages. You won't care to be travelling with the likes of me."

"Oh!" broke in Heather warmly, "after what you've just heard me say, how can you suppose I am narrow-minded enough to—"

FELLOW PASSENGERS

"You wait, my dear, and hear me out. That isn't what's the matter with me—not what you think. The trouble is that I came out of jail this morning."

"Out of jail?" repeated Heather; and she felt that she changed her tone. But she struggled bravely with instinctive recoil. "What for?" she asked haltingly.

"Ah, that hits you where you live, don't it?" said the girl with a grin. "So it does my old folks up here in the Dale. It don't run in the family, so to speak. I'm the first, and they've taken it hard. My mother, she wrote to me and said: 'Of

course, you must come home when they let you out.' But what sort of a welcome I shall get—that's another pair of shoes."

"Oh!" gasped Heather with a sudden rush of sympathy tingeing the horror in her mind. "Oh, you poor thing!"

"I don't blame 'em, you know," went on the hoarse, weary voice. "I'm done for. Every soul knows. I mean everybody who ever knew me. It'll follow me all my days. No gettin' away from it. I'm a jail-bird . . . and it's a pity, ain't it, as you can't change carriages till we get to Blairdale, because this train we're in don't stop till it gets there."

"What?" This statement was so unlooked for that it brought Heather to her feet with a spring. "What do you mean about not stopping? It stops at Airgarth?"



"I suppose," said she, "that you wasn't by any chance going to the Fishpool Inn, was you?"—p. 636

*Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills*

"No, it don't."

"Oh, but it must! I have to get out at Airgarth! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You said you wanted Blairdale——"

"I said I wanted the Blairdale train——"

"Never a word did you breathe about Airgarth, I'll take my davy."

Heather was quite pale. She stood there, gazing from the window in wild perplexity. "Oh, I *have* made a mess of it! I thought I was so clever to come by this later train! I never noticed that it did not stop—— It *does*. The time was written down."

"With a mark against it and a note, 'Stops by signal to put down passengers.'"

"Oh, is that it? Well, there may be somebody else in the train who has ordered it to stop—or I could pull the communication cord."

THE QUIVER

"Well, if you've five pounds to waste that wouldn't be a bad way to blue it; but I don't think it 'ud help you much. We're just running through Airgarth now."

As she spoke the train dashed past the tiny platform of a rustic station gay with flower-beds and continued its course without slackening speed.

Heather gazed at the communication cord. She had not five pounds in her pocket; and even if she did succeed in stopping the train now she would be landed a mile or so from the station with no possible way of shifting her baggage.

Her companion pointed this out, and Heather sat down to readjust her plans.

"I ought to have taken Hugh's advice and come by the earlier train," thought she; "but I could not bear the idea of arriving before he did. I felt that if I came alone every eye would be upon me . . . and now . . ."

Her fellow-passenger leaned forward and broke in upon these reflections. "I suppose," said she with a singular shade of meaning in her tones, "that you wasn't by any chance going to the Fishpool Inn, was you?"

Heather felt inclined to resent the question, and particularly the tone; she reflected that this strange woman was the only person who could advise her as to how to reach her destination; and that, in any case, she had no grounds for being rude; so she answered as politely as she could:

"Yes, as it happens, it is to the Fishpool Inn that I am bound. I hear it is a charming little place."

The croaking, discordant laugh broke out. "There's some don't find it so charming—not when they remember it afterwards. I'm one of 'em."

Heather looked as if this were hardly interesting. "Indeed! Have you been there often?"

"No. I only went once." There was a minute's electric silence; then she added coolly: "Well, as we've got to go the rest of the way together maybe you'd like to hear what it was I got jailed for?"

Heather had, in fact, considerable curiosity to know this. "If it isn't too painful for you to talk of it, I should like to hear very much; but will you first just tell me if you think I shall be able, when we get to Blairdale, to hire a car to drive me back to Airgarth?"

"Should think so—yes. There's a big hydro at Blairdale."

"Then I shall not arrive so very late—almost in time for dinner, I should think," pondered Heather. "Could I telephone through?"

"Not so sure about that. The Fishpool Inn doesn't go in for modern improvements. Its line is rustic simplicity."

"Yes, so I am told," replied Heather, a smile of sweet memory curving her pretty mouth. "The scent of the hawthorn and the music of the beck," she murmured.

The woman facing her started, but immediately composed her features once more to immobility; and presently Heather looked up and said kindly, as one willing to extend sympathy to the unfortunate:

"Well—now for your story."

"My name, to begin with," said the girl. "I'm called Anne Gaitsgarth." Having pronounced the name, she paused, watching and—

"Anne Gaitsgarth!" cried Heather at once, with starry eyes, "why, that's the name of a character in a book—of the heroine of a very celebrated book—"

"Indeed? It seems to me a homely kind of a name."

"I suppose you never—you did not—would not have time to read the book? 'The Wild Lover,' by Hugh Bellasis?" The girlish voice as she uttered this name would have given her secret to any observant person.

Anne's chuckle resembled a sneer. "Hugh Bellasis! That's what he calls himself. Bit prettier than his real name, which is Sam Tinkerman."

Heather's whole face and throat went crimson. "What do you mean? Do you know Mr. Bellasis?"

"A good deal better than you do, my dear. My! I wish I didn't!"

This reply left Heather absolutely dumb; and after a minute Anne went on:

"'The Wild Lover!' Yes, pretty wild he was too, time he took me to the Fishpool Inn. Give me a bracelet watch and a long gold chain and pendant and a diamond engagement ring. We worked in the same factory in Darlington, only he was in the cashier's office. You mayn't believe it, but I was some looker those days. Jail washes it all out right enough! Eighteen months of skilley and gruel . . ."

Still Heather, faint and sick, could not utter a single word.

"He was handsome as paint—oh, yes, he was all that. Clever too. Often told me he

FELLOW PASSENGERS

was writing a book. First way we got acquainted was his asking me to do something for him." The distressing laugh once more rasped Heather's nerves. "Said the boss kept him late evenin's, and now and again he had things to take down to a man who kept a shop for antiques in Lowgate. Said this man commissioned him to pick up things for him, as he had an eye for what would sell. I'd have skinned my silly self for him if he'd said the word; and I used to go down there for him, sometimes once a week, sometimes not for two or three weeks; but for several months I was to and fro. Then one day he suggested we should have a bit of a treat as he'd been doing well lately. We'd go and stay a week-end at the Fishpool Inn, he and I. He said he hoped he was a gentleman, and he knew I was one of the right sort. We would go there quite independent, seeming to meet there casual like. I was to pay my own bill, but he would pay me back afterwards. I was like you, my dear, a blithering innocent. I went."

Heather managed an ejaculation at this point, though it was only—"Well?"

"Well, you see, I'm a moor-bred girl, and my folks, though they may not be the real gentry, are well known and thought of in Blairdale. When I found out what he wanted, I wasn't having any of his nonsense. So we quarrelled. He asked me what I supposed he paid my expenses for, and I told him not to trouble about that, for I could pay them myself. . . . For some weeks after that I never saw him, and I was such a fool I went half mad with longing for him. And then, one fine day, the police came after me. They found the things—what he'd given me. And it was proved I was in the habit of taking stolen goods down to the fence in Lowgate. Of course, I swore I had no notion what I was doing, and of course they didn't believe it. They knew I had an accomplice, and what they wanted was his name out of me. They told me if I gave him up I should get a lighter sentence. I had Sam in the hollow of my hand. I'd only to squeal; he'd have been for it right enough. Would you have spoken? I didn't. Some kind of a pride kept me quiet, I s'pose. To jail I went; and what does my fine gentleman do but write a book all about me—fit to make you cry! Sent it to me, he did, while I was doin' time! Hugh Bellasis indeed! Heaven have pity on us!"

She rocked to and fro with a terrible

relish of the absurdity of Sam Tinkerman's alias.

The train rushed merrily on, past ferny hillsides and gorges with miniature waterfalls leaping down them; among silver birch trees just shaking out their young green and hoary boulders of moss-grown rock. Heather's eyes surveyed it all unseeing, fixed in a horrified stare.

Was it true? She cried to herself that it was not; but deep down within an insistent whisper assured her that it was.

"Well," resumed Anne Gaitsgarth at length, leaning forward and speaking with a kind of rough kindness, "it's something to know that he's found a way of making money without sneaking jewellery—has used his own brains and made good after all. I don't wish him any harm; but, my dear, don't you go to the Fishpool Inn with him. As my old Gran' used to say, 'To sup with the devil you need a long spoon'—longer than any you've got about you, I'll go bail!"

Heather turned and faced her with the despairing feeling that she must break a lance in defence of herself and her dream-knight. "Do you expect me to believe all this?" she asked stiffly.

"Well, I dunno," replied the other reflectively. "If I hadn't been a truth-teller I need never have let on to you about my having been in clink, need I? I did it, though I didn't like doing it, because I wasn't going to see a pretty thing like you walk the plank without knowing she was going in at the deep end. You're not the first he's taken to that inn, my dear, and you won't be the last; but at least, if you go now, you go armed. You know what to expect."

Heather's young heart was seething with a blend of fury, mortification, wounded vanity and humiliation. She had let herself be deceived so easily by the glibness of Hugh Bellasis and his prate of modern ethics and new standards. He had caught her with this jargon about freedom, which, after all, was but the justification of unfaithfulness.

"O the light, light love! It has wings to fly
At suspicion of a bond!"

How confident she had always been of her own judgment, her own ability to take care of herself! She thought of the old rectory garden at home and the white seat under the copper beech whereon she had so often fancied Hugh Bellasis seated, dazzling the ears of her slow-going parents and the eyes

THE QUIVER

of her young brothers and sisters. What would be her father's verdict upon this week-end project? . . .

She felt inclined to give way altogether, to burst into tears, to protest, even to plead. . . . But something in the face of Anne, seated opposite, restrained her. The train was beginning to slow down, and it was most evident that Heather and her concerns had passed clean out of the returning prodigal's mind. Her mouth had set itself in a line which wrenched Heather's tender heart. Her grey pallor had grown deathlike. But her head was held up and her eyes were steady. A flood of admiration for her courage invaded the girl who watched.

Slowly, slowly, the train drew up at the platform. Two or three persons stood thereon awaiting its arrival, but there was nobody who looked like the parents of Anne Gaitsgarth.

There was, however, an elderly, spare clergyman, in rough, shabby clothes, whose glance ran piercingly along the carriages, and, when it found Anne, beamed rejoicingly. He hastened up, opened the door, held out his hand.

"My dear girl! Here you are, safe and sound! That's good, very good! How pleased the old folk will be!"

Anne rose and reached to the netting for Heather's hat-box, giving vent as she did so to her odious cachinnation. It was the last time anybody ever heard it.

"Be pleased, will they? Bit too thick, that, Mr. Paston!"

"Well, I doubt you may find it so," he replied with a sigh and a shrug of his shoulders; "but I do hope you'll try and stay to give a hand, at least for a few months. Mrs. Gaitsgarth has been counting on it. It's quite too much for her; and only yesterday she said to me—looking like a ghost she was too—'When Anne gets back I can take a rest. She was always a fine girl to work.'"

There was a note of anxiety in his voice which seemed to be called forth not by Anne, but by the thought of her old parents. This was immeasurably soothing to her. She and Heather were out of the train by now, and their things stood in a heap on the platform. Her face lost its terrible hardness and a gleam of interest showed in her eyes. "Is anything wrong up there then?" she asked quickly.

"Didn't your mother tell you? Your father's going blind," was the quiet reply. If he triumphed he did not show it; and

Anne, standing there in the light of sunset, moving a nervous hand up and down the buttons of her jacket, muttered:

"Goin' blind? My hat! Well then, p'raps they really do want me."

"You'll have your work cut out, I warn you," went on the vicar; then, dropping his voice, he proceeded to give her further details of the plight of the old folks at Lane End.

Heather stood by, looking this way and that to see if any sort of vehicle was in sight. A thought had just occurred to her. Hugh Bellasis was to reach the inn at about four. He would then find her letter, saying she was coming by the later train. If he knew or discovered, as he well might, that the train did not stop at Airgarth, he might have chartered a car to meet her here. Her eye wandered from her companions and travelled up the white road which ascended a hill from the station. Several people were running up it—running fast and disappearing round a bend in the road nearly a quarter of a mile off. All seemed to be moving in one direction. She wondered whether, round the corner, some excitement were going on. As she watched, two figures came rapidly into sight, hastening towards her—boys, hatless and coatless, running with all their might.

Her attention was momentarily distracted by the sound of Anne's voice and the touch of Anne's hand upon her arm.

"Well," said the girl with quite a new tone in her voice, "what are you going to do? Come home with me for the night? You'll be kindly welcome."

Heather started. Her face crimsoned and she had no words.

"This young lady travelled with me," said Anne placidly to Mr. Paston. "She got carried past her station. I think, as it's getting late, she'd best come home with me for the night. You know mother—tell her she'll get a welcome all right."

"I'm sure of it," replied the old man, glancing at Heather's pretty face with the smile all elderly men have for a fair young girl. As he spoke the two dusty messengers came hurtling through the little wicket on to the platform, both calling out at once. Mr. Paston was wanted immediately. There had been an accident—a bad accident. Just at Gallows Corner a loaded char-à-banc had collided with a private car, driven by a gentleman, who was dying. Someone had run for the doctor, and these two boys were come for the parson, since in the opinion

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of the natives nothing could be done without his advice and assistance.

"And it wasn't no private car, neither," put in one of the boys. "It came from the Fishpool Inn, only the gentleman was driving it himself."

Heather caught her breath. Anne said nothing but laid a strong hand upon her arm.

"All right, vicar; off you go," said she. "I'll get these lads to carry the lady's bags, and we'll come along after you."

He nodded and hastened off without another word. He knew the battle was won, and Anne could now be trusted to go home by herself.

Though unwilling to return so slowly to the scene of action, the two boys yet were too eager to earn a shilling to decline to shoulder the luggage. They and the girls breasted the hill together. There was no sign of the vicar, who had been picked up by a car and rushed off as fast as petrol could carry him.

"He oughter be quick," remarked one of the carriers. "They say the poor chap hasn't many minutes to live."

"Oh, Anne, do you think? . . . He might have come to meet me," gasped Heather, choking back sobs.

"How do I know? I don't expect he's the only one staying there," replied Anne absently.

The turn in the road revealed an overturned car, an empty char-à-banc, a small crowd gathered by the roadside, and a sluggish line of something dark streaking the white dust and already partly obliterated by trampling feet.

As they approached the circle of on-lookers parted and Mr. Paston came out. His glance sought and found the two girls to whom he beckoned. Heather, certain that he had come to summon her, crouched backward: "I can't! I can't!"

He took no notice. He did not even seem to see her.

"Anne—one moment," he said quietly. Anne followed him without a word, and Heather, amazed and humbled, crept after.

It was Bellasis who lay there at the roadside. His mortal hurt had left his handsome head uninjured and his senses clear, though each instant was drawing him nearer to total eclipse. They had thrown a rug over his horrible mutilations. His eyes were wide open, and when he saw Anne they lit up for a moment as though she had still been the smart girl he had so basely

deserted, then veiled themselves in shame. "Tell her . . . what I said to you," he muttered to Mr. Paston. "Make it . . . public. That—is—my—wish."

Anne knelt beside him. "If you want my forgiveness, Sammie, it's yours—you know that, don't you, boy?"

He nodded with a sudden smile, a smile which seemed to be wiped from his face by some grey invading shadow.

Mr. Paston had stooped low above the dying man murmuring words heard by him alone. He rose.

"Too late. He's gone," said he; and drawing Anne to her feet, he led her aside. She was as white as marble, and her face wore a look which made Heather feel as if she had never in all her life so much as touched the fringe of real emotion.

"You are cleared, my dear," said the vicar tenderly to Anne, taking her cold hand. "He has told me where to find his confession. It is written down."

Seeing that she could not speak, he turned to Heather and asked in a low tone: "Did you ever read a book called 'The Wild Lover'?"

Heather assented dumbly.

"It was written by that dead man, and this girl was and is its heroine. What Anne Gaitsgarth did for her unworthy lover in the story this Anne did for hers in real life. Like a cur, that man stood aside and allowed her to suffer an unjust sentence. He told himself he would make good—that afterwards he would atone. . . . But with the publication of his book success and fame came to him, the notice of prominent people, flattery, money. He—forgot! But in his better moments he acknowledged what he owed her; for he tells me he has left a will stating what she did for him and leaving her sole heiress of what he has made." Once more he turned to Anne, his good smile lighting up his rugged face.

"I always suspected this," said he, "though it was hard to believe that any man could be so contemptible. God bless you, Anne." He wrung her hand.

She turned from him as if she hardly heard him, going back to the place where the doctor, after one swift look at the wreckage beneath the rug, had replaced it with a simple shake of the head.

Anne shivered. Heather caught her hand and clung to it as she had clung in the crowded station.

"I too say, 'God bless you, Anne,'" she whispered.

The Land of Happy Babies

Brown Eyed
Tinies in Japan

By
ETHEL BELL
(née Ethel Howard)

Author of "Potsdam Princes"
and "Japanese Memories"



Photo: Karl Lewis

YOU must look through paper windows if you wish to see the home where a baby first arrives.

What a strange little house, with its sliding doors and no furniture, save but a few square cushions placed on the floor, an elbow rest, and one beautiful vase of flowers.

Charcoal Fireplaces

Where are the fireplaces? Alas! the only means of keeping baby warm is in the use of one or two square fire-boxes filled with red charcoal.

Tread lightly on the floor as you enter. You had better take off your shoes, because that lovely matted floor is used as a dining-table, and must be kept spotless.

Now let us look at the new baby, lying by his mother's side, whose bed mattress is on the floor.

He is very tiny, but that in itself is a joy and pride to his mother; for a big, fat, newborn baby is a type of low birth to the Japanese mind. What a treasure he is. Bend down and look at him, with his bright brown eyes.

No blue eyes are ever seen in this strange country.

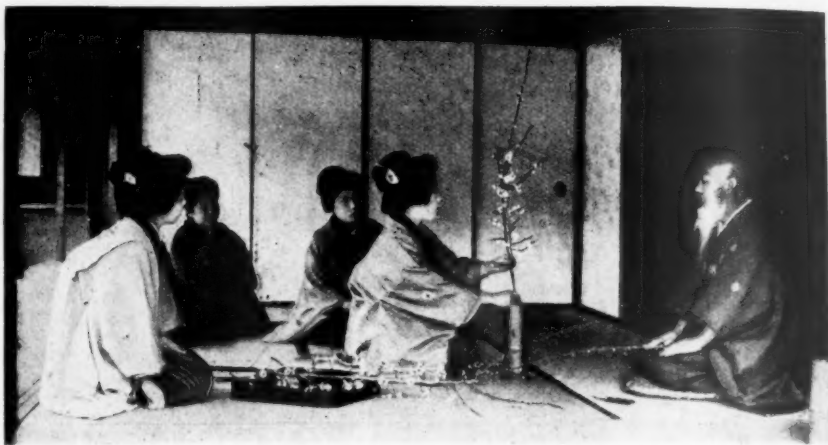
Cotton—No Flannel

What are his first clothes? Something different from those of our own babies.

Just a little cotton "kimono" or long frock, with a cotton belt round his small body. A Japanese mother does not believe in wearing flannel next to the skin, lest it makes her child over-sensitive.

After this white cotton kimono a white flannel is worn, and a third and final one made of some bright colour.

(Continued on page 644)



Old Age teaching Youth the Art of Arranging Flowers

If you visit Japan, go in the flower season. The Japanese have an all-absorbing love of flowers, and a Japanese peasant will think nothing of walking a hundred miles to see an effective floral display: and how marvellously effective their displays are pen can scarcely describe. The whole Japanese world will turn out at several times of the year, visiting the places *en masse* that are celebrated for the different kinds of blossoms



Tiny Tots of Nippon

"Nippon," as the Japanese call their land, is kind to babies, but expects much of its children. These tinies will have to work very hard at school—and they seem to realize it already

□ □ □

An Afternoon Call

Entertaining is a fine art in Japan, and all ceremonies have to be most faithfully carried out. Food is partaken of kneeling, as these young ladies are doing

□ □ □



□ □ □

Already Asleep!

Japanese houses are quaint and light in structure. The division walls are simply paper-covered partitions which can be altered at will. "Bed" is a simple affair, but the early morning tea cup seems to be an institution

□ □ □

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At the Lily Pond

Japanese gardens are famous all over the world

Photo :
Underwood

This way of dressing baby is not confined only to the poor.

What a lucky baby! No buttons, no horrid struggle to get a tight vest over his head. No sleeves. Such a loose, comfy dress. He can stretch, kick, and roll about and still his clothes do not get into a bundle. His feet need no knitted shoes, as the long kimono keeps them warm.

No Prams for Baby

Our happy little one does not go into a pram when he "takes his walks abroad," but he goes "pick-a-backing" on someone's back instead. How he loves it!

He is tied firmly on and looks all around

him, not hindered as our babies are by a covered hood to their pram.

Those bright eyes take it all in, and when sleepy he tucks his little head down and nestles on the neck of the loved one who may be carrying him.

Keeping Brother's Back Warm!

Baby is never a burden to his little brothers or sisters. They love to have him tied on behind, for he keeps their backs warm in winter and shields them from the sun in summer.

Children run up and down hills, playing "catch" with their schoolmates, while baby sticks on tightly behind, learning to join in

THE LAND OF HAPPY BABIES

the laughter and not objecting to the jostling and shaking.

Sometimes sister slips and baby finds himself on the back of a fallen figure, but without harm done.

Good Times on the Floor

When baby runs about mother will tie a rag doll on his back to train him also to carry a baby.

What rattling good times these babies have indoors on that soft floor, learning to crawl and walk at leisure. There are no hard corners to knock heads against and no china knick-knacks to get broken.

Baby lives with his elders, and has no

separate room; sometimes he sits up very late, as he has no fixed bedtime, but just goes to bed when tired out.

He is distinctly an important personage and a great pet. No matter how young he is, everyone, except his parents, affixes Master (or Miss, as the case may be) on to his name.

Counting Age in Advance

The years of a child's age are strangely reckoned. If he makes his appearance in the last months of the year he is said to be a year old, and at the coming of the New Year two years of age.

Poor tiny baby of only a few months old!



A Book in a Quiet Nook

The Chrysanthemum is a native of Japan, and is to be seen in all its splendour in the gardens

Photo :
Underwood

THE QUIVER

You need to be wiser than your Western baby brothers when your years are so often counted in advance.

Wise Babies

Somehow, a Japanese baby looks very wise. During the daytime his home is always open to the sky, and he sees the white clouds moving and watches that lovely bright blue. He seems to know more of what is going on up there than any of his elders.

He is showered with love in his babyhood, but not with kisses. Bowing is the nearest approach to a kiss.

Happy baby! You are not doomed to suffer caresses from one and all as our babies are.

Well, little one with the bright eyes, enjoy your babyhood to the full. Yours is a spoiled and petted life, in which you are never crossed, until—

The Kindergarten

and from then on life becomes somewhat hard.

Much—too much—is expected of young children, and the training of youth is but a severe ordeal and preparation of learning to endure.



Among the Narcissi

This gives a faint idea of the gorgeous display possible in a Japanese garden

Photo :
Underwood



Slightly Shopworn

BY
LESLIE GORDON
BARNARD

EVEN after it was all over it did not occur to Sonia to philosophize about the matter. She might easily have reflected on the strange manner in which the seemingly chance happenings of a moment hold within themselves the destinies of a lifetime. But then, it all happened so quickly, breaking in upon the monotony of a rainy March afternoon.

Across the aisle from Sonia, Mr. Turriff, of the "Gent's Department," lingered on one of his not infrequent visits with Lorna Graham. Lorna was something of a beauty, in a big, blonde way, and very much of a coquette. She was said to have expressive eyes. She was also said to have Billy Turriff in complete subjection. Judging from present indications it was a pleasant captivity.

Sonia alone was busy. She was arranging an assortment of slightly soiled linen, for which advertising cards had just come down. A sudden feeling of loneliness had come upon her. It seemed that her fight was a never-ending thing—this constant fight to down the heart-hunger that would not die. What a bitter struggle she had waged against it! Had she not even set aside the little devices of femininity that lend added attraction, and become "that plain-looking Sonia Fielding"? She had once overheard that description applied.

Over the way, Billy Turriff and Lorna shared some confidential source of laughter. Their heads were very close; Lorna looked very pretty just then. Sonia's shapely arm fell involuntarily, loosing a cascade of boxes and linens.

"May—may I help you with those, miss?"

Sonia turned and found herself favoured with a frank stare from a pair of steady grey eyes.

"Thank you, but I think I can manage them."

"Oh, do let me." He was behind the counter now, stooping down. "I'm glad to have something to do. You see," he explained presently, "I'm a sort of relative of the big chief upstairs. Wants me to learn a bit of the business before he takes me into the office. 'Nose around and see what you can learn for a few days,' he says. I think myself he wanted to get rid of me. Beastly nuisance, relatives, aren't they, sometimes?"

Sonia agreed that they sometimes were.

"To continue the autobiography," said her informant, "my name's Cresswell, Jimmie Cresswell, and I've only been in this town a week. Been long in this place?"

"Ten years."

"Shades of Dante! They must have cradle-snatched to get you."

"Hardly." A little smile gathered about Sonia's mouth. "You see I'm not so very—childish."

Jimmie regarded her gravely.

"I should say you were——" He pursed his lips, regarding her sideways.

"Well?"

"Just about a nice age," said Jimmie. There was such a spirit of friendliness about him one couldn't take offence. Besides, Sonia's soul was starved for compliments. A queer little thrill was possessing her now, and all desire to fight it seemed gone.

"You know," explained the ingenuous Jimmie, "I've been wanting to know you ever since I came."

"That was?"

"Yesterday. Morning—eight o'clock. I'm frightfully fond of red hair like yours."

Sonia blushed. The effect was becoming. She repeated: "Red?"

"Certain."

THE QUIVER

"Oh, I thought maybe you'd call it—auburn."

"Red," confirmed Jimmie decisively, "I'm crazy about it. You don't mind my telling you, do you?"

"I—don't think so. You'd like my sister's hair. Esther's is a wonderful shade."

"I'll wager it's no nicer than yours." Sonia took that to her hungry heart unblushingly. "Esther—that's a nice name. I like yours too."

"Mine?"

"Quite. I asked. The big chief upstairs says: 'If you want to know anything just ask. That's the only way to learn things.' So I asked."

It took a long time to readjust the scattered linens. The red hair and the black hovered in close proximity. Their backs were turned to the counter while the boxes on the shelves were rearranged; behind them the piles of linen lay, with their attendant cards.

They were so busy, in fact, these two, that it was only after a moment or so of singular hush that they heard whisperings and snickerings. Sonia swung round, blushing a little. It seemed that a score of eyes were upon her, including a casual customer or two, who regarded the episode with interest.

"Hallo!" cried Jimmie Cresswell. "Somebody's trying to have you on a bit." Grinning, he unpinned a card that had been attached by its cord so as to suspend on Sonia's back. Then his grin suddenly faded. Sonia had gone very white.

Staring up at her in great five-inch black letters against the cold white ground were the words: "REMNANTS—SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN."

Sonia knew what it meant. With one of those quick intuitions it came to her that in the eyes of these other people *she* was "slightly shopworn," a remnant at a summer sale.

Just then Billy came up, looking apologetic.

"Oh, Sonia!"

"Oh—hallo—Billy."

He seemed nervous.

"I—I just wanted you to know, Sonia, I—I had no part in that silly—joke."

Sonia was silent.

"You mustn't mind—them," said Billy.

"Oh, I don't," she said. "I don't mind her!"

Billy flushed.

"Her? Oh, I say now. Sonia. Lorna

didn't mean any harm. She's just that jolly kind, you know—the kind that——"

"Yes?"

"The kind——" stammered Billy. "Oh, there's Lorna. I'm afraid I must run. But I wanted you to know."

"Thank you, Billy," said Sonia. A queer little smile twisted her mouth as she watched him hurry off.

"Who's that chap?" asked Jimmie, nodding towards the retreating figure.

"That—oh, Billy Turriff. He's head of the 'Gent's Department.'"

"He's not—coming back? I mean to say, you're not waiting for him, are you?"

Sonia smiled again—rather weakly.

"No." Some aftermath of that carefree spirit of an hour ago tempted her, uncontrollably, to add: "Why?"

"Because, you see, I—well, can't we have a bit to eat somewhere and go to a theatre or something?"

That spirit within the girl leaped again. Two cinemas in a month was the extent of her recent social activities. But she said:

"Oh, I'm afraid not. You see, mother's not—very well, and she gets lonesome."

"But what do you do when you have to work at night—or anything?"

"My aunt goes over and sits with her."

"Good for your aunt. Long life to her. Now you just trot up to the 'phone and tell her to get busy with another sitting, and hustle on your things, and I'll meet you at the door."

There was no gainsaying a person such as Jimmie. Argument seems so weak and—unnecessary.

Sonia felt distressingly conscious of deficiencies in the matter of dress. People stared quite openly at her, she was sure, in the quiet but expensive restaurant that Jimmie chose, and later the same impression followed her to the theatre. It never occurred to her that the enthusiasms of youth—long kept under—had come to make her beautiful, to lend charm to the simplicity of her attire, and to restore much of the loveliness that she was in danger of losing from her face. It really took Jimmie to do it—Jimmie with his audacious enthusiasms and his gay spirit of comradeship.

"It's been—just wonderful," she told him when they reached her door, out in the distant suburb where she lived. "I don't know how to thank you."

"I do."

She was almost afraid to ask the question. But she said: "Well?"

SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN

"There's two parts to it."

"Yes?"

"I want you to call me Jimmie."

She said instantly, with that musical little laugh of hers that seemed to have experienced a strange rebirth that night: "Thank you, Jimmie."

"Fine!" he cried. "That sets the second part straight for me. Thank you for your company—Sonia. You'll let me take you—again—some time, won't you?"

"Why, yes—some time."

"Good night, Sonia."

"Good night, Jimmie."

She stood on the low doorstep with the door barely opened until he had vanished out of sight down the road.

She went in. The house was very still and quiet. The aromatic smell of stimulant attacked her nostrils. In the dim-lit hallway leading to the back of the flat her aunt appeared.

"Your mother's had another of her spells, Sonia. She's been asking after you. She's better now. Working, were you?" Sonia's aunt was a woman of few words. She was putting on her things as she spoke.

"No, aunt."

"Well, you'd better not tell her. She thinks you've been working. I reckon she'd feel badly otherwise."

"Thanks for staying, aunt."

"I don't mind that—only she doesn't want anyone round but you when she's taken that way. If you need anything call me. Good night."

Sonia tiptoed on down the hall and into the bedroom where her mother lay.

"That you, Sonia?"

"Yes, mother."

"You'll need to tell them you won't work any more nights."

"Why, mother?" Sonia thought the beat of her heart must drown the ticking of the clock on the bureau.

"It's not fair to me, Sonia, and you know it. When I get these spells there's no one but you can tend me right. Don't they get enough work out of you all day without that?"

Confession could not be downed. Sonia was built on right lines.

"I wasn't working, mother."

"Sonia! Then what delayed you?"

Sonia completed her confession. It was not an easy task. She knew the storm would follow. She accepted the heapings of recriminations humbly. Her ministrations were, if anything, more tender.

Later, in Sonia's room, rebellion threatened. It was so unreasonable a thing—this monopoly of her time and her affections. The girl lay long, sleeplessly, on her bed. Finally, she rose, took from a lower drawer of her bureau a faded yellowed newspaper clipping, carefully pasted on a card, with which time had also begun to have its way. The rebellion was crushed. Sonia threw herself on her knees and prayed for strength. When she rose and put the clipping away again the light falling upon her now composed face and the tresses that Jimmie so esteemed, touched with a kindly gleam a picture that might inspire a Raphael.

Sonia's habits of punctuality almost failed her the next morning. Partly this was due to a fear of facing another day at the shop. It was not yesterday's joke that troubled her, but the thought of Jimmie. How was she to evade him—how tell him that she dare not trust herself in such ways of happiness as his brief acquaintance had opened to her?

She tried everything with him: evasiveness, which sat illy upon her; coldness; finally, excuses that her mother was not well, and she should really not have gone with him last night.

Only for a moment did Jimmie's usual aplomb fail him. Then he asked: "What time did you say your lunch hour was?"

"I didn't say."

"Twelve? One? Half-past twelve? Oh, half-past twelve, eh? I'll expect you then."

Sonia had to smile, and before the smile had run its course Jimmie was off. After that there seemed nothing for it but to go with him. It became a daily thing.

Somehow, the future looked less drear and blank—Jimmie was sunshine enough for the darkest day! Of course there could never be anything—unless a miracle happened.

The miracle happened early in May. Two things contributed to it. Mrs. Fielding took a sudden turn for the better; it seemed that her old spells and her fear of them had begun to leave her. She was brighter—more rational. Then Esther came home. Esther was five years Sonia's junior—a wisp of a creature with something of Sonia's eyes, and hair that Sonia never had, for all that hers was a crowning glory. Esther declared frankly that her musical studies in the city were boring her after all, and that the small scholarship that had enabled these studies to be carried on for two years—supplemented by a slim dole from Sonia and

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her mother's "widow's mite"—was hopelessly inadequate, and if she couldn't go the pace with the others she'd not go at all. And that was that.

As for her plans—she was going to stay at home and convert a desolate flat into a home, and see that mother was properly looked after. Sonia bit her lip and said nothing. With the curious inconstancy of the neurotic, Mrs. Fielding fell readily in with these plans. A new broom sweeps clean—and Esther's hands were a capable and workmanlike pair.

However, Jimmie came into his own. The miracle happened. Mrs. Fielding, secure and cheerful in Esther's care, even hinted—perhaps at Esther's bland suggestion—that Sonia was getting on and ought to be thinking of matrimonial possibilities.

At first the girl rebelled at the suggestion. After years of starvation diet one scarcely likes to have rich food thrust willy-nilly upon one. But something of the spring-time of life came back to Sonia. At times she would take thought long and late in her room and heap scorn upon her weakness—but the path that Jimmie swept and garnished for her was a rose-strewn one of the simple pleasures in which they both delighted.

Those were wonderful days! Like the operation of some kindly law of compensation they sought to make atonement for a past that scarcely bore thinking of.

"You never bring this Jimmie you talk so much about up to see us," protested Esther at length. "He just calls for you and delivers you like a carrier. You might let us see him. It's slow enough in this place." A month or two of devotion to her new plans had taken the zest out of them for Esther.

Sonia coloured. She realized suddenly that she had, without quite intending, kept Jimmie from her family. He seemed a thing apart from all that past from which escape had now been made.

She brought him up that evening. Mrs. Fielding was in the best of spirits, and they played cards—Sonia and her mother, Jimmie and Esther. Esther was bubbling over with vivacity. No spirits could droop with Jimmie and Esther in the room. Even Mrs. Fielding caught the infection. Sonia, with a tender light in her eyes, thought that the flat had become a home at last, and gave inward but heartfelt thanks. She was very proud of Jimmie.

Later, Esther seated herself at the piano,

and played and sang—sang queer, old-fashioned songs, and more sprightly modern ones, in a high, sweet soprano that left the hearers breathless. Jimmie sat beside her on the long stool and turned the pages of the music. Sonia and her mother were curled, just out of the glare of the piano lamp, in the comfortable seclusion of the arm-chairs. Because of the invalid the evening ended early. It had been a wonderful one.

"The best I've had for a long time," declared Jimmie enthusiastically on leaving.

"Come again—soon," urged Esther over Sonia's shoulder.

"I just will," promised the fervent Jimmie.

The blow did not fall suddenly like a bolt from a clear sky. But it had almost the same effect, for Sonia had been wilfully blind to facts, clutching the happy moments of these past few months to her fiercely.

Jimmie had fairly haunted the house lately—ostensibly to see Sonia. But Sonia, looking upon the dark head and the wonderful aureole of reddish gold side by side, and listening to the duets when the sweet, high soprano and the rather passable baritone mingled in song, and watching the little unconscious tricks of growing intimacy, felt the old despair growing upon her again.

The culmination came that night when she had to run over to her aunt's, and Jimmie and Esther were left in the front parlour alone for the best part of an hour. They were singing some gay ditty when she left, but when she returned they were very silent—and so absorbed, it seemed, that they did not hear the opening and closing of the street door or the slight bustle of her entry.

Sonia stood just by the doorway where the shadows cloaked her figure, watching, with eyes that seemed to get very hot and weary, and a heart that understood only too well.

They made such a picture of youthful despair that something like a smile flitted across Sonia's mouth and lightened the drawn, tired lines of her face.

"There's Sonia, you see," said Jimmie very quietly. "We've got to think of her. She's very wonderful—Sonia is. Why didn't I meet you first, Esther, instead of her? Then, maybe—" He stopped.

Esther said, with a trace of rebellion: "Sonia's had lots of chances. There was Billy Turriff—she seemed crazy about him, but then threw him over. Some ridiculous



"One hand was clutching the heavy curtain as though afraid to let go"—p. 652

Drawn by
Chas. Collier

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excuse about her duty to mother. She's fickle, you know—that's what all the girls say."

Jimmie shook his head.

"Not Sonia, Esther. I know her too well for that."

"Well, it's true, Jimmie, anyway, and—why Sonia!"

Sonia had parted the curtains and entered. One hand was clutching the heavy curtain as though afraid to let go. Her face frightened them. But her smile was a thing of bravery.

"Sonia, dear." Esther was all contrition. "I'm a horrid, little selfish brute. Yes, I am."

Sonia's arm went around the lithe little body. She gathered Esther in her arms as if she were a child.

"Don't cry, dear. Why, Jimmie boy, don't look distressed. Don't you see how well it is we've all found out—in time? You see, Jimmie, I'm much older than you, and I shouldn't have let you take me round that way, and give me such a—good time." Sonia had to speak quickly for fear the rest might never be said. "I'm so glad—for you—and Esther."

Jimmie took her hand impulsively. He said with difficulty:

"You're just—wonderful—Sonia."

Then he did another impulsive thing. He stooped over her as she sat on the couch with Esther's hot head pillowed in her lap, and kissed her. As quickly as she could dispossess herself of her burden Sonia fled—out into the hallway—along to her room.

With Jimmie's picture staring at her from the bureau, Sonia sat down and told herself that that kiss meant nothing more to her than one Paddy, the little messenger, had given her at Christmas when she remembered him over-lavishly. It was an unconvincing thing, this telling—so unconvincing that Sonia snatched the picture up and hid it away hurriedly in the lower drawer where a batch of ribbon-tied envelopes looked up at her defiantly. For a long time that night she relieved her feelings by destroying endless souvenirs and letters that her drawer yielded. One package—red-ribboned—remained.

That was on a Wednesday. Two drab days intervened with the prospect of an unbearable week-end. Saturday the big establishment closed all day for its annual employees' outing. Sonia had cherished the thought that this year she and Jimmie would make it a red-letter day. Now, of

course, she would not go. Jimmie could take Esther; it was permitted that anyone could take a friend for a slight consideration in the matter of boat tickets. This year it was to be a boat trip—a long day's outing on the river, with the employees' orchestra to set the feet itching to dance, and a great cleared expanse of deck to invite those so inclined, and a wonderful upper deck where every seat would be taken along about sunset, for the coming of the soft shadows and later glory of the moonlight.

Jimmie secured two seats on the upper deck. An invariable rule was that one must not go alone, there must be two—no lonely ones. So every ticket had its special number and had a corresponding ticket that held the fulfilment of the fellowship idea.

"You take Esther, Jimmie. I'll stay with mother," Sonia told him.

But Jimmie just grinned.

"I'm calling at ten sharp for Miss Sonia Fielding—know her?"

"But, Jimmie—"

"There are no buts about it. The thing's settled."

Sonia experienced a singular sinking of heart not unmixed with pleasure. It is nice not to be quite forgotten. Further protestations were drowned. She went.

It was a wonderful day. A cloudless sky, save for a few white fleckings that lent character. A hot July sun with a delightful breeze to temper it.

The boat was scheduled to sail at ten-thirty. They had just ten minutes to spare. Jimmie rushed Sonia aboard. He found her a seat bearing her ticket number on the upper deck.

"You'll excuse me," said Jimmie. "I'm a member of the committee and must needs go below."

Sonia lay back in her chair, under the shelter of the awning, and felt a sense of peacefulness come over her. Farther aft, by the rail, Lorna Graham stood, staring across at the bustling activity of the wharf. Well, Lorna would not be able to crow over her to-day. Hallo! the boat was moving. Sonia felt too much at peace to do more than raise herself partly in her chair and watch the interesting operation. Why, there was Jimmie on the wharf! He would be left behind. Sonia almost shouted her alarm.

A voice spoke behind her.

"Hallo, Sonia!"

"Oh—Billy! Billy, I'm afraid Jimmie's going to be left behind."

SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN

"Why, he's not coming, he told me," Billy explained. "He just came down because he's a member of the committee. I wonder who he's landed on me or me on. Seat No. X. 3. What's yours?"

"Why, mine," she stammered. "Mine is X. 3."

"No!"

"It is—see!"

The boat was well under way now. Billy Turriff thrust out a long muscular arm and pointed at a grinning figure on the wharf.

"Look!" he cried.

Jimmie was waving a frantic good-bye to them. His grin was a more boyish thing than ever.

"He's—put one over on us!" affirmed Billy Turriff. "Why, Sonia, I don't mean it that way. But I wouldn't want you to think—to think I'd bothered you this way intentionally."

"I don't quite understand," Sonia said a little shakily. "There's Lorna, Billy. How about her?"

Billy regarded the receding shore-line for a moment of silence. Then he said slowly: "Lorna was never anything more than a—well—a second best, if you know what I mean—and that—that joke of hers was the beginning of the end of that. I didn't care who I took to-day; that's how I fitted into Jimmie's scheme so nicely. But if I'm bothering you—why—"

"I think," said Sonia in a voice that she hardly recognized as her own, "I think maybe, Billy, I can put up with you for the day."



Even before the *River Belle* was well away from dock some inward voice informed Sonia that she was glad she had not destroyed that red-ribbon-tied bundle of letters.

They came home with a strange quietness upon them. The last hour of the trip, with the moonlight shining white upon the decks, and rippling in a silver path before the steamer's prow, and lending glamorous beauty to the outlines of the city itself—these things scarcely less than the associations of the day—held them in a grip of silently tremulous enchantment.

"You'll come in a little while?" invited Sonia happily at the doorstep. How many times in the old days she had asked that question—in those days before her mother's fierce jealousy and Sonia's sense of duty came to interfere—those days before Lorna

Graham's or Jimmie Cresswell's faint stars had risen.

Billy Turriff would.

The house was very quiet.

"They must have gone to bed early," Sonia whispered. "'Sh! Come in and we will have some cocoa and make some toast."

On the knob of Sonia's door hung a hastily scrawled sign:

"Mother rather tired and gone to bed early. Jimmie and I are off to the Pavilion."

"ESTHER."

Some vague distress gripped Sonia coldly.

"Oh, they shouldn't have gone, Billy. We never leave mother that way." She left him, hurrying along the narrow hallway to her mother's room. Fleckings of moonlight fell upon a crumpled bed—empty. Upon the floor a figure lay—very still and white.

"Mother—mother!" Billy came running at the cry. "Oh, Billy, she's dead—she's dead—and I went away and left her!"

Billy showed that his head and his heart were rightly placed. His calm voice gave assurance. Very tenderly he lifted the crumpled figure, and set about the necessary ministrations. His coolness gave Sonia enough strength to run next door and telephone for her aunt and the doctor.

All night long Sonia held a sleepless vigil. The doctor had done his work and gone. Esther was packed off, distraught, to bed. Billy had departed homeward. Aunt Lydia dozed in the next room. A fierce triumph sustained the watcher. This was her task, and hers alone. None other should take it from her.

By the dim light of the shaded lamp at the bedside Sonia read again a clipping yellowed with age. Just an ordinary newspaper clipping, a scant four paragraphs—one episode of thousands in a city's complex, fleeting life—the story of a young woman who had risked all to save her child from the flames, and whose reason, the doctors feared, might be impaired by the sufferings she had undergone to safely shield her infant. The mother, so the report said, terribly burned about the body, would yield the child to no one, but hugged it to her, crooning wildly: "Little Sonia's saved; little Sonia's safe."

The years between unfolded themselves to Sonia poignantly. And with the memory came the sudden unbidden conjuring up of

THE QUIVER



"Billy, I'm so fearfully glad to see you, but—oh, Billy boy, is it wise?"

*Drawn by
Chas. Collier*

Billy's face—of all the remembrances it inspired—of the first and last real passion of her life that to-day, yet seemingly so long ago, had been rekindled afresh.

Sonia dropped on her knees by the bedside. Whatever might come, she prayed that strength might be given. A hand, reaching out, touched her tumbled mass of reddish hair.

"Is that you, Sonia?"

"Yes, mother."

"I'm glad, child. There's no one cares for me like you. They left me, Sonia—and I was so weak and frightened." Sonia could feel the hand trembling; she took it reassuringly in her own. The voice went on, more strongly now. "Sonia, tell me you'll never leave me, that you'll be mine—all mine to the end."

Sonia said brokenly: "I'll never leave you, mumsy."

"Where were you—to-day—Sonia? At

the picnic, wasn't it? My mind isn't clear."

"Yes, dear."

"Who with?" The old obsession coming upon the woman lent her strength.

"Just Billy Turriff, mother, from the shop, you know. You remember Billy Turriff. There, let me get you some Cologne and bathe your forehead, dear." Sonia hurried her words, fearing the worst.

But the woman was not to be diverted.

She said, gripping Sonia's hand almost fiercely: "Sonia, you'll not let any man come into your life—to come between us? Promise me, Sonia."

Through the half-closed window the light of a declining moon shone in, touching the face of the girl by the bedside, adding a quite

unnecessary pallor, yet giving to the hair a lustrous, halo-like beauty.

"You'll promise me, Sonia?"

The hand that held hers was trembling.

"My little Sonia, promise mother."

Upon the table, touched also by the moonlight, lay that yellowed clipping from a newspaper of nearly a quarter-century ago. Sonia bowed her head and kissed the hand that clung to hers.

"I—I promise, mumsy."

The woman on the bed relaxed, smiled a little, and sank back into a doze.

The girl knelt long, motionless, beside the bed.

Temporarily Esther took Sonia's place at the shop. By the hand of Jimmie Sonia sent a little note to Billy. It would be easier for both not to meet just now. She thanked him for the memory of another day to add to those that she had sought for years to forget but could not. He, too, in fair-

SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN

ness to himself must try and forget again, and so not waste the best years of his life.

Over Mrs. Fielding's condition the doctor shook his head. This last shock had been severe—it would require long treatment and constant attention to regain lost ground. Nothing must worry the invalid.

Sonia gave herself to the task. Nothing is harder than the care of nervous complications.

"You're doing yourself up, Sonia," Jimmie told her when he came to call for Esther one night. "You ought to do less—upon my honour."

Sonia just smiled, watching them away, pleasure bent.

The rest was a confused jumble. She was vaguely conscious of a dizziness coming upon her; of familiar voices from a vast distance; of a pair of kindly eyes, by and by, that were often upon her, and a voice of silky softness telling her she mustn't mind the jokes they played upon her, and that she wasn't a remnant on the counter of girlhood—"slightly shopworn."

Reality came at last, bringing Sonia into a questioning mood and the little old lady of these troubled dreams into a cheerful creature of flesh and blood, without doubt the customer of that day when Jimmie came and the famous joke was played. Little by little Sonia learned that Mrs. Dobell had been in the shop and missed her from the linens, and asked, and met Esther, and heard all the story, and insisted on helping. Sonia was now in Mrs. Dobell's house.

"But—my mother?"

"My dear, you mustn't jump so. Your mother is in good hands. My brother is a rather famous surgeon, dear, and has interested himself in the case. He has operated successfully and removed pressure that was troubling her. Now you must ask no more questions. To-morrow perhaps, if you rest, we will let you have visitors."

They came early next afternoon—an eager pair—Jimmie and Esther, full of congratulations and news of themselves, including the triumphant announcement of their engagement. Being youthful and perfectly human they spoke more of themselves than of anything else.

Mrs. Dobell would not let them stay long.

Sonia was very quiet after they had gone, flushed and radiant in their own happiness. Mrs. Dobell said nothing, but her eyes were busy.

It was just after Sonia had been propped up and made ready for the coming of her

evening appetite-provoking tray, that Mrs. Dobell ushered in a third visitor, and discreetly retired.

Sonia looked up, expecting the maid, but the step was brisk and masculine, and—

"Billy!"

"Sonia!"

For a moment the happiness of seeing him and the answer to the yearning of a starved life swept all things else away.

"Billy, I'm so fearfully glad to see you, but—oh, Billy boy, is it wise? They say mother's better, but—"

He put a hand very gently over her mouth, laughing down at her.

"I'm coming every day—from now on," he affirmed with decision. "Listen, Sonia. I've brought a little note from your mother. Shall I open it for you?"

But she snatched it from him eagerly, reading:

"SONIA,—Dear child, I know all now—know all that you have sacrificed and suffered for me. The doctor tells me the old depression cannot return again—so an unreasonable, loving old mother sends her daughter every wish for happiness—and with it Billy. Oh, I know all now, dear; Mrs. Dobell, who has been such a friend, has explained everything so lovingly. I am so touched by your devotion, dear, I cannot write of it. I warn you, I shall almost live at your place when you get one of your own. Tell Billy to beware of an unshakable mother-in-law.

"I long to see you, dear, as soon as you are able to come to your loving

"MOTHER."

Sonia's eyes were full of happy tears. She found voice at last.

"Oh, Billy, would you mind—very—much if—she came to live with us always?"

Said Billy gruffly: "I'll be dashed if I'd stand for anything else." A little twinkle of mischief showed in his face. "You forget, young lady," he charged, "that I haven't asked *you* yet."

"Yes, you did, Billy," said Sonia softly. "A long time ago."

"And you said 'No.'"

"Just with the lips, Billy. If you can forgive them."

"There's only one way," said Billy, and leaned over.

"Of course I'm just a remnant 'slightly shopworn,' Billy," Sonia reminded him.

"God bless all remnants," said Billy fervently, leaning over again.

That Last Hour

When the Minister's Sermon Isn't Done and He Finds He's Only Human

By Grace S. Richmond

This is a whimsical account of a minister putting the final touches to his preparation before the service—but it's very human. It will touch responsive chords somewhere!

IN the last hour before the Sunday morning service the Reverend Thomas Brown is trying to write the closing paragraph of his sermon on Home Missions. He never particularly enjoys preaching this annual sermon on missions, to be followed by a special collection, but it has to be done. The week has been crammed so full with all sorts of extra calls upon his time that he couldn't get at his sermon until late Saturday evening. And that final paragraph, that is to hit the pocket hard, is still in the air. He sits before his typewriter, his hair on end. To be sure he preaches without notes, but you can't fire your gun unless it's loaded; and his task is now to get the last cartridge into that gun.

At the moment the house is reasonably quiet. This won't last long, with three small children being made ready for church within unavoidable hearing; but Brown ought to take advantage of it.

A Desperate Petition

He runs his fingers through his tempest-tossed hair again. "Lord, give me the thing to say!" he breathes.

It really sounds less like a prayer than a demand, one of those sight drafts which Heaven is expected to honour.

The Lord looks down from heaven—oh, yes, He does, you know!—and sees His servant Brown, and notes the children on the other side of the thin partition in the small parsonage. Being omniscient, the Lord knows that Tommy junior (aged two) is going to hit his head on something within a minute or two, Mrs. Brown being busy with buttoning up Big Sister (aged four). So the Lord gives Brown an idea for the opening words of his paragraph—anyhow, that's the way Brown feels about where the idea came from when he gets it out of the blue—and he pounds it down, hitting *c's* for

e's right along, as he always does when in a hurry.

A moment afterwards Tommy smashes his head against the floor, and a frightful roar ensues, which Brown tries hard to ignore but can't. He loves Tommy much better than he does writing money-raising sermons. As the roars increase in volume he leaps up and rushes to the door, where he meets his wife with Tommy in her arms.

"Dear, you'll have to hold him a minute till I get some hot water and a bandage; it's bleeding dreadfully."

So it is; Brown gets a spot of blood on his clean, white, ministerial cuff. He loses ten minutes while Tommy is being attended to. Then he dashes back to his typewriter, his eye on the inexorable little clock upon his desk.

Interruptions

Probably his heavenly Helper has other panic-stricken ministers to look after now, for He seems a little deaf to Brown's needs. A telephone call, which Mrs. Brown tries to put off but can't, breaks in upon his labours. It's from one of his trustees, who has been inspired to choose this moment to consult him—at interminable length. Brown manages his voice as carefully as he can, so that it may not show his irritation, but the trustee feels as he hangs up his receiver that the pastor was—well, to say the least, a little crisp.

Thirty minutes left! The church is next door—if it weren't, Brown would never in the world be in his pulpit on time—so he has till the last minute. He begins to put down words without meaning, or so it seems to him. The sermon has got to end somehow, and it can't end where it is.

Mrs. Brown puts in her head. She is a thoughtful wife, and she doesn't like him to be late. "Tom, are you almost through?"

THAT LAST HOUR

"No; and I never will be if I get any more interruptions!"

The door closes very quietly.

Brown is now unhappy because he lost his temper. Ministers about to preach shouldn't lose their temper, they should be on their knees getting spiritually ready.

He hasn't time to go on his knees, so he again addresses the ceiling above his head: "Lord, forgive me. But I've got to do it somehow. It's Your work, and I've been so busy——"

But the inspiration doesn't come. Nervousness does. Visions of a waiting congregation crowd into his brain. Poetry—if he could find just the right bit of verse to close with, he might trust to the stimulus of the moment to fill the gap. He seizes an anthology. Poems on war, on the home, on love, on nature, on everything except missions, or giving, or self-sacrifice. All he can think of is "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and the last time he used that Mrs. Brown told him that, great hymn though it was, she hoped he wouldn't give it out again for a year, she was so tired of hearing it in the Mission Circle, where they seemed to think it the only hymn with which to close a meeting.

Ten to Eleven!

Ten minutes to eleven. The sound of children's voices becomes louder and louder, as unwelcome last-minute attentions are forced upon them. Mrs. Brown won't open the study door again, but Brown knows she is waiting outside; he can feel her there. She doesn't dare to leave the house till he does, or he will certainly be late. He throws open the door, glowering. "For Heaven's sake! Take them over and leave me a minute by myself."

"You ought to be going now, Tom. Mr. Beamish telephoned he wanted to see you five minutes before the service, and I promised him you'd be there."

No, he doesn't say the word he'd like to, but he looks it. He's only human, and his sermon isn't finished. "Hang Mr. Beamish! Tell him I'll see him after church."

"It's something about a notice he wants given out. You'll have to go. Mr. Beamish—why, you can't offend him."

"I can, and I will! I'd offend the angel Gabriel himself if he bothered me right now."

"Tom Brown!"

He goes back into the study and slams the door.

He hears Mrs. Brown go out, softly shooing the children along. Little Tom stubs his toe on the threshold, and another terrific roar goes up. Little Tom has a roar out of all proportion to his size, and never hesitates to release it.

And now Thomas Brown does go down upon his knees, late though it is, and Mr. Beamish waiting. Mr. Beamish is the most important man in the church. But the minister is feeling suddenly unfit, desperately unfit, to go into his pulpit. The sermon should have been written by the middle of the week, only it couldn't be because there were so many things to do. People were sick and needed him. People died and had to be buried. People insisted on being married. They gave church suppers and invited him to make clever speeches at them. They got into trouble and came and consulted him, hours on end. People—people—if it weren't for the people he might get something done!

The Last Paragraph

And now he has to preach, and he hasn't got his closing paragraph, those final, touching, convincing, powerful words that will bring the lump into the throat and make the hand go down, deep down into the pocket, that pocket that never holds enough for all the demands upon it. And where, in the name of all such successful appeals, is he to get it if the Lord won't give it to him?

So he asks the Lord once more, very humbly this time—because he is guiltily conscious of having lost his temper unbecomingly to a servant of the Most High.

Thomas Brown rises from his knees without another word having been added to his vocabulary or another idea for his last paragraph. And yet surging through his consciousness is something intangible as air itself, yet like a rushing, mighty wind for power. He knows now that even without words he can preach. What more can the servant of the Most High ask?

Mrs. Brown, sitting anxiously in the pew, trying to keep little Tommy and Big Sister and Older Brother in order, watches Tom as he comes in. She sees the spot of blood upon his cuff; nobody else would see it. She discovers that he forgot to brush his hair at the last minute and had to smooth it down hurriedly with his hand just before he came in. She wonders if he blackened his shoes; they were a little dusty, as she remembered them; she meant to see to them herself, but hadn't time. But she realizes,

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with a thrill of relief, that his face is serene, even a little uplifted, as she loves to see it. She has forgiven him his loss of temper; she has a good bit of temper herself—it's an asset really, as well as a liability—and knows what all ministers' wives know—that, though the spirit may be willing, the flesh undeniably is weak, in spite of the call to preach. And nothing in the world would make her doubt Tom's fitness to preach, because she knows beyond a doubt that he's the Real Thing in Ministers!

The Sermon

So Tom Brown preaches. Mr. Beamish—not to offend whom seems sometimes to the Browns so important, and then again so unimportant—says it was one of his greatest sermons. Anyhow, it brought many shillings out of Mr. Beamish's pocket.

When they are at home again, Mrs. Brown comes up to Tom. He is flushed with victory now, and so is she, only she hides it for a little.

"Tom, I could see that spot of blood clear from my pew."

"Didn't expect me to be able to cover it up, did you?"

"You hadn't brushed your hair."

"No; there didn't seem to be time to brush anything."

"Your shoes were dusty. They are still."

He looks down at them. Perhaps that row of ferns across the platform hid them. Good thing to have ferns.

"Tom, you know you never allow quite time enough to get ready for church."

"I suppose not. We got quite a collection for missions to-day, though."

It's impossible to discipline him any more. She suddenly puts both arms round his neck.

"Oh, I was so proud of you!"

He laughs. "I saw you getting proud—gradually, as you forgot my hair and my shoes."

"How did you do it, dear? You didn't seem to be ready at all when I left you—beforehand."

He looks at her, and his face changes. "No, I wasn't. I was tired—and cross—just plain discouraged. I don't see how the Lord manages to make use of me at such times. I didn't feel fit to preach after I got so angry with you and the children."

Spirit

And now Mrs. Brown says a remarkable thing, not at all what a minister's wife would be expected to say: "Tom, I think the Lord uses you because—well, because a man who has spirit enough to say what you did about not minding offending the angel Gabriel if he bothered you just then has spirit enough to preach a sermon that will make people give to missions, and that takes a lot. He liked it, just for a change from whining prayers to Him to do things people are too lazy to do for themselves. And that's why He helped you out about preaching."

It may not be the explanation, and Tom didn't accept it. But I believe the Great Head of the Church does extraordinarily approve and make use of the spirit which doesn't mind offending the Mr. Beamishes or even the angel Gabriel himself, so long as it gets the Master's work done.

Tulips

By
Enid A. Guest

SCARLET and gold,
Fiery and bold,
Standing straight up to the sky.
Vivid and ragged,
Purple and jagged
Colours to dazzle the eye.

Defiant and proud,
Heads seldom bowed,
Facing the breezes each day.
Petals they fling,
Shrouding the Spring
Dying in riotous May.

The Future of the Educated Woman

by
MARIE HARRISON

SOME time ago 800 university women answered an advertisement for a telephone clerk at a laundry. Although the salary offered was no more than £4 or £5 a week, a woman of high education was particularly asked for. One would have imagined that women who had taken an arts or science degree would scarcely have considered telephone work as a possible career, but here is the fact that some hundreds of well-educated women asked for the position.

The fact set me thinking. It presupposes considerable unemployment amongst women, for although a percentage of those who applied for the position were probably inspired by the spirit of adventure, the greater number, I imagine, did so simply because they needed a job.

A Tragic Commentary on Modern Life

And what a tragic commentary on modern life and on modern education that there should be any clever, highly educated women out of work!

I am forced to the conclusion that a university degree is, by itself, as insufficient an equipment for a woman as it has always been for a man. The man who goes to Oxford or Cambridge goes because three years at a university is considered an essential prelude to the taking of Holy Orders, or to later success at the Bar; a prelude, indeed, to most of the professions in which men have made great names.

Apart from the teaching profession, a university degree is in itself of little use to a man as a money-making equipment. The tragedy of the unemployed university

woman lies in the ignorance of her parents that for the purpose of earning a living training must begin rather than end with the passing of her university days.

Three years at Newnham or Lady Margaret, or at one of the modern non-residential colleges, is of enormous value to any young woman. It is impossible to have too much wisely digested knowledge. But where the amount to be spent on preparing a girl to earn her living is distinctly limited a mother ought to consider the questionable wisdom of devoting it all to a university training.

A Definite Training Essential

Imagine the position of the girl of a little over twenty, who, having taken her B.A., has no decided vision of her own future. If she is attracted by secretarial work she will have to begin the business of learning once more in order to master typewriting and shorthand. If she wants to be a bar-rister or a journalist, or a physical culture expert or a creative gardener, or a cook or a welfare worker, she must, in each instance, take a course of training.

"But surely with a B.A. degree you can do anything!" exclaims her disappointed mother. "Why, we've spent all the money we can possibly afford in sending you to Oxford. I'm afraid it is impossible to give you any further education."

So the young B.A. watches the advertisement columns of the daily papers, and answers any advertisement which suggests that a university education would be appreciated.

This is, I know, what happens in a large number of cases, and it may explain why 800 educated women replied to that request for a laundry telephone clerk.

THE QUIVER

II

A Bad Outlook

The outlook for women in most professions is distinctly bad. It is, after all, a shadowy victory that women have won in forcing an entry to the professions. It is permitted to woman to read for the Bar. But there is no law to compel a solicitor to brief a woman barrister. Women have long been allowed to take medical degrees. Few women, however, hold highly paid appointments as doctors in municipal service. Some women make ideal teachers. But they are paid lower salaries than men teachers.

Leaving aside questions of masculine prejudice on one hand, and of feminine inefficiency on the other, the problem of woman's employment comes down to a sheerly commercial level—that is, the law of supply and demand.

If there were suddenly a wide demand for women barristers, solicitors would be compelled to brief them. If ratepayers insisted that the care of the health of their children and of the community in general should be shared equally between men and women doctors, local authorities would be forced to employ more medical women. If parents demanded that the women who teach should be paid as well as the men who teach, the scale of salaries in our elementary schools would have to be altered. There would, in short, be a rapid change in the position of women in this country.

Present-day Conditions

But progress in England is slow. There are unlikely to be any sudden, dramatic changes. And the woman who intends to consider her position as a wage-earner from the actual, commercial standpoint of the present time must look to the conditions of the hour, not to those which may exist five-and-twenty years hence.

And the business outlook among women is steadily developing.

The marriage dreams of tens of thousands of Englishwomen were ended by the great war. Every young woman worker knows that if she wants to have a home of her own in the future she may have to provide it herself. The modern girl is not content with the prospect of living in lodgings for the rest of her life. She wants a home. It may be a three-roomed flat, or a cottage in the country. But she wants a home, and she wants to be able to make provision for her old age.

If you were to consult the various in-

surance societies you would find that since the end of the war an increasing number of women have taken out old-age endowment policies, or have arranged in some way to guard against the desolation and the misery of a penniless old age.

And these are very largely women who are honourably ambitious. They are not content with small salaries, and if they find themselves in a profession in which they are not wanted they get out and find another profession where their services have a greater selling value.

The educated woman of the future, unless she has a definite and a quite unmistakable talent in some special direction, will, I think, be forced to ask herself, not "What should I like to be?" but "Where are the services of women in widest demand?"

III

Wanted—in the Home

The answer to the last question is quite briefly—"In the home."

An enormous change is taking place in our social habits. We are, as I have said in *THE QUIVER* on another occasion, returning to the home idea. Modern families have discovered that a well-devised meal at home is really more interesting and delightful than a restaurant dinner. Modern parents are beginning to see that if it is necessary to send their children away to school, it is necessary also that during holidays the quality of home life should be the best that modern minds and service can make it. It is becoming actually fashionable to bake bread at home, to make jams and pickle vegetables, to preserve fruits and make cakes; the war-time craze for knitting has been followed by a devotion to embroidery work, to the making of decorative curtains and cushions for the home. We are getting back to the ideals of our great-grandmothers—only with this difference.

In these days, when women must take a far greater share in the general work of the world, no woman has at her command the time which enabled her great-grandmother to be such an exemplary housewife. Moreover, fifty years ago it was possible to hire servants cheaply; living was proportionately far less costly than it is to-day; people lived, not in flats, but in houses with gardens where it was possible to grow produce for the family. Domestic life was simple. To-day it is complicated. It needs the direction of the expert, and it is here that

THE FUTURE OF THE EDUCATED WOMAN

the services of the educated woman will be needed in the future.

Perhaps I need hardly say that the work of such a woman will not be limited to cooking or to housework, though it may include both. Its chief value will lie in the clever solution of domestic problems. Instead of teaching mathematics in a girls' high school, the educated woman of the future will solve the mathematical problems of the home. Already, London has a domestic science expert whose advice is sought for and is as highly valued as that of any medical specialist.

The business man who finds that his affairs are out of order, that there is extravagance somewhere in his office that he is unable to detect, that he is losing money where he believes he ought to be making it, commonly calls in an expert to advise him.

Room for the Domestic Expert

In future, I think the mistress of an inefficient home, run extravagantly but not with deliberate extravagance, will find the advice of the domestic expert as valuable to her as is the advice of the business expert to a puzzled business man.

The house expert, knowing every branch of domestic science, would visit the disordered home, see the housekeeping books, test the value of the cooking, discuss arrangements for the day's work, inspect the labour-saving devices, discover the standard of living, and then draw up a budget which would immediately show the housewife the weak points in the home, and how they could be remedied.

I imagine that most women would be glad to cut down their household bills if they knew how. But their common complaint is: "I can't run things on a penny less." The domestic science expert would probably be able to show them how to do so. For, after all, running a home is expert work. It is a marvel to me that there are women who have had no training in housewifery who are able to run their homes so admirably. With the help and counsel of the consultant house specialist they would be able to run their homes even better, while the inefficient housewife would gain immeasurably from the counsels of a house specialist.

Now come to the future of the educated domestic woman who wants a post as house secretary, or as cook, or as parlourmaid, as nurse, or as housekeeper.

Very soon the highly qualified cook is going to be able to obtain a far higher salary than that given to the average teacher or shorthand-typist, or woman house surgeon.

Men Tired of Bad Cooking

Men are so tired of bad cooking, and women are so tired of struggles to secure good cooking, that the everyday married couple may very well ask if it would not be better to spend less money on dress, on amusements, on elaborate entertaining, and pay more for the service of their homes.

I suppose that the cook-general in the average fairly well-to-do middle-class home gets about £52 a year. The value of her bedroom, her food, her laundry, her medical attendance, her insurance and her uniforms, if provided by her employer, may well be put down at something like £100 a year. In an expensive flat the rental value of one bedroom may safely be reckoned at a pound a week.

An employer of labour pays a highly efficient secretary from £250 to £500 a year. I believe the time is coming when the expert cook who is as willing to prepare vegetables as to cook them will get £250 a year, and more in the houses of rich people, and that the expert home-maker will be able to earn a steady £150 a year for daily service in the houses of middle-class employers.

"Ladies" and "Dirty Work"

The supposed difficulty in employing educated women was referred to by a woman with whom I discussed the matter, and whose staff is now composed entirely of women trained in housecraft.

"I always used to think that ladies would not do dirty work," she said. "Few people can afford to pay high wages to trained women if they also have to engage a staff of kitchenmaids and under-housemaids. But although I am paying far higher wages than ever I used to do, I am actually saving money because my household is run on scientific lines. I have fewer servants, but better servants. They will do anything. I never have to employ a 'char.' And there is no waste. Even if it were beyond my means, I would rather cut my dress allowance in half than go back to the old and inefficient service."

The question of living in is not an insuperable difficulty in the small well-managed household. Two servants, work-

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ing in shifts as clever, trained, all-round "generals," can manage the work of the ordinary household admirably, as I have myself experienced in the house of a friend.

The first expert comes on duty at 7.30 and stays till 2.30, or a little later. In that time she is able to prepare breakfast, clean rooms, prepare a light lunch, or with the help of the mistress of the house a midday dinner for children home from school. As she leaves she is succeeded by the second expert, who stays till 9.30, and is thus able to serve afternoon tea, to clean glass and silver, and look after some beautiful old furniture, cook dinner, and leave everything tidy for the next day. The two women change hours each week, so that each has a succession of free mornings and of free evenings. Neither of the maids sleeps in, and so my friend is able to live in a smaller and much cheaper flat than would be possible if she had to provide two servants' bedrooms.

Quarrelsome, Extravagant and Inefficient

Now, what was the régime of this household before? My friend kept four servants—a cook, a housemaid, a parlourmaid, and a kitchenmaid. The cook insisted on a separate room, the parlour- and house-maid shared a room, and the kitchenmaid slept in a tiny room on the top floor. The cook declared that she could not get through her work without a kitchenmaid, the housemaid refused to have anything to do with parlour work or waiting at table, and the parlourmaid was equally unwilling to share the housework.

There were constant quarrels among the servants, the cooking was indifferent and extraordinarily wasteful. My friend pays each of her present house experts £3 a week each, and she gets more comfort than she ever had before; she has been able to economize by moving into a smaller flat, so cutting down heavy rental expenses.

I quote this example merely to show that it is better, that it has indeed been found better again and again to simplify one's mode of living by having two expert servants at high wages than by having four inexpert servants at lower wages.

I am aware, of course, that out of an income of, say, £1,000 a year it seems enormous to pay nearly a third in servants' wages. But not enormous when the service given means a perfectly run home, with

perfect meals, and a happy, harmonious atmosphere.

IV

Why?

I know I shall have one criticism to meet. The wife of the professional man earning round about £500 a year will at once declare that it is ridiculous to talk of paying any servant £3 a week. But why? I wish indeed that it were possible for every hard-worked housewife to have expert assistance in the home. But she does not demand expert medical advice for a small fee, nor does she expect the grocer to reduce his bills because she is poor. If she cannot afford to pay high wages for good service she is, after all, only in the position of all of us who cannot pay for things we should like to have. But we don't say it is absurd for Mrs. Anyone to pay £100 for a fur coat. We rather wish we could. Why, then, criticize high wages for superior service?

Many house experts would be able to accept short engagements for jam-making, or home reorganization, or to give lessons in cookery in the house. Daily engagements to cook and serve a meal, or to undertake the responsibility of the home during the absence of the mistress, might be undertaken, so giving even the wife of the "new poor" professional man the advantages of occasional expert help.

V

A Happy Career for Women

Is not the making of happy homes honourable and blessed work? Undertaken in a commercial spirit it will bring its own reward, the reward that comes to all who work well and faithfully. But if in addition there is a love of family life, what a happy career for any woman! And a career, too, that can continue late in life. So long as the house expert is able to do her job well, who would think of asking her to retire? The grey-haired shorthand-typist is rarely seen. At the age of 50 it gets increasingly difficult for the teacher to get a well-paid post.

But in the service of the home middle age is no drawback. So long as a woman is able to work she may be sure of employment.

And it is in the higher branches of housecraft, where the trained mind, the swift intelligence, and the high education are needed, that the brightest future of the educated woman lies.

IF THE WIND CHANGES

MICHAEL KENT

"I WISH," said Sybil Massingham, helping herself to a piece of toast, "I wish, Aunt Lavinia, I had hair like yours."

Aunt Lavinia, very stately and graceful on the far side of the little gate-legged tea-table, smiled and involuntarily put a hand to the mass of spun silver which was her crown and glory. "Why, child?"

"Slovely!" crooned the girl, and then with the cruel candour of youth: "Was it just as beautiful when you were young?"

"It has almost always been like this," explained Aunt Lavinia.

"Not with terror or grief, Aunt?" gasped Sybil, eager for romance. "Not 'His hair grew white in a single night, as men's have grown with sudden fears,' like the poor prisoner of Chillon that we used to do years ago at school? Byron, you know."

That "years ago" had been dragged in as a tribute to her self-respect. To be precise it was less than three years ago since Sybil, now aged twenty-one, had left the finishing school for the protection of Aunt Lavinia's roof.

"Nothing of the sort." Aunt Lavinia regarded her niece and ward with amused tolerance. "It was very black at first and went grey early. You know, I was rather delicate years ago and spent some years in France and Italy to avoid the winters here, and I think that made it change quickly. Black hair does go grey quicker, anyway."

The topic went no further for it was interrupted by Mary with the letter salver. Aunt Lavinia was the lucky one, though she did not appreciate it at first. "The stores list," she said. "That's not terribly exciting. A bill from Harridge's, and—"

"And" sounds much more interesting, Aunt Vinia. Tell me about the letter from 'And'!" Sybil paused and watched her aunt for a moment mischievously. "It seems very good for the complexion anyhow! And it has a foreign stamp!"

"Egyptian," explained her aunt. "It's

from Commander Selby. He was at Suz when he wrote. He's coming home."

Sybil allowed herself a teasing look of surprise. "A letter from a mere man, Aunt Vinia? I thought after poor pa you had no trust in the sex!"

Poor pa, Sybil's father, had been a very bad egg indeed, and Aunt Lavinia had never forgiven mankind in general for his treatment of her adored elder sister. The one act of his which she entirely approved was his comparatively early demise. But this matter of Commander Selby was on a different footing. It required explanation. Aunt Lavinia explained with dignity.

"You don't understand, my dear. Commander Selby is a Service man, a class apart. They are taken as mere boys and never, in all their lives after, are they in contact with anything but the best, the bravest, the most chivalrous. Your poor father was on the Stock Exchange. If only he had been sent to Osborne!"

"A very paragon," glibed Sybil. "A man Aunt Vinia approves of! I've never heard the like before! Is he tall and strong and fair and blue eyed?"

"You shall see, child." Aunt Lavinia came from her place and sat on the arm of her niece's chair. That was one of the things that made Sybil wonder about her aunt. She could never make up her mind. The grey hair said—the girl estimated it with the refreshing inexperience of twenty-one—the grey hair said "Fifty-five at least." But people of fifty-five were set and solemn and conventional and disappointed of up-to-date slang and never sat on the arms of other people's chairs. Aunt Vinia had none of these distressing symptoms. "You shall see, child," she said caressingly. "Peter Selby is coming home as quickly as steam will bring him." She glanced at his letter. "He tells me," she added with a little thrill of pride, "that he will be paid off at Portsmouth on the eighth. I've told him before that he must come to us as soon as he can. Peter always loved Bellington, and since his father died

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he can't go to the Rectory. He doesn't know his father's successor."

"How thrilling!" said Sybil with just a little tinge of dryness in her tone. "Anyhow, if any more bold, bad robbers try to break into Duke's Oak like they did up at the Hall and fire revolvers and all that sort of thing, the commander appears to be just the very man one wants on the spot."

"Yes," agreed Aunt Lavinia looking down at her niece with a tender whimsical smile. "I couldn't find anyone better fitted to take care of you."

A quick little look of alarm sprang into the girl's eyes. "Oh, not me specially," she protested. "I don't even know him." She got up, stretching her lithe length. "Nobody loves me; I'm going into the garden to find worms for Bobby robin!"

As the door closed Aunt Lavinia returned to her letter. "Peter," she said, "there isn't another man in the world like you. If only you will fall in with my plans for you and Sybil, I shall feel that I have justified her poor, dear mother's trust in me."

While Sybil, at the remotest end of the garden was likewise in communion with herself. "Sybil," she said severely, "you're a horrid, deceitful little cat! I hate you for it—but I can't help it!"

II

PETER had arrived.

He swung out of his car and up the steps four at a time to the hall where Aunt Lavinia waited to greet him. "I say, Miss Curtiss, it's absolutely topping of you to have me! I've dreamed for months of coming back to Bellington and—and old friends."

"I'm afraid there are not many old friends left, Peter," returned Aunt Lavinia softly, "but I hope you will find some new ones!" She half-turned. "My niece, Sybil Massingham."

The broad-shouldered, lean-faced, keen-eyed man regarded the girl merrily. "Splendid!" he cried. "Here's one already, I hope."

Sybil shook hands and covered evident confusion with "I hope you've had a smooth voyage, Commander Selby."

"Parts were excellent," he returned cheerily. "Do you like the sea, Miss Massingham?"

"Not at all," said the girl hastily. "That is, I only know the Channel, and that is the worst nightmare I ever get."

"I'll speak severely to the Channel about that," laughed the commander.

"Let me show you your quarters, Peter," interposed Aunt Lavinia.

With the commander alone on the landing, Aunt Lavinia became confidential. "You'll like Sybil, Peter."

"Bound to," said the commander cheerfully. "It couldn't be helped. She may be a Massingham but she has all the Curtiss charm."

Aunt Lavinia smiled gratefully. "Yes," she agreed. "She is very like her mother at times. You may find her a little awkward, Peter, but if you do it is my fault. Remembering the Massingham strain in her I may have been over strict. She has met very few men, and none that one could consider eligible. I had a terrible fright about her when she was at school. Her head mistress wrote to me to tell of the discovery of a correspondence which had been going on between Sybil and a boy whose father lived next door to the school. I—I took her away," she finished laconically.

"A boy and girl affair," he excused. "It's usual enough, isn't it?"

"But for the Massingham blood in her," she returned, "I don't suppose I should have worried over it. But since then she has been with me. She is the sweetest child, Peter. I want you to like her."

"I shall make it so," said Peter good-humouredly. "Question rather is whether she will condescend to like me!"

"Please make her," said Aunt Lavinia. "You'll find it easy!" She opened a door on her right. "These are your quarters. I leave you to explore them. Ring for anything that you want, and feel, as far as you can, that you are at home, Peter."

Aunt Lavinia went downstairs feeling that with Machiavellian cunning she had laid the foundations of real romance.

As the days went by she pursued her policy with increasing ardour. Certainly it seemed to be moving forward. Sybil had not been able for long to withstand the commander's genial manner. He was so honest and unaffected, such a merry companion. No one could help liking Peter Selby. And Peter grew very interested in her. From the superior height of six feet two and the superior experience of twelve years' seniority he discovered in her a youthful charm which made her a delightful guide in his pilgrimages of remembrance about the village.

Aunt Lavinia looked on and smiled.

IF THE WIND CHANGES



"She got up. 'I'm going into the garden to find worms for Bobby robin!'"

Drawn by
W. E. Wightman

Everything was going as she had planned. Only sometimes she would catch sight of her silvery head in a mirror and sigh. It was so on the day that Sybil took Peter over to Nunburton Abbey. Aunt Lavinia had waved to them from her bedroom window as they disappeared down the drive. She had watched their going a little wistfully, and as with a sigh she turned away the stately lady in the cheval glass challenged her.

"I think—I think," whispered Aunt Lavinia with a meditative glance at the mirror, "I have really earned a young afternoon!"

Throwing off her very neat and rather prim dress, she dived into the deepest recesses of her wardrobe and brought to light an armful of silk and lace and daintiness which had been sacrificed to the grave responsibility of Aunt Lavinia's guardianship. "Vanity of vanities!" she murmured whimsically, but vanity of vanities rendered her twenty years younger!

With the step of youth she danced across the room and seated herself before her dressing-table. "Tcht, child," she admonished herself. "Why so prim? In faith, your coiffure is vastly unbecoming!" Feverishly she drew out the restraining pins, horrid warders of her silver treasure which, freed, fell like a shimmering cascade over her shoulders. She laughed at it. The colour came into her cheeks; her eyes sparkled; she wagged an admonishing forefinger at her own charming reflection. "Now you know you have no business to look like that, Lavinia! You are thirty-eight! Just remember that and you may go on being happy for a whole afternoon."

Sweeping back the beautiful waves from her forehead till they made an aureole to the oval face she tied them with a broad pink satin ribbon at the nape of her neck. That, at any rate, was vastly becoming in conjunction with the dainty pink silk frock which seemed to take a mischievous

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delight in showing the slender graceful lines of Aunt Lavinia's figure.

She curtsied to her reflection in the cheval glass. "So pleased to see you, young Miss Lavinia," she said. "Your aged half has been staying here too long! She has to, you know, to take care of Sybil. It may be ridiculous to wear your hair down at thirty-eight, but then it's just as ridiculous at thirty-eight to dress as though you were sixty, which is what your aged half does! I've just got to keep the balance between you somehow!" She pirouetted round the room. "Thank goodness, I can still do this," she said. "I've often wondered what would happen if the wind changed! 'Miss Vinnie, if the wind changes while you make those faces you'll get fixed like it!' as old Nannie used to say." Unlocking a drawer in her escritoire she took out a bundle of letters, hugged them for a moment, then, throwing herself among the cushions of her sofa, untied the ribbon which bound the precious missives and was soon oblivious of all else save their contents. Sometimes she laughed softly to herself and sometimes the ready tear sprang to sparkle in her eyes. So passed Aunt Lavinia's young afternoon.

In the meantime the commander was renewing acquaintance with Nunburton Abbey. It is to be regretted, but if Aunt Lavinia had been in spirit with them instead of enjoying her young afternoon, she would not have entirely approved the seaman's tactics. He was actually recalling the days of his youth and remarking on how far distant they seemed. "Do you know, Miss Sybil, when I was a kid I climbed up that ruined arch, right to the top to look for pigeon's eggs! Twenty years ago! It seems an age away."

"But you are not really old," said Sybil encouragingly.

"Matter of opinion," he returned. "I'm glad you think not. Anyway, it is awfully good of you to take me about as you do and never show that you are bored with me."

Sybil looked up questioningly. "Bored?" she said, "of course I'm not. I like you awfully. You're lots nicer than I thought you'd be."

Peter blushed. What impression had Aunt Lavinia given her? He must work willy. "So you didn't think I should be nice?" he questioned.

"Well, paragons aren't usually, are they?" she asked frankly.

"Paragons?" asked Peter mystified.

"Well, you see, Aunt Vinia doesn't generally like men," explained the girl awkwardly. "So I—I thought——"

He laughed easily at that. "We're a disappointing crowd, I fear! It's not strange that Miss Lavinia thinks little of us. She's an angel!"

"Oh, she is, I know it. And—and sometimes she makes me hate myself. Of course, I'm horrid—not a bit like her. But I do wish that she wasn't so dreadfully strict about men. I—I hardly ever meet any—of my own age, that is," she finished apologetically.

"Men, or one particular man?" asked the commander, fixing shrewd eyes upon the girl's face.

Sybil's face crimsoned. "I'd rather you did not ask me that," she said rather unhappily. "I—I wish one could always be perfectly open, but one can't, can one? One has to think of other people."

"Dear child," said the man, a puzzled frown wrinkling his brows. "I'd be very proud if you felt that you could be perfectly open with me. Some day perhaps you will. And I might be able to help." Then he wisely switched the conversation on to the Abbots' Kitchen. "By George! Those old Johnnies did themselves well, didn't they? A nice fireplace to cook an ascetic's mutton chop on, eh?"

III

"WELL, child," Aunt Lavinia, standing graceful by the mantelpiece, displayed a dainty toe for warmth at the fender rail. The September evening was chill, chill enough, that is, to give one the excuse of enjoying the flickering lights and the rosy shadows of a fire. Aunt Lavinia enjoyed them as she looked down at her pretty niece seated on the chesterfield beside the hearth. "Well, child, don't you think Peter is everything I said he was?"

"He's a jolly good sort," agreed Sybil warmly. "I wish I had had a brother like Peter Selby."

"Brother" alarmed Aunt Vinia. It did not sound promising. "We cannot choose our *brothers*, Sibbie, dear," she said with teasing emphasis.

"Our friends," hazarded the girl.

"Friends are less permanent!" said her aunt. "Won't Duke's Oak be dull when he leaves us, Sibbie?"

The girl could assent to that wholeheartedly. "And besides," she added,



"Now, young woman, please explain
the treasuring of these epistles"—p. 670

Drawn by
W. E. Wightman

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"he's a tower of strength against the naughty burglar. He's been at it again, Aunt Lavinia!"

"Who, Peter?"

"No, the burglar. Cook heard it from the postman this morning that he had broken into Doctor Fenton's on the Minthorpe Road and cleared off all his silver and broken open his safe and heaven knows what! Ugh! I wish the gallant commander weren't out this evening!"

"He's so splendid, isn't he? said her aunt. "One wouldn't be afraid of burglars or madmen or even spiders if he were in the house. He would be equal to them all—"

"Anything more, ma'am?" asked Mary at the door.

"Oh, yes. Thunderstorms and mad dogs, and gas escapes and—" She broke off and laughed hysterically. "Oh, it's you, Mary! How silly! No, I don't mean that," as Mary drew herself up rather indignantly. "You are never silly, Mary. What was it you wanted?"

"Will you be wanting anything more, ma'am?"

"Nothing more, thank you, Mary. Have you put out the decanters and the siphon? The commander may be late."

"Shall I wait up, ma'am?" asked the maid none too eagerly.

"No, you can all go to bed. We are going up very soon. The commander has his key. Good night."

"Good night, ma'am. Good night, miss," and the door closed.

"Let me see," said Aunt Lavinia casually, "what were we talking about?"

"Mad dogs and gas escapes, earthquakes and spiders," returned her dutiful niece.

"Aunt Vinia, I'm going to bed! Your topics will give me nightmare."

"They have made your eyes very bright, child," teased her aunt, "and that is most becoming!"

Sybil flushed guiltily and Aunt Lavinia rejoiced. When the girl kissed her good night Lavinia held her for a second in a close embrace. "Good night, dear child," she said. "You've brought me so much happiness. But I want you to be lots happier yet! Sleep well!"

Yet Sybil went upstairs with moist eyes.

When, five minutes later, she heard her aunt close the door of her own bedroom, she put on a dark cloak, went out on to the landing, and carrying her slippers in her hand, went cautiously downstairs. With

her hand on the clasp of the French windows of the library she paused. "Sybil Massingham," she admonished herself, "if ever you do a thing like this again you'll deserve to be hanged, drawn and quartered for it. I'm ashamed of you."

It could not have been much more than fifteen minutes later when Peter Selby, coming home from his friends, reached the corner of the long wall that enclosed Duke's Oak.

It was a dark corner, overshadowed by trees on both sides of the road, and as he came softly along on the grassy edge of the road he was startled at the sight of a flickering yellow light which shone upon the branches of trees in the grounds beyond the wall.

Silently hoisting himself to the top of the high wall he waited a few minutes, surveying the dim region of shrubbery before him. Once more for a second he caught the flickering circle of light cast down upon the ground to indicate a pathway. The intruder appeared to be coming toward him. His own recollection of the geography of that part of the grounds was that a path ran roughly parallel with the wall through the entire shrubbery. His place in the angle was the darkest and most remote, and it struck him that any unauthorized person wishing to make an unobserved exit from the place would in all probability choose that very spot. He was right in his surmise.

Slowly, and with an occasional flash of the torch downward the stealthy marauder approached till, quite unconscious of the commander's watch and ward, he stood at the foot of the wall some three yards from where Peter kept vigil. He flicked his light on, directed it for a moment to the base of the wall, evidently searching for some foothold that would help his ascent. Then he slowly raised the circle of light till, half-way up the wall it illuminated a fairly large and highly polished pair of boots with legs attached to them!

Darkness, a muffled cry, a sudden leap and three minutes of fierce encounter followed. But the trespasser was no match for Peter. Somewhere in the darkness the flashlamp dropped, to be kicked away unnoticed. And then Peter, securing some sort of mysterious Japanese lock upon his adversary, brought him to sullen surrender. "All right, I'll give in, but who the deuce are you?"

"That," explained Peter coolly, "needn't

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concern us at present. Get it firmly fixed in your mind, kind sir, that, if you don't do what I want you to do as soon as I want it, you will inevitably dislocate your left shoulder as a preliminary to other distortions and abnormalities even more ingenious! Now, don't answer; march!"

They marched till Peter brought his quarry to the top of the front door steps and finding there that he had not a hand at liberty to get at his latchkey, he perforce rang the bell, and accident ordained that he should ring it violently!

Mary, awakened untimely from her first sleep, donned dressing-gown and slippers, and with lighted candle hastened to obey the summons. She was just at the top of the stairs leading into the hall when, by the candle's flickering light she saw—in- dubitably saw—a hooded black figure swiftly glide across the hall and vanish into the darkness of the morning-room.

Mary let out a yell and dropped the candle.

A second later Aunt Lavinia rushed out from her room on the landing above, switched on the electric light and discovered the distraught maid crouching half-way down the stairs. "Why, Mary," she cried, "what is the matter? Why don't you answer the bell?"

"Spirits," said Mary hollowly. "I daren't!"

"Well then, get up and let me pass you," said Aunt Lavinia practically. "I expect the commander has lost his key."

Thus it was that a moment later Peter with his captive was admitted by Aunt Lavinia herself, while the trembling maid babbled of hooded and jibbering ghosts.

"Why, Peter," asked Aunt Lavinia, "you've—you've brought a friend back?" The light of the hall showed Peter's quarry to be a very personable young man.

Peter smiled fiercely. "Friend, Miss Lavinia," he said. "I flatter myself that I have caught the local burglar. Found him skulking about in your shrubbery; haven't had a chance to look him over. Thought, if you don't mind, we'd just inspect him at leisure and 'phone the police to come and take him away." For the first time since his entrance he looked at Aunt Lavinia in the full light of the hall. Peter drew in his breath. Aunt Lavinia had been surprised in the middle of a "young evening!" The surprise spread to Peter!

"But is he armed?" faltered Aunt

Vinia. "Oh, Peter, you shouldn't. You mustn't run risks! Suppose he had fired at you." The hypothesis seemed almost too awful to contemplate. "Let's push him through the door and bolt it, Peter! It's lucky we haven't disturbed Sybil, the dear child is in bed and asleep."

"Now, Miss Vinia," said Peter in a voice just a little more masterful than he had ever used to her before. "Don't worry about things that cannot happen. I'll hold him tight till the police come if you will just ring them up."

Aunt Lavinia turned and took a couple of steps towards the library. But she was interrupted by another horrified yell from Mary on the stairs: "The ghost, ma'am, the ghost!" she wailed.

Aunt Lavinia looked round to find poor, dear Sybil, cloaked and hooded, emerging from the morning-room. "Auntie," cried the girl with pathetic appeal, "don't ring for the police. Don't, darling! Geoffrey isn't a burglar."

"Geoffrey?" Aunt Lavinia turned to scrutinize the commander's prisoner. "Geoffrey Whitmore?"

Then the young man broke silence. "That is my name," he said simply. "And I'm very glad this gentleman caught me. It's rather odd that the very night Sybil and I had settled not to meet each other again without Miss Curtiss's permission that I should be forcibly brought into the house I have always longed to visit!"

The words proclaimed a truce. Certainly Geoffrey Whitmore did not look like a burglar; he did not speak like a burglar. And Sybil, not a friend of burglars, had spoken for him. Peter released the boy. "Sorry," he said, "my mistake! Hope I haven't handled you too roughly, Whitmore."

"Not at all sir," returned the boy readily. "After all, I was trespassing and you had every right." He turned to Aunt Lavinia. "Miss Curtiss," he said, "this is not the first time that I have been on your premises at night, but it was going to be the last."

"We could not go on deceiving you any longer, Aunt Vinia," put in Sybil, "but Geoffrey and I have been everything to one another ever since we were at school." She went up to her aunt and placed her young hands upon the slender shoulders and looked with wide-eyed frank appeal into her guardian's face. "You said you wanted me to be lots happier, dear. Won't you let me be?"

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Aunt Vinia sat in judgment in the great oaken hall chair. On her lap was a little bundle of treasures, treasures which had been in her hands when Mary's cry had startled her, and which she had clung to feverishly all through the interview. Now she looked down at them. They reminded her of something.

"But Geoffrey Whitmore lived with his father at Eastbourne," she questioned.

"And when I went to Sandhurst and Sybil came to you, I persuaded the governor to take Martindyke, which was to be let furnished," explained the boy. "I wanted to see Sybil when I was on leave, and now I may get sent off anywhere. I'm waiting for my papers."

"Three years," interjected Peter, "close on four, by Jove! Doesn't sound like infatuation, Miss Lavinia."

"It isn't," chorused Sybil and Geoffrey together.

Peter laughed. Suddenly his eye fell upon the bundle in Aunt Lavinia's lap. With two long strides he crossed the hall and possessed himself of that treasure from her unresisting fingers. "You wicked woman!" he admonished her. "You deceitful betrayer of Cupid!" He dropped the bundle into his pocket. "I'm going to have a word with you about this later on, so please temper your present judgment with mercy! And remember I'm Prisoner's friend!"

"Oh," cried Aunt Lavinia, happy but helpless. "The case is dismissed!" She turned to the boy. "The next time you come here, Geoffrey," she said, "come by the front gate instead of the garden wall!"

Sybil threw her arms round her. "You darling!" she cried. "I've often wondered how old you were. I believe you are just the same age as I am!"

"You're wrong," interjected Peter. "She's younger!"

"Then, Miss Curtiss, you won't scold Sybil, will you?" That was Geoffrey.

"Can't," said that lady happily. "I've always been taught to be dutiful to my seniors!"

"Then please may I go?" asked the boy. "You see, my poor old governor is an invalid, and he will wonder why I haven't been in to say good night to him."

"Without a stain on your character, Geoffrey," from Miss Lavinia.

"It's frightfully good of you, Miss Curtiss." He hesitated. "I always kiss Sybil when I say good-bye. May I?"

Aunt Lavinia nodded assent.

There was a courtly reverence in the boy's salute that brought a mistiness to Aunt Lavinia's eyes.

Peter turned resolutely to his hostess. Sybil had gone up to her room. "What a failure, Lavinia," he said, taking her hands. "What a splendid failure!"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You as a matchmaker," he returned. "You as an aged dragon!" He shook his head at her and the merry glint in his eyes belied the stern set of his lips. "You threw me at Sybil's head. You know you did! You have been dressing the part of ancient relative to try to keep that infant in her place! And if we hadn't caught you at it, heaven knows what dire mischief you'd have done us all!" He freed one hand and drew the packet of letters from his pocket. "Now, young woman, please explain the treasuring of these epistles, and that most becomingly juvenile dress!"

Aunt Lavinia looked up guiltily. "Well, well, you see, Peter, they are your letters."

"I know that, Lavinia." The commander let the bunched top right hand corners of the envelopes slide one by one over his thumb. "Alexandria, September, 1922; Zanzibar, I was there in 1919; Admiralty; Admiralty; four years of war! Whale Island, Rosyth, Dartmouth, 1910." His mouth suddenly grew tender. "Lavinia," he asked, "what made you keep these records of a graceless young puppy for twelve years?"

"Because," she said, "they were written to me by the only man I've ever loved. And as to the becomingly juvenile dress, well, that was put on in their honour."

"And I," said Peter, as he took her in his arms, "have always dreamed of you as a star out of reach! Lavinia, you are the most wonderful thing that ever happened!"



"This has been the best young evening I have ever spent," said Aunt Lavinia thankfully, as the beautiful silver head nestled into the pillow. "What happiness! Two weddings. Lots and lots of dainty clothes, all young ones, too! And Peter," she added as she fell asleep.

An hour later she woke with a happy little chuckle. "Nannie, you dear old memory!" she said; "you were perfectly right. The wind must have changed when I was down in the hall and I've got fixed young for ever!"



Photo: Fri h

EVERY river has its charm—its great individuality. Every river has its silent influence upon the people who dwell upon its banks. Two rivers may be similar to one another, passing through scenery of the same kind, both shallow and rapid, or both deep and slow moving. But no two rivers are the same. Each, I say, has its peculiar characteristics.

And we who dwell beside them—what of us?

The people of the Vosges, a people of laughter, who "like not to be sad"; the people of Russia, oppressed by the greatness of their land and the greatness of their rivers; the children of the prairies, silent, silent, but prone to treacherous anger; the people of the Seine, ever moving, but not without a muddy undercurrent. And the people of the Thames—?

It would be dangerous to draw such parallels too far, for, true though it may be that mighty waters exercise a great influence over those who dwell beside them, the influence is often too subtle to bear such analysis.

Those who have studied our great waterways know how true all this is, and the traveller who has known and loved many rivers thinks of each as an individual rather than as a place of certain scenes—just as in recalling old friends it is not always by

what they have said or done that we remember them, but by an indescribable sense in which lies the soul of companionship.

In the schemes of wild nature, as in the schemes of man, rivers play a great part—greater even than the forests. Nature may thrive and prosper where there are no forests, but where there are no rivers wild nature does not prosper. Not necessarily is a land a waterless country because there are no rivers. There may be water everywhere—vast stretches of swamp, deeply overgrown by timber. This indeed generally is the case, because the water is not drained away, and so the forests become denser and ranker, for it is well known that trees draw water. If, for example, a valley is stripped of its timber, the river decreases in volume till in some cases the mills upon its banks are unable to continue their activity. So it may be said that the rivers are dependent upon the forests more than the forests are dependent upon the rivers, and it is very easy to upset nature's balance by meddling with things.

But I have said that nature does not prosper in riverless forests—that is, no animals and few, if any, birds are to be found there. This is because birds and animals must have sunshine, and the river affords a sunny opening through the forests

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which they are able to follow. The trappers in Russia and Canada, for example, confine their activities to the banks of the waterways, not only because the waterways afford the only convenient means of transportation, but because the fur-bearers they are after restrict themselves more or less to the water's edge and shun the dark retreats of the higher levels.

In these great lands man sometimes achieves the same end by running his railways into the heart of the forests. The railway cutting answers the same purpose as the waterway—it lets in the light, and over and over again we find that the advent of the railway has marked the advent of certain creatures in a region to which they were hitherto unknown. They have followed the railway just as in nature they follow the river.

As an example, squirrels were unknown in certain forests in North America until the railway came. Two or three years later the first squirrel was seen, then in a few days these forests were swarming with them. They had found a new land, and one which was much to their liking now that man had made the way possible. They had come, very likely, from hundreds of miles away, or were born *en route*, but on

either side of that slender nerve of the railway lay vast tracks of forests where the little tree-dweller was still unknown. And following the squirrels, or perhaps preceding them, are a whole host of other beasts and birds which wandered in with the coming of the light.

This serves to illustrate how important a part a long, open vista, running through a region of forest—and most lands are regions of forest till man clears it—plays in the distribution of living things, and in nature the only long open vistas are the waterways. Thus we find that, whereas unbroken forests are generally destitute of wild life, the forest country which is well broken up by chains of lakes and rivers is generally throbbing with bird and animal activity.

Naturally it is many centuries ago since these conditions prevailed in Great Britain, as they prevail to-day in some part of every great continent, but at one time our own island was, of course, a land of dense forest.

Even man himself, like the wild beasts, follows the waterways, and most bush countries are habitable just in so far as water transportation renders them habitable. Great mineral wealth may be known to



The Calm and Winding River
A view of the valley of the Tay

Photo:
Frith

THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVER



River Travellers

A salmon leaping a fall on its way up stream

exist far back in the forests, yet it remains untouched because lack of water transportation renders enterprise impossible. It is the waterways that bring the first explorers, and they, learning the possibilities of the new country, are followed by others, till in course of time the motor-boat and the railway open up a new land of promise.

No great river is dull at any season of the year, for it is one of Nature's recognized highways, and at all times its wayfarers are coming and going. Even in our own island the migrating birds follow the rivers, and almost at every season some of them are faring forth to distant places or returning from them. If you see a band of small birds flying low over the river, following its general trend, you may be sure that they are voyagers. Not long ago, during an exceptionally keen frost snap, I noticed flock after flock of starlings flying in a down-stream direction at no great height from the water, and I knew that, hunger having befallen their own land, they were migrating to the sea, where on the salt marshes which do not freeze an abundance of food was awaiting them. And

what more certain way of getting there than by following that ancient highway, which is the only highway they know and understand?

Thousands of wild birds which spend the spring and summer in our hills winter along our shores, generally in great flocks at that season. Spring calls them inland, and day and night one hears them passing high in the heavens, following that silver trail which, a few months previously, led them to the sea. So now, with the opening promise of life, it assuredly leads them back to the wild hills they love, and there they mate and marry.

There is a great romance in the voyages of these feathered hosts, and certainly they are worth a passing thought from those who live by any great river. To the Highlander they bring the spring, and lying awake at night time he hears them passing, faint, far voices in the heavens. Now a little band of golden plovers, drawing nearer, passing, and he strains his ears to follow their last faint calls. How quickly they are gone! Now a great pack of curlew, their shrill, strong notes seeming

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to fill the whole heavens, as they, too, pass by in the dim, cloudy parade. For a time there is silence, then he hears a brace of oyster-catchers, flying low, their penetrating notes rousing him from his half slumbers. They, the most gorgeously attired of all the springtime host, are already mated,

ings. He is born somewhere in the ocean's depths, and thence, accompanied by thousands of his brothers and sisters—for he may be one of a happy family, born of a single mother, numbering over ten millions!—he makes his way towards our shores and seeks out the very river, pre-

sumably, in which his mother, who will never return, lived her life. It is the month of May and the "eel fare" now begins. Millions and millions of the tiny eels, each three inches or so in length and semi-transparent, begin to make their way up the river. The gulls come in thousands to feed upon them, following them far inland, and on all rivers where the "eel fare" takes place the inhabitants are waiting for them. Young and old make their way to the water's edge, where the little fish are scooped out with baskets or by any other convenient means. For a few days the river may be solid with them, and the tiny eels—



In Turgid Mood
The Pass of Leny

Photo:
Frith

and so fly independently and alone; but not so the redshanks, which seem to be for ever passing, their notes the saddest, and yet the gayest, of all the drifting orchestras. The very incongruity of these sounds, borne on the stormy wind while the rain beats in gusts upon the window, is surely convincing enough that from the storms of winter spring is rising, and only those who have wintered in the cold, bleak hills can realize just what it means to hear the first wild cackling call of the curlews borne on the gusts of March.

But the river has its voyagers among its own children, and here is an even greater world of romance, for we can see so little of it. Few, perhaps, regard the eel as a romantic creature, but there is certainly romance in the mystery of his life's voyag-

elvers, as they are called—are generally made into cakes and afford very excellent fare.

Thus the eels enter our rivers, distributing themselves broadcast, finding their way over land into land-locked ponds and reservoirs, until, after a few years' time, the instinct to return to the sea in order to produce their kind comes upon them. So they pass out of our rivers, many of them to be caught in weirs and traps and sent to our markets; but, like the Pacific Coast salmon, eels live their lives without breeding, and their final journey is to the sea, where, having produced their kind, they die.

For many years I have watched the running of the salmon in our Scottish rivers, and, picturesque though their story may be amidst such settings, I have witnessed



**Bonnington Falls,
River Clyde**

Photo:
Frith

In the schemes of wild nature, rivers play a great part. The river forms a sunny opening through the forest, a highway for birds and fish.

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salmon runs in British Columbia which were on a scale that dwarfs anything of the kind in our own land.

Salmon are a seafaring fish—that is, they spend the bulk of their lives in the sea. Late in autumn the adult salmon fight their way into our rivers to deposit their spawn high up on the gravel beds among the hills. They have recognized spawning beds or “redds,” and year after year they return to them. In British Columbia a dam was built across one great river up which the salmon have voyaged annually for untold ages, and to-day thousands of salmon beat themselves to death against this dam, so strong are their migrating instincts. As already stated, however, the Pacific Coast salmon spawn but once, then die, whereas the salmon of our own waters mount the rivers annually for the purpose of reproduction.

The little fish, born high up in the shallow mountain stream, live like trout for some months, and save for their silvery sheen are much like trout in appearance. In due course they begin to drift seawards, assuming now a brightness of colouring unsurpassed at any other period of their lives. They drift tail first, passing by in thousands, and at this season they are known as smolts. Thus, in due course, they gain the sea, where they remain till the instinct comes upon them to join the voyaging hosts, and so, with the great army, they journey back to the very place where their lives began.

But there is a difference now, for the adult fish which enter our rivers to spawn do not eat while they are in fresh water. They may be away from the sea many weeks, but all that time no food is taken. They are there for only one purpose, and of the tens of thousands that leave the sea and head inland with the early autumn very often only the merest remnants ever return. Thousands have fallen to the fishermen's net and been sent to our markets; many more have been killed by the big “sea” otters which follow them inland, as the wolves once followed the buffalo herds, as the dolphins follow the herrings; and many, many have been killed by a fatal disease which attacks the salmon after a few weeks in fresh water. Some seasons, when this disease has been particularly rampant, I have known the bed of a Highland river to be literally grey with dead fish for many miles.

It is a grand sight to see a Highland

river, here so narrow and so shallow that a child could wade across it almost anywhere, literally alive with mammoths of the deep. This is a land of shadows, so high and steep are the hills on either side. It is evening, and looking upstream we are peering into the ruddy, angry glow of the sunset. The river itself looks like a stream of shining blood, but all is very still and peaceful, till suddenly, from behind a stone almost at one's feet, a great dark shape moves slowly to the surface—the black back of a kingly fish. For a moment he is motionless, then with a wallowing swirl he rolls on his side and dashes across the stream.

Then in an instant the whole sheet of water becomes alive with dark and wallowing forms, dashing hither and thither and casting high the spray. The river is veritably alive with them, and one stares in wonder, but soon quietude falls again, and only the keenest of eyes could tell where the big fish lay. In a week or two their purpose is achieved, and day and night now one hears them dashing panic-stricken out of the shallow water, fearful of becoming stranded or bound in by the frost.

It is a very merciful provision of Nature that the adult fish entering our rivers do not feed there, or such invading armies would glean the waters they frequent of every living thing.

So, truly, may it be said that our rivers are Nature's allotted highways, and every river, I say, has its own great romance, its silent influence upon the people who dwell upon its shores. The salmon may long since have forsaken it, but the voyaging birds still follow its myriad lights. To the wild folk it is friend as well as guide. One day I was fishing when I heard the music of fox-hounds drawing near, and a minute or two later a fox came out of the wood quite near to me. He was hard pressed, for his tongue was lolling and his eyes were closed to sleepy slits. He did not see me, but heading for the water he began to paddle along the shallow margin, drinking as he ran. For ninety yards or so he paddled, then, leaping high, he gained the trunk of a fallen tree, and passed out of sight.

Old friend—the river! More faithful far than friends who move to distant hills, for you are ever there to break that tell-tale line by which our foes can follow us; so now, in the hour of my direst need, I come to you—to you, from whom my mother drank when I was born.

The House of GOOD INTENT

BY DOROTHY BLACK

THE STORY SO FAR

Finding a Home

From my earliest childhood I have been called Dumps, and I must admit that it suits me better than my real name, which is Sylvia. Norah is the lovely one of the family, and just before mother died she called me in alone and said:

"I know you are the youngest, Dumps, but you are the clever one. Look after Norah. Try and find her a husband. Life is very difficult for girls alone."

When we reckoned up our accounts and found that we should have to do something, I told Norah that I should visit the idle rich and persuade them to let us live in their mews. We could combine the duties of caretaker, or clean a car, or something like that.

"Oh, Dumps!" said Norah dismally. But I went and tried all the same, calling on the peers in Debrett with ill success, until, in a lucky hour, I made the acquaintance of a nice young man in a tea-shop. Extraordinarily enough, he turned out to be one of the peers on my list. I found it out after I had told him of my hare-brained scheme. Still more extraordinarily, he had some vacant mews that he said we could occupy in return for looking after his shabby town house. Alistaire Anstruther Victor Benjamin Denham looked very little like a lord—but even peers get hard up these days, and Lord Denham certainly did not seem to be a millionaire.

We took him at his word, and named our little quarters The House of Good Intent.

Margaret Somerville, my greatest friend, who works at a hospital, and Kenneth, her brother, came to support us, and we soon settled in.

I put up a dressmaking sign, but our first business came from a wealthy Yankee, Mr. Melvin P. Chase, to whom we let the garage for a week.

At the hospital where I work a flower girl lay dying. In a rash moment I promised to

take charge of her little baby boy, and Terence made another addition to our strange establishment.

CHAPTER III

The Interests of Caretaking

THEY all agreed that it was the only thing I could have done. Even Kenneth. Which was a blessing, for you never can tell with a man.

And Terence lay in Norah's arms, sleeping by the fire, while she and Meg said in hushed voices how beautiful he was. I saw so many babies in my work that their glamour for me had worn off. But I thought him a pleasant, pug-like little creature. And he was awfully good.

We made him a bed in the bottom drawer of our chest of drawers. As I stacked my hats on top of the wardrobe I realized clearly that Terence was going to be a bit of a problem to us. But he should *not* go to an orphanage. I had promised, and I meant to stick to it.

"He will be our mascot," said Kenneth, letting the baby suck his little finger.

Then the door opened to admit Mrs. Emmeline Riggs.

"I 'ear you've got a bybie, miss," she said, her blue eyes more watery than ever. "Let me give you a 'and with 'im. I'll tyke him during the day. You can't manage 'im over here. I'm real fond of babies, dear."

She picked him up with an odd handiness, she who had never handled anything but a cat, and laid his little fluffy head on her flat chest.

"I'll bring him over whenever you wants 'im," she promised. "It 'ud be a godsend to me, dear. The 'ouse is that lonely at times, with Mortimer away. And 'e's fond of kids too."

So Terence became a sort of joint affair of ours and Mrs. Emmeline Riggs's. And Mrs. Emmeline Riggs acquired a pram and wheeled

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it out herself with a beautiful defiance, whilst female heads bobbed out of windows all along the mews, a-saying:

"Well, there! Did you ever, now!"



Our caretaking commenced from the day that Alistaire Anstruther V. B. Denham went away to France. Norah and I went alternately on weekdays and let the char in and saw she did her work.

But she never would do very much, and I started taking in a duster myself, and sometimes Norah and I went in together and cleaned the lovely old china properly. There were blue-and-white willow-pattern plates and lovely little Dresden china figures. And there was a little naked Spode china baby sitting on a Spode china paddock-stool that we both adored.

Then one day, when we were going over the upstairs rooms, we found a whole drawer full of socks with tears and holes in them, and we took them home with us and washed them. It wasn't in our contract, but we mended them also, and then we took them back.

That was the beginning of it. We shouldn't have gone poking about in drawers really, I suppose, but as Norah said, there we were living rent free, thanks to him, so a little mending thrown in seemed to level the scale of our obligations.

Practically everything he had wanted mending. He was in a dreadful state for a peer.

We went slowly through his entire wardrobe—even pressed some of the things. The char now limited her attentions to the lower story only. Norah and I did most of the other work. We took down curtains and sent them to the wash and put them up again.

"I should like to give this floor a coat of stain," I said, looking at the dreadfully worn boards in the library.

"Better not," cautioned Norah. "He might come back before it was dry and stick on it and be furious."

She paused in front of a painting that hung just over his desk. A beautiful creature with a faultless smile and masses of heavy golden hair. She was painted in a sort of sea of tulle, with a rose lying against her white shoulder.

"Dumps, I know that face," said Norah.

I stared at it. Strangely enough I seemed to know it as well.

"It's through coming in here," I said. "We must have just got used to it without knowing."

"No," said Norah. "I've seen it somewhere else."

We were interrupted by the char.

"Shall I do them bathrooms to-day, dearie?"

"Yes. And put a bit of elbow grease into the taps, Mrs. Chubb, there's a dear."

"Right you ha!" said Mrs. Chubb. She had distinctly Bolshie tendencies, and the only way to get any work out of her was to pander to them.

At the door she stopped and nodded her head at the picture we had been looking at.

"Know 'er?"

We shook our heads.

"Course you do, dearie. Daisy Vandyke, she was, of the Gaiety. Married 'im when he was nineteen. She didn't 'arf lead him a dance, neither. Must 'a bin thirty then. But, my, what 'air she 'ad!"

Mrs. Chubb sighed romantically, then added:

"Off 'er chump now, pore thing," and departed.

"There!" said Norah. "What did I tell you? Of course, we both knew her face. Don't you remember when we used to collect cigarette cards and make screens of them? We must have cut her out and pasted her up dozens of times. She's pretty, Dumps."

I eyed the picture impartially.

"Reminds me of those sweets called fondants that you so soon get sick of," I said. "That smile is too treacly. You couldn't live in the same house with it and not get bilious."

Norah was dusting a shelf of old books in heavy leather bindings.

"Were you surprised when you heard he was married, Dumps?" she asked.

"I was, rather," I owned. "It was queer we didn't see it in Debrett when we read about him there. It was just at the bottom of the page."

"I know," she said. "I looked it up afterwards."

I looked at her sharply. But her head was bent over the books.

"Marriage is dreadful," she said. "I wonder why she went all queer? When he married her she was lovely, like that."

She looked up at the picture.

"What about sausages for supper, Norah?" I said. She loved sausages, and I wanted to take her mind off him. I felt it was a very clumsy way of doing it, but I am not good at this sort of thing.

"Right you are," said Norah. "If you think the exchequer will stand it. I'll fry them."

My spirits rose.

"She can't really have fallen in love with him," I told myself, "or she would not be so easily put off."



It was the following Saturday that Mrs. Emmeline Riggs brought in Terence just as we were going over to do our daily tour of Number 88.

"Lay 'im on the floor while you work, dear," she said. "He's that good. No trouble. I've just to nip round to the cleaners with Mortimer's white gloves for a wedding. He's rich as rich, but mean as the devil. Bin cleaned three times already, they have, but he won't give Morty a new pair, and him worth millions! Oh! they're a shabby lot, these come-up-quicks."

That is how Terence came to go in to 88 with us.

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We laid him on a bear-skin rug and he gurgled away and played with his toes while Norah and I did our dusting and opened the windows. Mrs. Chubb had had a mysterious complaint of her own called the sinkings and had not been able to come for two days, and really, as Norah said, we got on almost as well without her.

"All she does," said Norah, "is to brew herself cups of tea in the basement."

Then Terence got fretful and I took him on my knee and sang to him softly:

"O can ye sew cushions
And can ye sew sheets,
And can ye sing lulalo
When the bairnie greets?"

Norah, busy with the blue-and-white china, sang a soft second:

"And hey and ba birdie,
And hey and ba lamb
And hey and ba bird . . ."

"What have we here?" said a dreadful voice suddenly. The door must have opened without our hearing it. Over us stood a hawk-like old lady dressed in black, gazing at me and at Terence with utter horror through a pair of lorgnettes. "What is the meaning of this?"

We were so surprised that we could do nothing but stare at her with our mouths open. We must have looked a dreadful couple of sillies.

Then, "We are the caretakers," said Norah, with that quiet dignity of hers I envy so, but cannot copy.

"Caretakers," said the old lady, and snorted. "And Jezebel painted her face and tired her head." Caretakers! Where do you live?"

"In the mews round the corner."

"Disgraceful. What call have you upon my son?"

She said this fiercely to me, as I sat dumb-founded, dandling Terence.

"He lets us live in his mews on condition that we look after this house while he is away."

"A likely story," snorted the old lady. "Whose child is that?"

I could not have kept serious if my life had depended upon it. I began to laugh.

"It's mine," I said, sitting Terence up on my knee. He slobbered amiably at the forbidding old lady, and made aimless dabs towards the many black tassels that hung off her.

"Who is that child's father?" she demanded, indicating Terence with her lorgnettes. He, poor darling, thought they were a present, and tried to grab them, which made us both laugh again.

"I don't know," I said, seizing Terence and bolting from the room. I rushed, laughing, into Mrs. Emmeline Riggs, who took Terence from me angrily and patted him on the back.

"How can you expect him not to be upset if you shake him about the like of that?" she demanded, bearing him off into her house. "There, love-a-duck. There, diddums."

Norah arrived, weak with laughter herself, in a few minutes.

"Oh, Dumps, why were you so silly? She thinks now that there is something funny about us, something really very funny. You know the sort of thing I mean. She's going to write to him. Oh, Dumps, can't you imagine the letter?"

I dried my eyes weakly.

"I wish I could be dignified at these crises instead of getting the giggles," I said. "Of course, it's dashed funny, but it's the sort of thing that might turn out not as funny as you expected."

Which is exactly what it did.



I don't know exactly what it was, but I felt uneasy about Kenneth those days. The way he looked at Norah, and was always trying to do things for her, though to be sure most of the time they were together they wrangled and snapped at one another like angry puppies.

I spoke to Meg about it that night, as we did our shift of the washing up together.

"Meg, I do hope to goodness that Ken and Norah . . ."

Meg turned her piercing black eyes a moment on the pair of them through the open door of the sitting-room.

"Don't you worry about Ken," she laughed. "He'll take care of himself. Of course, he's keen on Norah. Anyone can see that. If it looks like getting serious we'll send him for a bicycle tour. It always cures him. When he fell in love with Ward Sister Jackson last year I persuaded him to go for a bicycle tour in Hertfordshire. After a fortnight in the open air like that he came back wondering whatever he could have seen in her."

"Well, that's all right," I said, relieved, "as long as you know about it. Only I don't want it to get serious and have you blaming me. Norah wouldn't look at him, of course."

Meg turned and glared at me dreadfully.

"What do you mean?" she snapped. "Let me tell you, any girl would be glad to fall into Ken's arms, let alone your precious Norah. Good heavens, you seem to think there is something out of the ordinary about Norah. Ken could get a dozen girls far better looking for the asking."

That night I came nearer to quarrelling with Meg than I have ever done.



We were interrupted by a loud knock at the door.

"When you two have done scrapping it's Meg's turn to answer the door," called Norah.

I washed out the dish-cloths and hung them neatly up to dry, then tidied my hair in the little glass we provided for the arrangement of Mrs. Chubb's bonnet. Loud and cheerful voices were coming from the sitting-room.

I went in.

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There, with his back to the fireplace and his hands in his pockets, smiling benignly down on us all like a God of Good Humour, stood Mr. Melvin P. Chase.

He had come right into our lives.

"Say, there are any number of you here," said Mr. Melvin P. Chase. "I'll allow I didn't expect exactly this. I came alone to make a proposition about the renting of your garage again, but maybe this isn't convenient."

He cast round for a chair, and finding none empty he subsided cross-legged on the floor, looking more than ever like a God of Good Humour.

Kenneth attended to business transactions, being the only man in the family. He fixed up the garage. It had become quite a steady source of income to us, and in Mr. Melvin P. Chase's case it was an easy way of making money, for his car seemed hardly ever to be in it.

That being all settled, we rather expected Mr. Melvin P. Chase would go. But he showed not the least intention of it. He had a cup of coffee with us, and helped himself to biscuits without being asked. I could see Dillys, who had come in to read us her latest verses, had taken a dislike to him. She kept on handing him the biscuit plate in the most offensive way she does things when she is cross. But he only thought her kind, and helped himself largely every time.

Norah was getting odd orders here and there, and that night she was finishing a filmy grey dress that was wanted in a hurry by a little typist who was going to be married.

"What's this?" asked Mr. Melvin P. Chase, fingering the stuff. "You've got arty fingers. Do much of this?"

Norah told him. The dressmaking business had not been a very great success. It mostly consisted of misfits and bad debts. It wasn't that Norah couldn't do it. It was that her taste was far above the heads of the people who came to her.

"Gee!" said Mr. Melvin P. Chase, staring at her with his good-natured blue eyes. "Here's a bit of luck."

He stared very hard at Norah, until she blushed in the funny way she does if you look at her for any time. Then he took a card out of his pocket and spun it over the table to her.

"That's me," he said.

We all crowded round to look at it.

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"Oh!" gasped Norah. "Are you really Lavelette?"

He looked so young and so boyish and so incapable. And Lavelette was already a name to conjure with. Lavelette's had recently been opened in the West End with a great flourish of trumpets. Society was already flocking there for their best dresses, so it was said.

But Mr. Chase looked so very unlike a dress-maker.

"You wait," he said.

He ran downstairs, and came back with a roll of shining silver stuff.

"Brought it over from Paris," he said. "Stand up."

Norah stood up, and he pinned the stuff on to her, here and there, with quick, magic hands. He danced round her, his crooked, smiling mouth full of pins.

"That's how it's done," he said.

He had thrown the wonderful stuffs at Norah, and literally pinned them where they touched. But Norah was no longer a slip of a girl in a simple frock. She was Queen of the Moonlight, standing up in the little sitting-room and dazzling us all.

"Gad," said Mr. Melvin P. Chase. "That's the real thing."

Kenneth said nothing, but he gazed and gazed at Norah.

Mr. Melvin P. Chase took a needle and thread, and with uncanny skill—it seemed uncanny in a man—he tacked the shimmering folds. Then they slipped it on to Emma, the patient dressmaking stand. And they hovered round it like a mother and father round their first-born, suggesting, and stitching, and improving.

"The moonlight dress—you wait," said Mr. Melvin P. Chase. "It's going to be a proposition, this. Golly, it was a lucky day I happened in here, for this little room seems a kind of store of inspiration."

He turned liquid, admiring eyes on Norah.

"And I don't even know your names," he pleaded.

We introduced him solemnly all round. But it seemed rather late in the day.

Kenneth would not shake hands, I noticed.

Poor Kenneth!

After that night I never saw him really his own lively old self again. Even his hair was less carefully glued.

It was tiresome of Kenneth. At one time I had felt so sure he was in love with Dillys Grey.



"His name is Peter," said Norah, in a gentle, dreamy fashion.

I looked up from my darning.

"Whose?" I asked.

"Mr. Chase's," murmured Norah. "Oh. Dumps, he's a genius."

I grunted.

"Don't you like him?"

I don't know what it is, I never can like an American. They don't seem to me like human beings. There was an American doctor at the hospital. He was all a man should be, and I had his praises dinned into me on every side—his good humour, his wonderful skill. Yet he never failed to give me that feeling which is easiest described as a "goose walking over one's grave."

"He's very nice," I said, and into my voice crept that tone which makes it so useless for me to try lying to Norah.

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"You don't like him one bit."

"He's not bad."

"He gives you the creeps."

"He's so American."

Norah twisted a bit of silver cloth between her fingers.

"I like Americans," she said quietly and obstinately.

And then, as if heralded by that remark, Mr. Melvin Peter Chase dropped his thunderbolt amongst us.

All we heard was the postman's knock.

Norah came back with a flushed face and a letter in her hand.

"Read that," she said excitedly.

I read it.

"DEAR MISS KIRKMAN,—I am not a man for beating around any bushes, and when I see a thing I want I go slick for it. If you will give your whole attention to me for a moment I wish to make you a proposition of a business nature.

"In this business of mine we want snap. We want verve and style. You've got them. Soon as I saw you first I allowed you got them in large quantities.

"This is my proposition. Come into partnership with me. I will have an agreement drawn up before solicitors for one year, with the option of leaving then if you don't like it. But you will like it. I'll make it worth your while. Soon as I saw you fingering that *laine d'or* I knew you had IT in you.

"What do you say?—Sincerely,

"MELVIN P. CHASE."

"Well?" I said. "What will you do?"

"Do?" said Norah. "Snap at it, of course. Why, Dumps, he might offer me—oh!—two hundred and fifty a year."

We talked of nothing else that evening, and Kenneth sat in his corner by the fire and glowered and said very little. Then, it being Saturday night, I did the housekeeping books and found we were ten shillings short. This was due to Terence, who had gone in for a patent food at the expense of the Good Intent. So we had the grand whip up and more than squared things, for Kenneth put in a pound note.

"It will be the last time we'll have to do it," said Norah gaily. "After this we are going to be millionaires. I am going to make my fortune, you'll see."

And then Mr. Melvin P. Chase dropped in, as he had made an almost nightly habit of doing the last week or so. He sat cross-legged like the God of Good Humour on the hearth-rug and drank our coffee.

And Kenneth remembered an urgent interview with someone at the hospital and went out.

It was getting on for nine o'clock before I remembered that the char had been into 88 that day and that neither of us had gone in since, as we had made a point of doing, to see whether she had locked up properly.

"Norah," I said, "we've forgotten the caretaking in all this excitement. I'll take the lamp and run round. Won't be a minute."

I went, leaving Norah, Meg, and Mr. Melvin P. Chase discussing the engrossing question of whether skirts were going to come down or going up still farther.

For all I didn't like him, I couldn't help being very glad that Norah was to have a chance of showing what she could do. She would get on, of course. It was just the chance she had been waiting for.

Then I remembered Kenneth. Poor Kenneth! But it was out of the question. Norah would never marry a doctor—Norah must be rich.

I banished Kenneth from my mind. He had been in love before and knew the road out of it. I had seen Ken through several attacks myself. There was usually some little nurse or other on whom his fickle heart hung itself temporarily, like a hat on a hat-stand, until business called him elsewhere. And Norah had never given him the least encouragement. He and she did nothing but wrangle. Kenneth could look after himself, and one more scratch on a heart already so battered would do no harm.

I ran up the steps of 88, feeling very happy and light-hearted. To-morrow was Sunday, a day of rest, and Norah was going to make a fortune. There were Cambridge sausages for breakfast, and it wasn't my turn to cook them. All was well with the world. I sang softly to myself as I slipped the key into the big front door.



Never had I felt the atmosphere of depression and past splendour so terribly. It came down on me like a damp cloak, and choked my singing in my throat. I very nearly turned tail and went home again, and waited to come back in the more friendly daylight.

Then I thought, "Be bothered for a coward," and I clenched my teeth and went my rounds. It was as well I did. Mrs. Chubb had made herself a cup of tea and left the dirty things on the table. She had not raked the fire out, and she had left a dish-cloth unwashed upon the sink.

"It will be easier to do it now than to have to come round to-morrow morning," I thought, and I turned up my sleeves and washed the cup, rinsed out the cloth and hung it over a chair. Then I raked out the fire and went upstairs.

She did not seem to have left undone anything she ought to have done. The windows were fastened and the blinds drawn. But oh, the feeling of that house gave me the creeps. It was a feeling of *misery*.

Houses have souls, I think. I know a cheerful house as soon as I cross the threshold, the sort of house that bears no one malice and wishes you well. There are houses made to laugh in and houses made to cry in so certainly that you automatically feel for your handkerchief as you go up the front steps. And there are houses made for nothing but pleasant mealtimes, and afternoon tea with excessively

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buttered muffins in front of a fire, where everyone grows very fat and never bothers about anything.

But this was a house of tears.

I opened the library door and flashed the lamp round. Everything seemed in order. I tried the windows, and luckily I did, for the wretched Mrs. Chubb had left them wide open.

"I'll wring that woman's neck," I remarked aloud as I slammed down the sash.

"Better ring mine," said a voice.

I turned, terror-stricken. I got such a fright that I nearly dropped the lamp. In the big red leather chair by the empty grate sat Alistaire Anstruther V. B. Denham, back from France. He had evidently been asleep.

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "I'd no idea . . ."

"You are most satisfactory caretakers," he said. "I was coming in to-morrow to tell you how pleased I am. The place actually smells quite clean."

He sniffed.

"Sometimes," he said, "it smells beastly. As a rule, when they know I'm right away, the caretaker never comes near for weeks, and once a cat and her kittens got shut in and died. It was most unpleasant."

"It would be," I said. Then impulsively I added, "Why doesn't your mother keep an eye on it for you?"

He laughed, a little, wry laugh.

"My mother," he said, "cultivates the spirits so ardently that she forgets her earthly ties. I had a letter from her a little while ago."

He looked at me. I burst out laughing.

"I know. It was about us. She came one day . . ."

Then I broke off. I saw his coat sleeve. It was split from the elbow down, and his arm was clumsily wrapped in a handkerchief, through which blood was oozing slowly. I could see the crimson stain spreading.

CHAPTER IV

All Hands to the Rescue

"WHAT on earth have you done?" I asked.

I put the lamp on the table and went over to his side. He was very white and his forehead was wet.

"As a matter of fact I've had a bit of a smash," he said, not looking at me. "It's nothing. Skid, or something. I've put the kettle on, and presently I'll bathe it. Please don't worry. You must go back now."

Having raked the fire out most conscientiously myself, I knew what chances there were of hot water.

"I am going to dress your arm," I said.

"Miss Kirkman," he said urgently, "it's very late at night. Please don't worry about me. It's really nothing. I ask you, please, to go away."

Somehow I never remember Mrs. Grundy

when there is work of that sort to do. I haven't got the perspective for her that really nice girls brought up at home have. I went back to the mews and fetched my bag and some dressings. Ken, of course, was sulking outside somewhere just when he might have been useful. Norah, Meg and Mr. Melvin P. Chase were talking animatedly.

I slipped a bottle of disinfectant into my pocket and took the kettle and went back to the dreary house round the corner.

"Good heavens," he said in mock dismay, "you seem to be a travelling chemist's shop."

I laughed.

"If you saw some of the cases we had to treat," I said, "you wouldn't wonder we went out prepared. Why, when I was on the District . . ."

I told him a few of the experiences we had had, as I stripped the handkerchief off his arm. It wasn't broken; I could feel the bone was all right. But it was badly cut and bruised and horribly swollen. There was something about it made me doubt his account of the motor accident.

"It ought to have been attended to at once," I said. "Why on earth didn't you come in to us?"

"As a matter of fact I forgot I numbered a doctor amongst my retainers," he said humbly, "or I would have done so."

"I'll have to cut the sleeve out of your shirt," I said, setting to work.

"That's a pity," ruefully. "It's one of my best."

He made light of his damages, but I knew it was hurting desperately, because he never offered to stand up. I put the basin on his knee and knelt beside him and bathed the wound clean.

It was while I was bandaging him up that he fainted. Dead off! I just saved him from falling into the basin. This was a horrible predicament for any caretaker. It was now ten o'clock. Kenneth, who should have been there to give me a hand, was sulkily prowling about the streets somewhere, longing for the blood of Mr. Melvin P. Chase.

I laid him on the floor, pulled off his coat and tie and collar and brought him round. He tried to sit up.

"For goodness' sake keep still," I snapped. "I don't want you to go off again until I can get someone to help me."

He lay back and closed his eyes.

I slipped away, leaving the lamp on the table and the door open.

Kenneth was back. My heart gave a jump of thankfulness. That dreadful gloomy house, and the library with my white basins and shining instruments thrown on the table, and the man lying on the floor, all by the dismal light of one hand lamp, was more than I wanted to take on alone.

Ken was settling down to a *tête-à-tête* with Norah. I was sorry to have to disturb him, but business came first.



"He had thrown the wonderful stuffs at Norah,
and literally pinned them where they touched"—p. 680

Drawn by
C. Morse

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"Ken," I called, "you're wanted."

He came, cursing softly.

"Quick," I whispered. "I'll explain as we go."

Kenneth followed me into SS. We went up the stairs two at a time.

"Can't we switch on the lights?" said Kenneth. I think he felt the awful gloom of the place closing round him as I had done.

"Off at the main," I said. "Quick, here we are."

The library door was still open, but the lamp was gone.

"It must have blown out," I said. Kenneth flashed on his electric torch.

He was still lying on the floor, very white and still, with closed eyes. The lamp was no longer on the table where I had left it. It was nowhere in the room.

"Go away," whispered the man on the floor with unsteady lips. "I'm all right now. Go home. Please go home."

I turned and looked at Kenneth.

He was no longer the sulky boy with glued hair. He was a capable, calm man, with that in his eyes which always makes me certain that he will succeed in his profession some day.

He went to the door.

"The light is upstairs," he said. "I can see it moving in ridges along the ceiling. There's someone here. You aren't afraid, Dumps?"

I shook my head.

"Good heavens, no!"

"Then stay here." He flashed his electric torch round the room. "I'm going to lock you in," he said. "If anything unexpected happens or you hear me shouting, go to the window and blow this."

He handed me his police whistle.

We had kept one ever since burglars got into Mrs. Mortimer Riggs's house and stole Terence's silver serviette ring, the joint gift of us all.

He went away. The door closed and I heard the lock turn. We were in inky darkness.

Then I heard a sound from the man on the floor.

"Come here," he said unsteadily.

I knelt down beside him. I couldn't see. I had to put out my hands and feel, and I felt his rough hair and then his one sound hand took hold of my dress.

"You mustn't get the police in," said the voice with an awful catch, like a sob. "Not on any account."

There was a little silence. I could feel him pulling at my dress.

"She can't help it. I thought she'd gone off to sleep for the night," he went on. "It's a dreadful thing—a terrible thing. I ought not to have brought her. But they thought she was . . . all right. . . . The police mustn't come, not on any account."

And suddenly he began to shake.

I have seen many gruesome things in the course of my training, and I've seen men crying like babies with pain and terror. But I

don't think anything ever seemed to me quite so poignantly tragic as the man lying there on his own library floor trying to make light of his wound, yet unable to get up and shaking with the horrors. That is all it was. Not funk, but horror, that made him cold.

"Look here," I said, taking his hand and chafing the cold fingers. "I think I can guess what it is. Just leave it to us to do the best we can. We aren't either of us children. Kenneth Somerville is house surgeon at St. Helen's Hospital. He'll do whatever can be done. Don't worry. Just keep quiet. We'll get you a peg of brandy presently, when Ken comes back. Then you'll feel all right."

My mind was working like fury. I had had my doubts about the motor-bike accident when I saw that scar first. Supposing Kenneth got hurt, there was nothing for it but to use the police whistle. We were locked in.

I sat still, crouched on the hearthrug, gently chafing a very cold hand. He had stopped shaking. Suddenly he said:

"Where's your sister?"

"At home," I replied. "She doesn't know anything about this. I didn't want to frighten her."

"Thank heaven!"

There was another little silence. Then,

"Whose baby is it?" he suddenly asked in an abrupt fashion.

A vision of the letter he must have had from his mother went through my mind and I laughed to myself.

"Mine," I said. "I brought it home from the hospital one day. But it sounded too unlikely a story to tell your mother."

"She wouldn't have believed you if you had. My mother is on intimate terms with a number of spirits. They have seances and tell her all sorts of things. Poor old mother! The staff work of the spooks is very bad."

There was a silence, very eerie in that still dark room.

"I ought never to have listened to her. I ought not to have brought her back," he said. "I was a fool. But they said she was so much better. And I wanted to give her another chance."

Then:

"Oh, do go," he urged. "I've no right to mix you up in this business. Go now, quickly."

"I've got to obey my orders," I said. "Kenneth told me to stay here. And it's easier to disobey you than Kenneth. He is my superior officer at the hospital for one thing. If I went away now I should get it in the neck from him."

He moved uneasily.

"I ought to have made plans ahead. But I never knew they would let her out like that. And she was so keen to come. I don't like mixing you girls up in it. It's all wrong. If you'll go home, I'll square Dr. Somerville. He'll understand."

And then there came, from somewhere up-

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stairs, one long ghastly scream. It made my blood run cold.

But it wasn't Kenneth.

If it hadn't been for the man lying there helpless on the floor I think I might have lost my head and rushed to the window and blown my whistle. I can tell you it was pretty eerie alone there in the dark. Danger always seems bigger when you can't see.

It wasn't Kenneth.

There was another scream, and it died away in a gurgle. I could tell it was a woman's voice.

"What is she doing here at all?" I asked quietly.

He drew his breath in a hiss.

"They thought she was better. She begged me. I was a fool; but I believed she really was better. They said that as long as she didn't get any more. It's cocaine. But she must have got some. I watched her all the way; there didn't seem any chance. But they always get it."

He stopped and swallowed very hard.

"I don't know what to do now," he said weakly.

I am sure I didn't. It was getting on for eleven o'clock, and I wondered Norah hadn't sent in a search party after us already. It was quite clear we could not leave him alone with a mad woman all night. But what we were to do with him wasn't at all clear.

"We must talk the matter over with Kenneth," I said. "Is there no one else in the house?"

"We brought a maid with us. But she ran away."

And so would all subsequent maids, I thought.

I sat straining my ears. But silence had fallen again. I wondered what Kenneth was doing—whether he was hurt, whether I ought, perhaps, to have blown the whistle after all.

Then I saw a line of light beneath the door at last and the handle was turned.

"Dumps—" called Norah's voice urgently.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"The door's locked," I said. "Turn the key."

There was a fumbling for a while. Then the door opened. Norah came in, holding a lamp in her hand.

"Are you mad, Dumps? It's nearly eleven o'clock."

Then she saw Alistaire Anstruther V. B. D. lying on the floor, looking pretty ghastly, with his eyes shut, and gave a little scream. All my things were still littered on the table.

"There's been an accident," I said. "You'd better go back, old dear. We'll be along presently. Kenneth's here; he's just fetching something. We've got to talk things over when he comes back. Run along like a darling. You know you don't like these sort of shows. And it won't help us any if you faint."

Norah crept over to where he lay, and stood looking down at him.

"Is he badly hurt?" she whispered unsteadily.

Two little spots of colour burnt in her cheeks.

"A bit knocked about, that's all," I said. "Do go, Norah."

Then he opened his eyes.

"Hallo," he said. "Here, help me to get up."

We helped him together and put him in the red leather chair. I knew what it cost him, for his face was wet when he sat down at last.

"I'm better now," he said. "I'm ashamed of all the trouble I've given you both."

And he looked at Norah again with that look in his eyes that no woman could ever misunderstand.

"Norah, go," I commanded.

"I do hope you'll soon be all right," said Norah softly. Then she tiptoed away, leaving us the lamp.

We heard the downstairs door shut behind her.

Then Kenneth came into the room mopping his brow.

His glued hair was in ruins, his collar was burst, and there was a long scratch on his lean cheek.

"I took that from her," he said, laying a little bottle full of white powder on the table. "But goodness knows how much more she has. She's quiet now. I tied her to the bed, and then she fell asleep. She'll be quiet till the morning, I think. Look here, Dumps. We must get him upstairs and to bed, and I'll stay here to-night and watch them both. To-morrow morning we'll have to get somebody in."

"There's no need for anyone to stay," said Alistaire Denham. "I've had her like this before. She'll be quite quiet till to-morrow morning. Please don't worry any more. It's my own fault for being such a fool as to bring her here. To-morrow I'll take her back early."

"You're in no state to be left here alone," said Kenneth. "Here, Dumps, catch hold of the other arm."

Together we hoisted him up two flights of stairs into his bedroom. Kenneth undressed him and got him to bed, while I made the dressing-room more or less habitable for Kenneth. This caretaking job carried more with it than we had any of us anticipated.

"We'll have another look at her before I turn in," Kenneth said. I have never admired Kenneth so much as I did that night. He was so calm and collected and unflustered, so ordinary, in the face of most extraordinary circumstances.

He opened the door opposite quietly. I noticed he had locked it.

Then he flashed on his electric torch.

She lay on the bed fully dressed in a pretty brown dress, with long ribbons, like fringes, falling from the sleeves and sash. She was beautiful; yes, she was, in spite of everything. Her heavy fair hair had become disordered, and a long strand of it fell over the common ticking of the pillow. The room was all dis-

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mantled, and there were no sheets or linen on the bed at all. Just a dust sheet and the bare pillows.

"Oh, Ken," I said, "let me get proper pillows."

"Better not touch her," he said.

He laid his finger a moment on her pulse.

"Her heart won't stand this sort of thing indefinitely," he said. "It beats me where she can have got it. He was with her the whole time apparently."

She grunted in her sleep and flung one faultless arm, like sculptured marble, over the side of the bed.

Even in that state she was beautiful, beautiful.

I saw to one or two things for Kenneth and then crept away. There was a bright moon, and the street was quite light and quite empty save for courting cats scuttering down the areas. I stood a moment with the lamp in my hand, looking at the sky jewelled with stars.

What was it that made a woman who had everything heart could desire barter the lot for a pinch of white powder? I looked at the big house behind me, dark and dreary now with neglect and misery. She might have made a home of it. He had been rich, I knew, when they were married. She might have.

I shook myself angrily.

Sentimentality is not very often a failing of mine. But there in the moonlight I felt it creeping over me. The world had given her largely of its gifts, given her with both hands beauty and honour and pleasure.

Yet she preferred a little blue bottle full of white powder.



Norah was sitting up in bed.

I told her what had happened. It was best she should know. She sat very quiet, her black hair in two long plaits falling over her white night-gown.

"Poor man," she said very softly. I could see her reflection in the glass and tears blurred her eyes.

I shook out my curly hair and found myself wishing, as I rarely bothered to do, that it had been any other colour. And I kept saying to myself, as I watched my freckled arm moving up and down with the brush:

"It must be very nice to be beautiful."



Usually I am one of those people whom nothing keeps awake. I can eat oysters, pastry, and drink tea or coffee at any hour of the night and still sleep the sleep of the just and weary.

But it was different that night.

I tossed and turned and tried both sides of the pillow. Long after Norah's quiet breathing told me she was in the land of dreams I lay watching the moon on the ceiling of our little room, a prey to the most horrible forebodings.

As a rule I never forebode under any circumstances.

"It's liver," I said. "It's indigestion. It's the silly, emotional state you got into waiting in that dark room. It's hysteria; you are becoming neurotic. There is probably thunder in the air," and so on and so on.

But it didn't help me.

Three o'clock found me wondering whether I had endangered Alistaire Denham's life by not giving him tetanus injection. Four o'clock found me wondering whether the owner of that beautiful arm had arisen and slain Kenneth in his bed. At five I fell into an uneasy sort of half-sleep and dreamed Kenneth and I had committed a murder and were at a loss to know how to dispose of the body. I was endeavouring to drag it, unnoticed, into the hospital, where I thought it would pass amongst the other patients, when it turned into Alistaire Denham's overcoat, which we had taken a few days before to press and mend. And there was his mother waiting for me inside the hospital, looking at me through those dreadful lorgnettes and saying: "How dare you abstract my dear son's coat."

I woke with a start to find the room flooded with sunlight and Norah, half dressed, gazing at me.

"Dumps, I thought you'd never wake. Do you think it would be very extravagant to wear my new coat and skirt to go to work in? Such a lot depends on the first impression they get of me. I'm to be there at nine o'clock. And the chances are I'll soon be able to get both of us lots of nice new clothes. You shall have the loveliest dress, you darling, and you won't have to wear that beastly pink thing any more. Oh, Dumps, he's offered me seven hundred a year to sign the agreement. I can't believe it's true."

She danced round the room.

"I'll start the breakfast for you," she said, and went off. There was a great deal of bustle and hurry that day, because it was my turn to cook the breakfast and I had overslept myself rather severely. And then Mrs. Emmeline Riggs brought in Terence, who had acquired a tooth, and we had all to try it with our fingers, whilst he bit us savagely with shrieks of joy.

"There never was such a boy," said Mrs. Emmeline Riggs. "Never no fuss, and a tooth in the morning. Bless him, then!"

Women are wonderful creatures. Mrs. Emmeline Riggs had already half convinced herself that Terence was her own. And she had discovered in his puggy little features a strong resemblance to the Riggs family.

"I'll cook extra bacon and keep it hot for Ken," I said. "He'll come along presently, I expect. Or I'll run in and see how they are."

Meg had an examination that morning. She rushed off hurriedly, her head full of anatomy. Dillys looked in on her way to the City.

"Is Norah going to marry that beastly little Yank?" she demanded suddenly.

I turned from my frying-pan indignantly.

"Good gracious, Dillys!" I said. "She hardly knows him."

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"He's in love with her."

"Don't be so insane. Why, he's only seen her about four times."

"Men don't go offering large salaries and enviable positions in flourishing dressmaking concerns to any stray girl they meet. Are you blind, Dumps?"

"You are very silly," I said. "Why, just because he happens to—"

"I'm not beginning an argument. I'm stating a fact," said Dillys, putting on her gloves with dignity.

She left me alone with the frying-pan.

Bacon is beastly stuff to cook. It spits so.

Then Norah came in, looking very fresh and pretty.

"Wish me luck, Dumpie. I'm so excited."

I really could not help envying Norah that morning. She looked so pretty. And I felt so hot and so plain, and the bacon spat so dreadfully.

"You are going to be the fortune maker after all, Norah," I said rather sadly. "I had always pictured myself in that rôle."

I consoled myself by kissing her and saying:

"Be good."

"You'll be late if you don't get a move on," said Norah. "Porter has come; she'll see to Ken's breakfast."

Porter was our daily char at the Good Intent.

I gave the bacon a final stir and put it on to the dish.

"I've had my breakfast," I said. "I'll tidy and run in and see how things are next door. Jog along, old dear. Don't wait for me. Have you enough cash?"

"Tons," said Norah, producing a ten-shilling note from her bag. In those days it represented tons to us.

She went off.

Mrs. Porter and I had the Good Intent to ourselves, and Mrs. Porter got busy on the stairs with a pail of water, singing as she slopped it about.

I was just putting on my hat when I heard steps on the stairs coming up two at a time and Mrs. Porter's somewhat disturbed exclamation at footmarks on the washed part.

"Dumps," called Kenneth. "Dumps, where are you?"

"Coo-ee! Your breakfast's all ready, waiting."

"Come quick. I want you," called Kenneth, as though there weren't a moment to be lost.

There was something in his voice that made me throw my hat on the bed and go quickly into the sitting-room.

Kenneth looked as though moths and rats had been at him. He was pale and tired-looking too. He said:

"Dumps, she's dead!"



"Then I broke off. I saw his coat sleeve. It was split from the elbow down"—p. 682

Drawn by
C. Morse

CHAPTER V At the Inquest

I STARED at him in dumb amazement.

He told me all about it.

At six he had gone to look at her. She was still quiet. He thought she was asleep. He could hear her breathing. At seven there was no sound from the room, and he did not go in again until he was dressed and had done Alistaire Denham's arm.

Then she was dead.

"But what on earth—?" I asked.

"Heart failure," he said. "I told you last night she wouldn't stand the racket indefinitely. I haven't told him yet. He's got high fever this morning, poor devil. It's a nice mess."

I was running over in my mind exactly what a nice mess it was going to be.

"There'll be an inquest," I said, "and we shall, I suppose, be called. Good heavens! Ken, that's annoying. Norah!"

"She's not in it," said Kenneth hastily. "She was only there for a moment. No one need know anything about it. We must keep Norah's name out of it at all costs."

THE QUIVER

I couldn't help wondering a little bitterly whether if I had been beautiful too there would have been an effort to keep me out of it as well. As it was it never seemed to strike Ken.

As though he had read my thoughts he said hastily:

"You see, Dumps, it's different for you and me. I don't know what it is, but you are such a capable old chap—we wouldn't mind mud being slung. We could see the funny side of it. But Norah . . ."

"Yes, I know what you mean. Well, what are you going to do?"

"I've phoned for their own doctor. He's bound to see to everything. I simply must go to the hospital to-day."

"And I'm late already. Tell them where to phone for us if they want us."

He stopped.

"I want you to go and tell him, Dumps," he said a little awkwardly. "It seems, somehow, easier to bear from a woman."

I nodded.

I had almost offered to go. For he would have to know.



He turned his face away into the shadows and lay still for a long time after I had told him everything. Then:

"Will you phone up for my mother?" he said. "And I want you to know how dreadfully sorry I am to have dragged you all into this sordid business. I'd have given anything to have kept you out of it."

"Don't worry about us," I said. I gave his sound hand a friendly squeeze and departed.

I wanted to say something kind, but I couldn't. My throat felt choked. At the door I stood still a minute and turned and looked at him.

He lay very quiet, his face turned to the shadows.



By four o'clock everybody knew about it.

Mr. Melvin P. Chase came dashing round in his Rolls-Royce. It was about this time that he became Peter, and in future I shall call him that.

"You're right in for it," he said admiringly. "Gee! you have got some spunk. Two of you there in the dark. Mind you, it's some proposition, having to do with a drug fiend."

"Who told you?"

He produced an evening paper.

Where do they get their details? It simply astounded me. There was the whole story: how I went in to lock up; how Kenneth spent the night there and found her dead in the morning. Then followed a short outline of Kenneth and myself, a lady doctor and the house surgeon at St. Helen's, and the intimation that the inquest would be held the following afternoon.

"They always manage to make it all look fishy without saying anything," I said, fling-

ing the paper away. "Read that bit about Ken and myself. There's not a thing you can take exception to, and yet . . ."

"That's their cunning," said Peter. "Gee, what an advertisement!"

"It's not the sort of advertisement that we find very paying," said Kenneth ruefully. "Look here."

He pointed to another headline:

WEST END TRAGEDY

HOUSE SURGEON OF WELL-KNOWN HOSPITAL SPENDS NIGHT IN HOUSE

WHAT THE LADY DOCTOR FOUND

"To-morrow," he said, "I expect they will have our photographs."

"Journalism is a poor proposition in this land if they don't," vowed Peter. He looked upon the whole thing as rather a joke.

Then Norah came back and we had to break the news to her. She turned very white.

"It's a scandal and we're all mixed up in it. Oh, Dumps! don't you wish we had never looked in Debrett—or that he had been out. I'm frightened."

She shivered.

"See here, you don't have anything to be frightened about," beamed Peter. "Nothing's going to hurt you, Lady." It was his name for Norah from the first. "If there are any advocates required I'm seeing it's properly done. And as for this guy with the biffed arm, guess he's well rid of his little lot, so why mourn?"

He took us all to see *Quality Street* to cheer us up. Kenneth didn't want to go. But we made him. He was the most down in the dumps of any of us over the business.

When we got back late that night there was a terrific epistle waiting for us from Alistaire Denham's mother. All mixed up with quotations from the Scriptures were dreadful accusations. She hinted that we had poisoned Lady Denham so that he could marry me. She recorded certain spiritual revelations she had received; one was that Kenneth was a trafficker in cocaine.

We all laughed heartily at the idea, though none of us thought it particularly funny.

"None of us will go near the wicked house again," vowed Kenneth.

"Oh, yes we will," I said quietly. "I'm going to stick to my contract. I'm going in just as usual."

"And if you meet his mother?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Just calculate you're a spook," said Peter, "and all will be well."

We drank fizzy lemonade out of a blue siphon, sitting round the empty grate. It was the only form of beverage we ran to at midnight.



The next morning the papers had us all. There was I, looking at least forty and remarkably like a char, coming out of 88 with a jug in my hand. How they ever took it I could not imagine. There was Kenneth, coming

THE HOUSE OF GOOD INTENT

down the steps from the hospital. There was Alistaire Denham's mother.

And there were the headlines that said nothing you could take exception to—and yet . . .

We were all to attend the inquest.

But Norah, thank goodness, had never been mentioned at all.

The person who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the whole thing was Mrs. Emmeline Riggs, who dandled Terence joyfully and pointed out my picture to him in the paper:

"There, look at its pretty auntie!"

Terence looked, and, like a wise kid, howled.

I was auntie. But Mrs. Emmeline Riggs, I noticed, was "mum-mum-mum."

Norah said anxiously:

"Now, Dumps, darling, do be careful what you say. And for heaven's sake don't be defiant. I'm always so terrified you'll get put in prison for contempt of court."



The inquest was at midday a few days later.

I went to the hospital as usual. Everyone was frightfully decent and behaved as though it was an ordinary everyday sort of thing to be mixed up with what looked like being a nine days' scandal. Unfortunately for us it was a silly season in the newspaper world. Nobody had sailed for the South or North Pole. No bodies had been found in lonely woods for months. No pantry boys had been seized with sudden whims for murder in the dead of night. So the interest of the horror-loving public was generously lavished upon us.

Sister drew me aside.

"It's rotten luck," she said. "Cheer up. They'll maybe fling a little mud. But it won't stick. I want you to come and look at a case in B Ward with me. I'm not very happy about the woman."

And for the time I lost all sight of my own worries in work. There is nothing like work. It's the best medicine in the world for worries or heartache. If I could patent hard work and sell it by the bottle with a fancy name I should make a fortune.



The coroner's court was crowded. The first person I saw was Kenneth, who had glued his hair defiantly down with even increased rigidity.

"Look at the ghouls," he said.

I turned and looked at the crowd of people who had come through sheer curiosity. And as we stood there cameras clicked on every side.

Outside paper boys ran about placarded with:

"Death of Lady Denham." "Who gave her the drug?"

"If only I'd been a plumber instead of a doctor," said Kenneth bitterly.

Well, we went through the usual business. A thin, bald man with about three hairs a side on his upper lip, carefully trained in faint re-

semblance of a flowing moustache, stood up and testified that he had had Lady Denham's inside presented to him in three jars, and then proceeded to tell us in a monotonous voice exactly how many grains of cocaine he had discovered there.

He was in the middle of this cheering exposition when Alistaire Denham was helped in, his arm in a sling. He sat down quietly in a chair. He looked haggard and ghastly. I have never in my life felt so dreadfully sorry for any man.

Dr. Castleborough, fat and pompous, then rose, and said in a remarkably indistinct voice that, after hearing the analyst's evidence he had formed the opinion that death was due to coma caused by acute cocaine poisoning hastened by heart failure. He had no doubt whatever that Lady Denham died of cocaine poisoning.

Then followed some tedious details as to how long before death the dose would have had to be administered, upon which point, as far as I could make out, they all disagreed heartily.

There was some talking at the back of the court, and a little man who looked as though a stone had been thrown at his face and made a hole which he used as a mouth shouted "Silence!" in a very small voice.

It reminded me so dreadfully of the trial in "Alice in Wonderland." Even the jury looked the part. There was a man remarkably like the lizard, tracing imaginary writing on the ledge in front of him. There was another man exactly like a guinea pig, and one with a long, long nose and small eyes with large glasses over them—the dodo to the life.

I thought, "You are nothing but a pack of cards," and felt the giggles coming on. It was all so silly. The coroner fixed me with an awful fish-like glare. I choked back my laughter as best I could.

"For heaven's sake don't laugh here," whispered Kenneth, "or we shall all be hanged."

Theodora Lady Denham then went into the witness-box and related the story of her son's marriage. She sobbed bitterly the whole time.

"Your daughter-in-law has been in a home for some years now?" said the coroner.

"That is so."

"During that time were you aware of your son's whereabouts?"

"He came frequently to see me. He was a good boy. It was only lately—the spirits warned me—"

"You must answer my questions in as few words as possible, please," said the coroner gently. "and I am afraid we cannot accept what the spirits said as evidence. During this time has your son lived alone?"

She sobbed and twisted her handkerchief, tried to speak, but couldn't.

"I will put it another way," said the coroner. He was a youngish man, and gave you the impression that he was longing to be rid of us all and get away to a game of golf. "Had you any reasons to suppose your son was on friendly terms with any other women?"

"Not until quite lately."

THE QUIVER

"What caused you to have the impression, lately, that your son was on, shall we say, friendly terms with another woman?"

"I went there and found them in the house. Two of them. With a baby."

Sensation in court. Women whispered to one another. The jury became a trifle less fish-like, and appeared to make a great effort to pay attention. The Lizard stopped writing his make-belief letter.

"A baby? Had you any reason to suppose that your son——"

Then some man started an argument as to whether that question was allowable or not. The coroner and the strange man hissed at one another like cats on the tiles for a few moments. Then he went on once more.

"Can you point out the young women to me?"

Theodora Lady Denham rolled a baleful eye at me.

"That is one of them," she said. Her eyes roved round the benches. "The other is not here."

For one awful moment I thought they were going to bring Norah into it. But the danger passed.

"Thank you," said the coroner.

I was then called into the witness-box.

"You are a lady doctor?"

"I hope to be in about two and a half years."

"How long have you known deceased?"

"I never saw her before the night she died."

"You have been living at 88 Cadogan Gardens?"

"No. We live in the mews next door."

"In what capacity were you in the habit of going into the deceased's house?"

"As caretakers."

"Are lady doctors in the habit of taking on caretaking jobs in their off time?"

"Lady doctors, like other people, will do anything in order to get a roof to their heads."

"Did you go daily into the house?"

"I did."

"Did you go into the house after dark?"

"Frequently."

"What reason had you for going to the house after dark?"

"Because I sometimes forgot to go during the day. I am not a born caretaker. And frequently I went to see if the charwoman had shut the windows."

"You have a baby?"

"I have."

"What age is it?"

I counted rapidly, using my fingers, for I am not good at figures.

"It must be about nine months old now."

"Did you make any statement to the police?"

"I never saw them."

"Are you a married woman?"

"I am not."

"Does the father of the child make any contribution to the maintenance?"

"He does not."

"Where was the child born?"

"In the maternity ward of St. Helen's Hospital."

The coroner thought a moment.

"That is a hospital solely reserved for poor persons, I think?" he remarked.

"It is."

"May I ask how you obtained admission to that ward?" he ventured.

"I did not."

"What?"

"I was not there."

Sensation number two in court.

The coroner turned a nasty purple and gulped.

"Miss Sylvia Kirkman," he thundered, "are you aware that this is——"

He choked with rage.

A little man stood up. I did not know it at the time, but he was a lawyer Peter had taken on to watch our interest.

"With your honour's permission I will call a witness as to the birth and origin of the child."

Then Florrie's sordid little story was unburied and fished up out of the dust and laid before the coroner to appease his wrath. It didn't. It only made him worse.

"In your profession it is possible for you to have access to cocaine." He was off on a new tack.

But the court was still giggling over Terence, and I could feel they were all on my side now. Florrie's little story had been told with unnecessary sentiment, making me out a sort of young rescuing heroine who made a practice of visiting hospitals and collecting orphan children as a hobby.



Then Kenneth was called and nicely probed as to whether he trafficked in cocaine. Poor Kenneth, whose only interests in life were pathological investigation and Norah! For half an hour he stood there, denying that he gave cocaine to me, to the charwoman, to Lady Denham or to Alistaire Denham, for any purpose whatever.

That he had never made any weed killer whatever. (There was no garden to make it for. But that did not matter.)

That he had never supplied any rat poison whatever.

"I am not a chemist," snapped Kenneth, getting angry, and a long streak of his dark hair coming unglued. "I never entered the house until sent for to help Miss Kirkman."

And so on and so on. Even the jury got bored. The Dodo went to sleep.

Then they called Lord Denham.

He had never given his wife cocaine. He had done all he could to prevent her taking drugs of any kind. For the last seven years she had been in a home. They thought her better. She had besought him to take her away.

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"How long have you known Miss Kirkman?"

"A little more than nine months."

"In what capacity?"

His mouth twitched humorously as he answered.

"As my caretaker."

"Is it usual for girls of her class to act as caretakers?"

"I am sure I do not know. She lives in the mews adjoining on the understanding that whilst I am away she keeps an eye on my house. It does not strike me as particularly extraordinary in any way."

I sat there fighting a dreadful desire to laugh. It was all too stupid for words. And it was all my fault for being wild and unconventional and looking for rooms to let in Debrett instead of in the advertisement columns of the newspaper where someone would have seen them first. It doesn't pay to be unusual. Women are like sheep and follow one another blindly.

Take my advice and be sheep-like. For whenever you try to be anything else you strike some dreadful snag like we did. Only if you are sure you are brave enough to weather snags can you afford to strike out a line of your own.

If it hadn't been for Norah I wouldn't have cared. I would have been entirely amused. But as it was a little sting lay under my desire to laugh. Supposing they turned nasty at the hospital, and it did me down in any way, Norah would be the one to suffer. Norah must marry. But nice husbands do fight shy of notoriety.

Well, the jury retired, the Lizard busy with a toothpick. After an absence of about half an hour they returned. They found that Lady Denham committed suicide by taking cocaine in a state of temporary insanity, and that the drug was supplied by some person or persons unknown.

The coroner glared at me. I glared back at him. We then left the court without any stain on our characters but sustaining, as Kenneth said afterwards, several dints.



You never can tell how the public is going to take a thing.

On Monday morning I had been a suspicious character.

On Wednesday I had reaped a crown of shining glory. The story of Terence sold for an eager penny wherever it appeared in print. My picture appeared on the back page, front page and middle page of every picture paper imaginable. In each picture I looked less like myself than the one before.

Terence was photographed also. We must have brought quite a lot in to the photographers, one way and another. And the headlines!

SCENE IN COURT

GIRL WHO LAUGHED AT THE CORONER

LADY DOCTOR CREATES A SENSATION

LITTLE TERENCE WELCOMES HIS FOSTER-MUMMY HOME

"Ugh!" groaned Kenneth. "Get me a basin."

But Norah wept over me.

"It's so dreadful for you, darling," she sobbed. "Half the world will think you really did it!"

"What on earth does it matter what half the world thinks?" I groaned. "To anyone who knows us it's simply funny. If they don't like me at the hospital I shall chuck it. There'll be a board to-morrow, I expect. Cheer up, Norah!"

Peter set about doing all he could to make her.

Then Alistaire Denham sent up word he wanted to see me. I went down.

"I can't say anything more," he said. "It goes very hard with me when I remember all the unpleasantness I've brought on you. If you can forgive me."

"Don't be so silly," I pleaded. "It's fortunes of war. There's nothing more to be said."

"I'm pretty desperate about the whole thing. To have got you into a fix like this—and had to sit and watch them sling mud!"

Memories of that court crowded into my head and I stood and laughed. I couldn't help it.

"It was exactly like 'Alice in Wonderland,'" I said.

He turned his tired eyes on me.

"It was, rather," he murmured. Then, "You are a plucky kid."

"About this caretaking business," he said. "You'll want to make other arrangements now, I suppose."

"And let them see us run away? That would be the best way of making people think there was some truth in the wretched business. No, I shall continue to do your caretaking until you give me the sack."

"I shan't do that. And I shan't worry you. I'm going abroad at once for some months. If they make things in any way unpleasant for you over this business—anyone—my mother—let me know."

"They won't. It will blow over."

"Will you promise me?"

I promised. Then he went away. I watched him out of sight, sorry I hadn't a chance of mending his socks up to date before he departed.

But I was glad to think he was going away. Because of Norah.

And that was the last of Alistaire Anstruther Victor Benjamin Denham for some little time.

(End of Chapter Five)



What Life Means to Me

By a
Railway-Guard of Twenty-five Years' Experience

IT is twenty-five years since I became a guard on the Great Eastern. I was allowed a month to learn the "road" and its signals; then I underwent the sight tests, and the examination in routine and emergency duties, after which I became duly qualified to blow the whistle and wave the flag.

Head-on Collisions?

People sometimes ask me how many head-on collisions I have been in. I have never been in any collisions. Then they ask me what minor accidents have fallen to my lot—breakaways, fire outbreaks, and so on. I cannot think of any accident worth noting. "At any rate," they say, "having been on the line for twenty-five years, you must have had a number of 'close calls'?" Not that I can remember. "Perhaps you have had the communication cord frantically pulled, and have been called upon to deal with a maniac who was terrorizing his fellow-passengers?" No; I have had the communication cord pulled only two or three times, and in each case it was a passenger who was in trouble because he ought to have got out at the station we had just passed through. "But surely," they say, "you have seen some breathless and thrilling things on the line? Have you not seen someone chase a runaway locomotive, for instance, jump on her tender, and stop her? Anything like that?" No; about the bravest thing I have seen is a signalman's act in snatching up a child at a level crossing a second before we thundered through.

If you want to read about collisions, about engines hurled down embankments, about telescoped carriages, and so on, or even about hair-breadth escapes, about points closed just in the nick of time, about brakes failing to act on an incline, about level-crossing gates opened for the engine only a breath before it passed through, or about all the other things which turn the hair of a railway man an iron grey, you will have to get them from some other chap, not from me. And as likely as not, the first six guards or the first six drivers you went to would say the same.

But there are mates of mine who have had more than their share of such things. There was Driver H—, not once, but over and over again it seemed to him that only the direct intervention of Providence averted a calamity. He heard in his mind's ear—if there is such a thing—the terrific crash, he saw in his mind's eye the heaped-up wreck, and within a fraction of a second it had passed like a ghost, and his train was still running smoothly on the metals. Many a time death has stared the engine-driver in the face and then glided aside to await a better opportunity. Some of our men have got the idea that they bear a charmed life. They have been saved so many times by what seemed to them no human agency that they believe themselves fated to retire on superannuation at sixty-five.

Nothing Happened

And here I have been twenty-five years up and down the line every day, as you might say, and nothing has happened—nothing, except, of course, safe, smooth, and generally punctual runs. If I were superstitious I should "touch wood." As it is I lift up my heart in thankfulness to Almighty God, Who has included in His care the guard, sitting solitarily in the rear brake-van, and the train-load of passengers for whom the guard is responsible. It is a great thing—it closes over the heart like a warm glove over a cold hand—when you set out of the house at half-past three on a foggy morning to take charge of the 4.46 at the terminus, to have the assurance that God is over-ruling all things, and that even if it is so thick that you cannot see the signals His eye can pierce the gloom.

It is sometimes forgotten that it is the guard's first duty, as well as the driver's, to look out for the signals. That is not always appreciated by people, who think the guard is just a time-table in coat and buttons.

If anybody thinks that the guard sits in his van enjoying the scenery he is greatly mistaken. It is not generally known that

WHAT LIFE MEANS TO ME

the guard is in control of a brake which will stop the train independently of the engine-driver. My very first duty on joining my train is to see that this continuous brake is in proper working order. I have to test it again at any point where the engine is changed, or where coaches are put on or taken off. If the driver should overrun the signals or anything else happen to necessitate it, the guard's brake comes into play.

Many Duties of a Guard

That is not all the guard has to see to by any means. There are a good many finishing touches to be put to the train before the start. The guard has to see that the coaches are properly coupled, and the train labelled for its destination, and that he has the spare couplings and other things required in the event of a breakaway of a portion of the train. If the train should break in two, by the way, both portions would stop automatically. Some people have quite a dread of the train breaking in two and the first part going on without knowing anything about it. That cannot happen with the continuous brake, for its disconnexion would stop the train. Then he has to make provision for any slips—that is to say, for any portion of the train which may be slipped at a station where the train does not ordinarily stop. That is rather a risky business, though it is convenient for those who want to make fast journeys to less important stations. Then, after the guard has seen that the passengers board the train in the proper sections, he is handed a basketful of letters to sort, to be ready to be given out at the different stops, not to speak of miscellaneous parcels, and rolls of newspapers, and passengers' luggage, anything from a bicycle to a poll parrot. He is also the time-keeper of the train. It is his business to see that the train goes off sharp at the booked time. He puts down on a way-bill the times of the running. He has to report all delays, and whether time has been lost by the engine or by the signals. The running of a train may be interfered with by such slight things as wind, rain, and greasy rails.

But "Safety First" is the rule on the line. The guard's first concern is the signals. It is laid down in the general rule book that the first duty of the guard is to see to the safe working of the train, and after that he can see to the parcels. Really, he needs two pairs of eyes, one to sort his letters and

so forth, and the other to mark the semaphores. In the London district the sections are so close that the guard needs all his watchfulness for this latter duty alone. No sooner does one signal flash by than he is looking out for the next. If the "red eye" be disregarded the guard will share the responsibility with the driver. It is not always realized that there is a look-out on the train behind as well as before. In running a train you keep your eye first on the distance signal, which is a cautionary signal. If that is against you the driver reduces the speed, so that by the time he reaches the next signal, if the arm is still at "Danger," he will be able to stop sharp. In running a train you always have to think ahead. Every gradient, every curve, every stopping-place has to be prepared for.

The Guard's Social Life

Such are the ordinary duties of a guard. So far he is a bit in the big machine. But he has other more sociable duties. Among the passengers he represents the railway company on its human side. When the "happy couple" go off in the train to the accompaniment of cheers and confetti, they probably never think that the guard has a soft spot in his heart for them (though he is useful when they want a compartment to themselves), but he does really rejoice with them that do rejoice, and he is glad to feel that he has got such happiness in his charge for an hour or two. He, too, has had his days of romance, or, rather, he has them yet, though he is a man with three grown-up daughters. Sometimes there are pathetic things happening on the footboard—mothers saying good-bye to their sons, and, like Rachel of old, refusing to be comforted. That happened often during the war, but one sees it happening constantly, with youths going up from the country to London to make their fortunes, or emigrants setting out for their boats, or children being sent to institutions. There are a good many scenes on railway platforms which make a heavy demand on the sympathies of the guard, and call for all his tact if he is to get the grieving mother out of the carriage and get the train off. I show no respect of persons in my duty. The humblest counts one on my train just the same as the highest, and many a time my heart has gone out to the poor mother whose tears were streaming down her cheeks as she waved her good-bye.

Generally speaking, passengers are a good lot, and it is a pleasure to serve them.

THE QUIVER

Sometimes we carry a cantankerous passenger, for whom nothing is right, and who is sure that the railway company and all its officials are in league against him. And we have the fussy passenger who asks all sorts of unreasonable questions. One of two Irishmen came up to one of our guards one day and asked what time the train went. The guard told him. A minute later he came up again and asked the same question. "Why," said the guard, "I told you just now." "Yes, yer honour," said the man, "but that time asking ye for myself I was, and now I am asking for my mate here."

Too Much Haste

The experience of train travelling gets on some people's nerves. They are sure the train will carry them past their destination, or get switched on to another line or something. And while some people make too many inquiries, others do not make inquiries enough. I remember once, just as our train—a fast one—was moving out of the station, a young lady came running down the staircase and made a dash for it. She stumbled between the footboard and the platform. I instantly applied my brake, but mercifully she was not hurt by the stumble, and she clambered in. At the next stop, which was a long way on, I went to her carriage to take particulars, because it is an offence to board a moving train, and then I found that, after all, she had got into the wrong train, and had been carried a long way beyond her destination, where we had not stopped!

In twenty-five years as a guard I have seen a good many changes in railway work and in the conditions of railway men. But the best of all changes is the reform on the temperance question. There is nothing now like the drinking there used to be years ago. Very many railway men, too, as becomes men who have the lives of their fellows in their charge, are deeply religious. There has been some set-back in this respect since the war, but still one does meet, to one's delight, many God-fearing mates. We have had trains on which the engine-driver, the fireman, and the guard have all been men who were serving the Lord. Somehow, those trains seem to run more smoothly than anything that the oil on the axles can account for. We have godly signalmen too. One of the signalmen in charge of that great cabin at Liverpool Street, in control of all those levers, was converted at our railway mission hall at

Stratford. It is a fine thing to have religious men on the railway line.

Some people might think from my narrative that it is a very tame business having charge of a train. Yet there is a sense in which every moment is dramatic. You feel this especially in a long night run, when your train seems to be the only living thing in all the land, like an awful alligator, as someone put it, snorting along in a desperate hurry.

Into the Silent Night

Here in the big half-lighted station we make a stop—the last stop before London. A few yawning people are on the platform. A few get out or in. There is the clatter of luggage, the shouting of the porters, the slamming of the doors, the whistle, and off we go, at first through the goods yards, where the sound of shunting in the dead of night is always uncanny. Then, leaving the town behind, we get into the open country, over bridges, under bridges, through tunnels, around curves, passing the express coming in the opposite direction, a mere shimmer and roar, with no chance to salute its crew. We pass through little stations from which everybody has gone home long since. There, by the way, is my own station, the station I set out from, and over there the cottage I live in; all abed and asleep at this hour, bless them! And so we go on and on through the blackness until the stations become closer, and the lights more frequent, and the road more intricate, so that what was a little while ago just a double line of rails, spreads out more and more into a fan, but we pick out our track, and we know our own signals, and so we go on, ever towards the great arc lights of the terminus. We pass between rows of still wagons, across the points, under the signal cabins, until at last the roar changes into something like a squeal, and we pull into the great station, the panting engine drawing up within ten feet of the buffers. The sleepy passengers get out. Some of them perhaps spare a grateful thought for the driver at one end, now going over his beautiful engine with a long-nosed oil-can, and the guard at the other, busy with the piled-up luggage. These two, with sundry signalmen and others, have piloted them safely through the perils of the night. But whether they think about it or not, our pride is in another good run, done to time. Such runs may God always give us to the end of the chapter!

THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev. Arthur Pringle

No. 7.—THE GOOD NEW TIMES



HUMAN nature seems to have an inherent tendency to praise yesterday to the detriment of to-day, and to declare that the former times were better than these. The worldly-wise author of *Ecclesiastes* warned his readers against yielding to this temptation; and that it was in vogue long before his day is shown by a recently discovered Babylonian inscription which takes us back to 6000 B.C.: "*Alas, alas, times are not what they were!*" So even then, in that comparative youth of the world, men were such ready pupils of depression!

The "Good Old Times"

And to-day we are certainly following in their track. The anxiety and difficulty of the times in which we are living are leading many people to wish they had been born in other and happier days. They think wistfully of the Victoria Era or of later pre-war years, and they find themselves feeling decidedly that the former times were better than these.

Some more, some less—according to temperament—we are all liable to this mood; but, unless our lives are to be largely spoilt, we must find some means of conquering it. After all, these are *our* times, our one chance of living our life and doing our work. Now, if ever, we must show what we are made of, and fulfil our share in helping the world's progress. And it stands to reason that we can only do this if we keep our spirit and present a brave and hopeful front to life. We cannot possibly make the best use of to-day if we are constantly bemoaning that we were not born yesterday. For good or for ill we are twentieth-century people, and we can only be half or quarter-efficient if we keep looking back wistfully to the nineteenth or any

other century. The sensible thing is to take our times as we find them, lay stress on their brighter side, and make the best of them.

In saying this I am not calling for an untrue and impossible optimism. That can deceive nobody, and only jars on thoughtful people. Of course these present times are in many ways depressing, with unsettlement and danger on every hand, and new problems springing up as soon as old ones are laid. And, equally of course, there are respects in which the former days were better than these. Nevertheless, it is not "The Good Old Times" we want to lay stress on, but "The Good New Times." For, regarded rightly, these days in which our lot is cast are indeed good.

Each Age has had Its Problems

Looking back over history, we are apt to forget that each past age has had its own difficulties and problems. The shoe of destiny pinches now on this spot now on that, but it always pinches somewhere, and no period, however fortunate and peaceful, but has, in some way or other, to bear the pressure. Especially when the present is dark, the past is likely to appear in an exaggerated halo of light. But, however greatly conditions change, human nature remains much the same; and, let the times be what they may, this will ensure problems enough to be dealt with. As F. D. Maurice suggests, there may be a taint of the cowardly in us "when we speak of one period as being more dangerous than another, when we wish we were not born into the age of revolutions, or complain that the time of quiet belief has passed."

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The fact is, we are on the wrong track when we start comparing one age with another in this connection. It only raises false issues. Better, right away, to recognize that every age, with its peculiar problems and perils, is an illustration of how progress always means risk and how the possibility of good must inevitably bring proportionate possibility of evil. When, in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, Caliban exclaims: "You taught me language; and my profit on't is, I know how to curse," he is giving utterance to a universal truth. Blessings and cursings proceed out of the same mouth. The tongue that has power to produce the one *must* have power to produce the other.

Progress Means Risk

So it is, right through life. Nothing venture, nothing win; no risk, no advance, might well be its axioms. Gifts may be abused, weapons misused, inventions in themselves beneficent may be turned to destructiveness. Progress means added responsibility and added liability to penalty; there is no escape from this law. And it is here that I find the key to the experiences we are now going through. I call these times of ours good not because they are easy, but because their difficulty comes in great part from the very progress we have made. Reflection will, I think, show that most of our troubles to-day are, so to speak, *the reverse side* of things that, on the right side, mean a big advance in human betterment.

On someone complaining to Burnand when he was editor: "*Punch* is not what it used to be," he is said to have replied: "No; *it never was*." And the same two-edged wit might well serve as answer to complaints that times are not what they used to be. *They never were*—either in the minds of people who looked back upon them or in actual fact. Times move, bringing changes and progress, and nothing has any business to be what it used to be.

So it is just what ought to be expected and welcomed, that wherever you look to-day you find change. Everything is being seen in a different light; questions are being thought out from fresh standpoints; matters hitherto taken for granted are subjected to rude inquiry as to why and wherefore. We are confronted with new problems because we are living in a new world—and a world that has so many finer possibilities than the old.

Although it is so obvious a commonplace, we are surprisingly apt to forget that a large proportion of our present troubles are directly due to the fact that we are in the aftermath of the greatest of wars. And anyone inclined to take a too gloomy view of things should refresh his memory by reading what happened after the Napoleonic wars of a hundred years ago. The prevalence of crime, social misery and injustice, industrial oppression—compare *then* with *now* in these respects, and there is good reason for taking courage. After an unprecedented ordeal we are striving to put our house in order, and, as might be expected, we are finding the task by no means easy. But we need not make it more difficult by shedding a false halo on what we mistakenly call "the good old times."

In those days the unemployed were left to shift for themselves, and they died literally by the thousand. Labour, including that of women and children, was exploited without let or hindrance; there was, as compared with our own time, practically no social conscience or recognition of common duty. The very urgency of the social and industrial problem to-day is due to the heightened sensitiveness that comes with progress. The rise of labour, its gradual entry into responsibility and power, the louder protest against anomalies and injustices that have so long been taken for granted—all these may mean unsettlement and difficulty; but they also mean that things are moving in the right direction. They indicate that healthy life is stirring in the body politic; and would we not rather see this happening, even if it ruffles the calm of our own life, than return to the old days of smug contentment with things as they were?

Some Signs of Hope

As international affairs stand at present, it may seem curious to speak of them as in any sense hopeful; but, in spite of all discouraging events, there remains the great fact that a new conception of the relation of nations is gradually gaining ground. Instead of thinking of them as isolated rivals we are coming to regard the nations as *dependent on each other*, with their interests closely bound up together. The force of circumstances is driving home the brotherhood of the various races, so that even the cynical can no longer talk of it as "idealism" or "sentiment." For the time being, of course, it means a complicated

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struggle to get things straightened out and to persuade people—through the League of Nations and other means—to abandon the old competitive ideas. But the new atmosphere is being created, and it is one of the hopeful signs of the times.

Another thing that seems to me to make these new times "good" is the important change that has come about in our way of looking at religion. Anyone giving a hurried glance at the present religious position might easily take a depressing view. He might point to the decline in church-going, the unsettlement of belief, and the open matter-of-course way in which many cherished parts of our faith are called in question. And, certainly, all this has its dangerous side. Familiar observances and accepted ideas cannot be disturbed or challenged without serious risk, and such a time as the present is far from happy for people not used to thinking for themselves and working out their own faith.

The Prospects for Religion

But true religion is all the better for the change. Faith was never meant to be a hot-house plant, artificially sheltered and coddled, so that it collapses helplessly as soon as it is brought into the open. Faith, rather, is *the good fight*, ready to become stronger and more real by running risks and overcoming obstacles. And this, no doubt, is what many readers of these talks are finding out for themselves. They read all kinds of books, observe life with both eyes wide open, use the brains and common sense that God has given them; and, interesting as it all is, they begin to feel perplexed and "muddled" as to how to fit in all these modern ideas and developments with the faith in which they have been brought up.

In a general way, this describes what is happening to thoughtful people everywhere, and true religion has everything to gain from it. There may be fewer people in the churches at the moment—although there are, even now, far more than is often suggested—but, in the long run, organized religion as well as individual religion is likely to be all the better for the breezes of fresh honest thought that are playing upon it. When we think of the superstitions that have died out, the unworthy beliefs that have been discarded, and the healthy freedom with which each of us can think and worship, is there not something to be said for these new times in which we live? It

is only the religion that is merely conventional and second-hand that need go under in these disturbed days.

The Golden Time to Come

Here, then, we stand, not envying those who lived before us or counting them more fortunate than ourselves, but grateful for all they have handed down to make our own lives so rich in opportunity. There were golden ages in the past, and there will be golden ages in the future. But the thing that makes any age really golden is hopeful effort to lift it to a higher level and to make it the precursor of something better still. The fairy tales of children begin, harmlessly enough, with "Once upon a time." The minds of the youngsters are none the worse for running riot among the wonderful yesterdays of imagination. But the fairy tales of grown men and women must find their inspiration in the future rather than in the past. Their spring-board should be "It shall come to pass," and to-morrow must hold the fulfilment of their fine hopes.

Is there any better way than this to make a happy and satisfying use of our lives? It steers safely between disabling pessimism and shallow optimism, and brings us out into the open, where there are fresh breezes and stirring adventure that, bravely faced, will bring out all that is best in us.



The Quotation

In this time we are to live and wrestle, and in no other. Let us humbly, manfully, look at it, and we shall not wish that the sun could go back its ten degrees, or that we could go back with it. If easy times are departed, it is that the difficult times may make us more in earnest; that they may teach us not to depend upon ourselves. If we are not fit to cope with that which God has prepared for us, we should have been utterly unfit for any condition that we imagine for ourselves.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.



THE PRAYER

BUILD in our souls great expectations, high imaginings of love's triumph and the coming glory of Thy righteous kingdom, large thoughts of the value of the souls of men. When troubles come, may we not be shaken, but stand fast. May every fresh difficulty be the occasion of a fresh revelation of the strength Thou hast given us. Make us glad that we live in this day of high demand and opportunity, and enable us to fulfil our part without dishonour.



A SILENT REVOLUTION

Frock Coat and Silk Hat

TWENTY years ago I came up to the office in a frock coat and silk hat. These desirable adjuncts bore witness—despite the youthfulness of their wearer—to the dignity of the editorial position. They denoted a certain status, gave the touch of dignity that the world of that day required of its cashiers, doctors, editors. I toured the provinces in that attire—which, by the way, was more economical than it looked: silk hats will stand the weather and last longer than most other headgear as long as they are kept brushed and ironed. I even, on one memorable occasion, went paddling in my frock coat and silk hat. (It was a deserted sea coast in Northumberland, and after a hard week's work youthful spirits overcame editorial dignity, and hence the lapse.) The silk hat and frock coat were the hall marks of a gentleman. And even when softer fashions were creeping in they were the rule absolute for church and formal occasions. I remember the first time I omitted them when going to church. It was a very hot Sunday in August. I had been "decently" dressed in the morning, but in the evening I put on a jacket and a straw hat and shamefacedly slipped into church. But I did not enjoy the service.

A Silent Revolution?

Fashions change, and they say that silk hats will yet come into their own again. Maybe. But is the passing of the silk hat merely a change of fashion, or does it denote a silent revolution of a very thorough character? I rather think it does.

Last Sunday at the church I attended the preacher said that nowadays people did not

want to hear "pie pie." I do not quite know what that expression means, but its use, unchallenged, in the pulpit is significant. The sermon was quite of a colloquial character, just a "straight talk." Nowadays one of the old eloquent sermons we used to hear when we were younger would seem out of place. The rhetorical utterance so typical of politics in the past, with its polished phrases and carefully composed peroration has, too, had its day. Nowadays the nearest approach to rhetoric in the House seems to be the fervid declaration of a Scottish Socialist describing what life means in the mean streets of the Clyde. Otherwise Ministers of the Crown, in common with humbler fry, put their arguments in the language of the man in the street and let it go at that.

In business one used to rush to open the door for a lady and take off one's hat to one's governor. To-day one dictates to a young lady and slaps the "guv'n'r" on the back.

Is it all a matter of custom—or is there a social significance about it?



All-pervading Democracy

The answer seems to be in the democratic atmosphere of to-day. Not only has the working man the vote, but the char-lady also. We no longer believe in the divine rights of kings, but daily we have impressed on us the human rights of the working man. The old aristocracy has a thin time between the income tax and the trades union, and half the House of Lords consists of successful men of business. We are more and more being brought face to face with plain facts: reserves, frilling,

BETWEEN OURSELVES

rhetoric are of the past. We no longer hesitate to call a spade a spade—we go farther and use one on our own allotments. The bank clerk digging up potatoes—unthinkable symbol of new times: no wonder silk hats are out of fashion! True, snobbery still persists in odd corners, but next to calling a man pious you cannot insult him worse than calling him pompous.

Most people will agree that it is all to the good that we have escaped from the age of pomposity. One recoils with horror from the hypocrite who cloaked evil doings behind grandiloquent speech; one is glad that the man whose dignity would not allow him to speak naturally to an "inferior" has died out, and that business life is not clogged and choked with empty formalities that hide the truth. "Straight to the point and get on with the job" is the order of the day.



A Plea for Manners—

Having said all this, and being thankful for the signs of the times in which we live, is it possible, on the other hand, to put in a plea for manners? "Courtesy first," retorted a Labour member in the House of Commons the other day when some "gentlemen" Tories interrupted in an ungentlemanly fashion. By all means do away with the empty show, the ghastly hypocrisies of life; but is it superfluous to put in a plea for the old-fashioned courtesy, good manners, discipline, order? Surely there will never be an age when good manners will not amply repay for their cultivation. Frankness is an admirable quality, but one is not so much in love with it when it merely cloaks downright rudeness. I know a lady who prides herself on being frank, but her "frankness" consists in insulting all and sundry to her heart's content—and being righteously indignant if anyone dares to reply. Similarly I know a business man who detests "formality"—and will insist on cracking silly, senseless jokes on all ordinary occasions and special occasions alike.

Frankness, brotherliness, sincerity, and plain speech: these are qualities to be admired and emulated, and we can genuinely be thankful that we live in an age that extols them. But there is no reason why we should not go farther and add their natural complement of grace, tact, orderliness, decency.

We none of us want to go back to the days of the silk hat—nor even to the days

of the "brass hat" and its war-time associations. Still, in these days of hustle and jostle it does one good to see a graceful act gracefully done. I should be the last to plead for ritual in worship or in business, but I shall be bold enough to put in a plea for both to be done decently and in order. There is a place in life for dignity, for authority, and even for ceremonial. Pageantry is dear to Nature's heart—and to the heart of every child of nature. There are occasions that ought to be commemorated, congratulations that ought to be paid, milestones to be set up in life to mark the beginning and end of epochs—and all these things are spoilt, are worse than useless, if not done decently, gracefully, beautifully.



—and a Plea for Discipline

One is rather late in the day in putting forward a plea for discipline, even among children. Punishment is out of fashion, self-expression and self-determination popular even for youngsters. But it is to be hoped that we shall never in this country reach the state of things obtaining in America as far as young people are concerned. By all means bring brightness and joy into the lives of the little ones, give them room to expand, liberty to grow. But discipline is as necessary in nurturing children as it is in producing roses. And one has to start very young. I was in a public restaurant the other day near a rather elderly couple with a boy of about eight. The child was whimpering, protesting, sulking, the whole time. Finally the mother put him on her lap and fed him with a spoon! A boy of eight! Even this did not pacify the youngster, for he suddenly burst into loud sobs. By this time the eyes of everyone in that crowded restaurant were on the hapless youth. A lady at the next table must, I think, have ventured a remark, whereupon the irate father arose, walked across to her table, glared, and shouted: "You think you know how to bring him up better than I do? You mind your own business." This did not improve matters. Finally, the father had to drag the youngster out ignominiously, the child vigorously protesting the while.



Leaving it Too Late

Of course, one must not be too ready to blame other parents, but surely the story points its own moral. The trouble is usually that the case is left till the child

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reaches eight—or twelve—or more. It is as cruel to allow a child to grow up with its faults uncorrected as it is to let it grow up with a crooked spine or any other physical ill that attention might remedy. Would one advocate physical punishment for children of eight or older? Isn't the question rather unnecessary? I certainly believe in physical punishment where necessary—when a child is aged two or thereabouts; even at six months it may be judiciously applied with advantage. But to leave it till a child is eight is deliberately laying up trouble.

In any case, a child expects and respects discipline, admires (even if he does not

emulate) orderliness, appreciates and responds to the beautiful, enjoys a fitting act fittingly staged.

All of this may be old-fashioned or superfluous. Maybe my readers do not need sage reflections of this order; if so, your Editor can take the advice to his own soul: orderliness, self-discipline, the doing of right things in a right way are not natural virtues of the scribes of the pen. To myself, then, if to no one else, I will say: liberty, democracy, plain speech and no pomposity, by all means—but courtesy first, and all things done decently and in order.

The Editor

Hearing the Practice

By
Fay Inchfawn

WHEN Bunty does her practising
I put by many a household thing,
And sit beside her to o'erlook
The poor ill-used Instruction Book.

First come the scales. A queer,
erratic clash
Of stumbling discords. Then a pause
. . . then, *crash*.
She's off again, one hand behind the
other:
"That's all. I'm glad. For how I
hate them, mother!"

And, now, a tinkling exercise
Elicits grunts and ponderous sighs.
You'd scarcely think five fingers could
Be so much like five bits of wood!
Nor that one small soft face could
glower
So darkly, counting time of four.
And though 'tis marked diminuendo,
This ends upon a shrill crescendo!

At last the "pieces"! Now with
pride
The little sun-scorched fingers glide,
And lo, a tiny lilting air
Sings out from — nobody knows
where!
'Tis certain Mendelssohn would
grieve
To find his stately semibreve
Jostled along without a waver
As though it were a semiquaver!

That plaintive melody, "Long, Long
Ago,"
Rubs shoulders with hilarious "Keel
Row."
The "Scottish Bluebells" chime with
frantic glee,
And "Home, Sweet Home" laughs
out most joyously!

So then the book is thrust away
And Bunty rushes out to play.

I cannot make her see
That every melody
Was fashioned in the same time-
honoured way.
Yes, with the things she hates and so
despises!
That all the tunes she loves and longs
to play
Were just made up of scales and exer-
cises!

But, oh! it takes much more than
common sense
To apprehend such things.
It takes experience
And it takes wings
To know that Drudgery,
So dull and weary eyed,
May, in the years to be,
Become a radiant bride.
She only needs a little loving,
She only needs a little care
To make her glorious beyond our
knowing
And how exceeding fair.

The Ghost that Tapped

A Mystery Story

By

Ethel Talbot

MYRA didn't want to go and stay with the old aunts—not one single bit.

But it was no good saying so to her father.

He'd made up his mind.

"Look here, my dear," said he, looking up from his newspaper at the end of the table, while Myra sat in a housewifely attitude at the top. "Look here. Now that your—er—holidays seem to be indefinite, you should spare a week pretty soon, I think, for the old aunts. Yes, just send along a line to-day and suggest—!"

"Dad," protested Myra with a wrinkle between her brows, "you talk as though they were—dying to see me!"

"Well, aren't they? They were jolly good to me, I know, when I was a kid," said dad. "And—after all, they are your own flesh and blood, my dear. . . ." Dad's voice was stern. Perhaps he had noticed the wrinkle. Anyhow he meant to have his way, although Myra, just home from school for good, considered herself practically grown up. Dad was a Scotsman, and thoroughly clannish. Myra was half Scots, and she was clannish, too, in her way. But—yes, she was going to protest against going to the aunts.

"Last time, dad . . ." she began, trembling, looking inside the coffee pot.

"Wish I could go myself; that's all I can say!" Dad jumped up from the table, leaving—as the housewifely Myra noticed—a whole half-egg on his plate. "But with business really beginning to look up at the office I daren't—"

Dad was off, leaving his housekeeper, his only child, his adorer (all three being embodied in Myra) seated thoughtfully at the table.

"I hate myself in a way for not wanting to go," she told herself, drawing pictures with her fork on the cloth. "And yet—why should I hate myself? I'm absolutely sensible. If they wanted me, I should love to go; I'd go like a shot, but—"

She frowned.

But she went all the same. Dad was master in his own house. Even daughters with their hair just turned up and their

skirts as long as fashion would allow must knuckle under, as Myra knew. The polite little note to Aunt Hebe went off that very afternoon; and three days later Myra received a reply in one of those war-time envelope-saving covers. "Here's a relic!" laughed dad. "Why, it's Aunt Hebe. Funny old dear. Open it, Myra, and see."

The letter was very stiff. Aunt Hebe had received her great-niece's note, and, if Myra could find it convenient, her aunts would be pleased for her to pay them a little visit from next Tuesday. Very precise was the wording, but at the end came a postscript. "Your Aunt Maria is practically bedridden now; but she sends her love to Jack. (Your dear father)" was added in parenthesis.

"Funny old dear," laughed dad again, and Myra tried to laugh, too, but she didn't want to go. Not a bit. She was only tolerated in the little house where her great-aunts lived—so she felt—for the sake of the jolly little schoolboy home from India of years ago whom they had adored.

"Well, Tuesday is it?" said dad, staring at the page again. "This'll be bachelor's hall for a while, then. Any new gewgaws needed, Myra?"

Myra shook her head.

She didn't take much; she would need less than she had taken, so she deliberated when at last she was seated in the train. There wasn't much fun being home from school if this was all it meant. Dad didn't really need her. Ann, the general servant, who had looked after him for years, had seemed quite delighted at the thought of Myra's departure for a visit. "I wouldn't hurry home, miss," she'd said.

And she was going to people who didn't really want her. Myra almost wished that she was back at Roehurst—Captain of the Eleven; Head of the School; Senior Prefect. Why couldn't she take up a profession, but—dad had wanted her at home. "Here, buck up!" Myra enjoined upon herself at last, catching a glimpse of her turned-down lips in the little mirror opposite. "I've really not got much to grouse about, have I, when all's said and done?"

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She greeted Aunt Hebe on the station with as cheery a face as she could muster.

"Dad's love, Aunt Hebe. He wishes he was here instead of me! Long time since he's been, isn't it? But, what with the war—he came down for a day now and then on his leaves, didn't he?—and now, after a bit of a struggle, business *is* really looking up!"

She couldn't have opened her conversation more satisfactorily, it seemed; Aunt Hebe stood still in the road. "Oh, my dear, I *am* so glad. What with throwing up everything during the war—as, of course, he would do!—and then coming back and finding things at sixes and sevens, as he did. And with you at school;—earning scholarships, I *will* say for you!" Aunt Hebe almost spoke grudgingly, Myra thought. "Well——" She stopped. "Well, I'm glad!"

"You'll be liking an egg with your tea, I expect?" she continued suddenly, all in a breath.

Myra *did* feel inclined for an egg with her tea. And she said so. Schooldays might have passed, but a schoolgirl appetite still remained. Up in the tiny bedroom which she remembered so well from last time she waited about, wondering whether she should fetch herself some hot water; whether she should run down to the parlour; whether she should—what she should do.

"Ting-a-ling!" rang the bell. "Your tea, Myra," called Aunt Hebe. In the dining-room was a tray spread with tea and an egg. No one came in to share it, so Myra demolished it alone.

"Have you had tea, Aunt Hebe?" she called.

"Yes, my dear, yes. Now, what would you like to do?" Aunt Hebe bustled in again, looking, Myra thought, thinner and more gaunt than ever. And no wonder, the girl told herself, with most of the house-work to do. Aunt Hebe would never have a regular servant, so dad had told Myra; the old aunts were well off, but they liked to be left to themselves.

"Do now?" repeated Myra. "What about—going up to see Aunt Maria? She's in bed, isn't she? Dad——"

Aunt Hebe's lips had seemed to close nervously at the beginning to Myra's speech. They looked unclosed a little at Myra's last word.

"Your aunt? Well, yes. But—I want to warn you. Your aunt—if she should

speak——" Aunt Hebe gulped very nervously and twisted her hands.

"She's not very ill, is she?" asked Myra sympathetically.

"Not at all—not at all," Aunt Hebe snapped. "Not at all—I am just explaining, if you will listen. She has—ideas. Old people often have them. She is—years older than I am. If she should tell you——"

It seemed almost as though Aunt Hebe was going to weep. Myra was too afraid of her to attempt to sympathize. Besides, what was there to sympathize about? "All right," she said instead; "I'll remember. May I go up?"

"Talk about your—dear father. Don't let her start."

Myra entered the little sick-room feeling almost uncanny.

But Aunt Maria seemed delighted to see her. Last year she had been seated in the parlour knitting during most of Myra's visit. She had been a little bit too inclined, thought the head girl of Rochurst, then to lay down the law and dictate about things which didn't concern her. Now she seemed charmed to see Myra, and to listen to all that she could tell her.

"Dad——" began Myra, as requested by Aunt Hebe, and a one-sided conversation flowed evenly on for some while.

It was only as Myra at last paused to take breath that Aunt Maria put in a word.

"My dear, I am quite glad you have come. Young ears are sharper than old ones; and Hebe is, I think, a little deaf. She and I are about the same age, you know. For some time——" the old lady sat up in bed eagerly—"I have——"

Rather a quick turning of the door-handle happened next. In came Aunt Hebe.

Myra felt quite "queer," so she told herself, as she found herself dismissed downstairs. There had been nothing in the conversation. There had been nothing in what Aunt Maria had said; but—what was wrong with Aunt Hebe? Myra had a very unpleasant feeling that she had been listening at the door and had come in at an opportune moment to stem Aunt Maria's confidences in the flood.

It wasn't she, however, who brought up the subject again, it was Aunt Hebe. She brought in supper on a tray for Myra, and sat to watch the girl eat it.

"My dear," she protested, waving her hands, "you must let old people alone, if you please! I have had my supper at my

THE GHOST THAT TAPPED

own time, and you must conform to the rules of my little house. When you come here, you are welcome, for your father's sake. You were telling your Aunt Maria——?"

There was something so forbidding about Aunt Hebe's manner that Myra hardly dared to ask whether she might carry her demolished supper-tray into the kitchen. "I suppose you still have the same good charwoman?" she ventured.

Aunt Hebe evidently didn't hear. Instead of replying, she turned suddenly. "My dear, I heard, as I was entering the room, your Aunt Maria begin to speak to you, as I feared she would—of—sounds. Well, I must explain."

"Sounds?" repeated Myra, staring.

"Sounds!" repeated Aunt Hebe firmly.

"It was my duty to come in then, and I did so. But before you see her again, I had better let you know, here and now. Your Aunt Maria imagines things; old people will—she is years older than I am. She thinks she hears sounds, my dear. Do not encourage her. As for—ghosts——!"

"Ghosts!" repeated Myra, feeling inclined suddenly to laugh aloud with relief. Ghosts! Of all absurd notions! Was this idea of poor old Aunt Maria's causing Aunt Hebe real trouble? "Oh, Aunt Hebe," she called, "but—that's absolutely *rich*, isn't it? Of course, I'll know what to say if she starts. And—thank you for letting me know."

"You may go upstairs, then, Myra, *when-
ever you like*, and sit with your aunt," said Aunt Hebe, with the first show of enthusiasm in her manner that Myra had noticed. "I am a little tied, just now——"

"I do wish you'd let me help you," began Myra. Then she suddenly realized that perhaps to sit with Aunt Maria would be the kind of help that Aunt Hebe would appreciate most. Upstairs she went, three steps at a time. "Aunt Maria, may I come in? I've thought of something I want to tell you. Dad——"

For the next day or so Myra spent most of her time in Aunt Maria's room.

It was on the second day that Aunt Maria began to speak about the ghost. She had been kept awake by it, so she said. "No sleep, my dear, until—about two o'clock. I should know for certain if I had my father's old repeater which used to be such a comfort to me on sleepless nights; but—Hebe tells me that it is broken. However, there it was——"

"Oh!" Myra tried to speak in non-committal tones. But she was truly feeling rather thrilled; sorry for poor Aunt Maria, of course, but—— "I shouldn't take any notice. I don't think there are such things



"It was on the second day that Aunt Maria began to speak about the ghost"

as ghosts nowadays, Aunt Maria," she remarked.

"No, my dear, perhaps you do not; but if this is not a ghost, it is some evil power by night, I fear. Tap, tap, tap," remarked Aunt Maria solemnly.

"Aunt Maria, what do you mean?" said her great-niece. "Tell me. Perhaps if you tell, then—well, you won't mind it."

Aunt Maria accordingly began.

The story was long, but in the dreary waste of this dullish holiday, an interesting ghost tale—true or not true—provided a welcome oasis. Aunt Maria had heard a tapping which could not be accounted for. So much was certain. She had also heard other sounds. "But it's the tapping that troubles me," said old Aunt Maria; "because no one hears it but me, myself. 'Come in here, then, Hebe,' I said, 'and listen.' Well, my dear, on the night she came to listen, there wasn't a sound. What do you make of that?"

"I should say it's imagination, you know, really," said Myra comfortingly.

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"I've no doubt you would, my dear," said Aunt Maria.

"And besides, tapping can't hurt anyone," proceeded Myra.

"Tap, tap, tap," remarked Aunt Maria. "First, below I thought it was. Spoke to Hebe, I did. 'Nonsense!' says she, sharp as sharp, and truly I thought she was right for a while. Then tap, tap, tap, last night, just above——"

"I thought you said below," put in Myra.

Aunt Maria burst into tears.

It was her tears which made Myra really think. She began to understand that to a bedridden old body a "tapping," whether real or unreal, whether imaginary or non-imaginary, might be a very real trial indeed. She spoke of running taps, or pipe-water noises; she reminded Aunt Maria of mice and rats. "Tap, tap, tap," was the old lady's only response. "Well, my dear, I shall hear it to-night. Of that I feel convinced. Go to sleep and sleep well. I remember, when he was small, your dear father——"

Myra thought it best to leave her with dad's comforting name on her old lips.

"Did she——?" almost cried Aunt Hebe, running to meet Myra as she left the room of the bedridden aunt.

"Yes, yes," said Myra comfortingly. "But, of course, I tried to explain that it was nothing at all." Then suddenly she got the surprise of her life. Aunt Hebe, the gaunt, the stern, the forbidding, suddenly threw both her thin arms round Myra's neck.

"God bless you, my dear," said Aunt Hebe.

"Well," said Myra, going into her bedroom fairly nonplussed, but, nevertheless, for the first time in her life with quite a glow at her heart at the thought of Aunt Hebe's affectionate demonstration. "Poor old things," thought Myra, "I suppose they are most awfully fond of each other. Why can't I do something for them instead of just being visitor-ish? I don't believe that ever in my life I shall have a chance of being any real good. And—surely——" But Myra was a good sleeper; within ten minutes after her head touched the pillow she was away, away, away, dreaming of Aunt Hebe with that strained look on her thin face, dreaming that the ghost was attacking Aunt Hebe; not Aunt Maria at all! Tap—tap—tap!

"Hallo!" said Myra, suddenly sitting up in bed and pushing the hair back from her

eyes. "Hal—loa! Why, I'm hearing it, too!"

So she was. Tap—tap—tap! Quite a little tapping sound, but very, very distinct. "Not worth bothering—about!" thought Myra sleepily, "but I'll tell Aunt Maria to-morrow——" She was off in dreams once more.

She laughed next morning while she was dressing. "I wonder if I did hear it, or whether I dreamed it," she said. "If Aunt Hebe deigns to breakfast with me this morning I'll tell her. It'll be a bit of a change of topic after an endless chain of tales of poor evergreen dad." Down she went.

As usual her little tray was laid in the parlour. Everything ready except the boiled egg and the teapot. "Oh, if I only dared to help," sighed Myra, "but the stars would fall if I suggested it." She stood with her back to the mantelpiece waiting for Aunt Hebe to bring in the pot.

It was while she was standing idly there that she heard voices at the back door.

"I will see what I can do." It was Aunt Hebe's voice, clear-cut and cold as usual, but there was an intonation of fear, somehow, about the sound. Myra stood still. "You could wait till next week?"

A murmur of voices followed. Presently a well-tailored young woman passed the window and disappeared into the road. Into the room came Aunt Hebe.

"Your egg, my dear! You slept well?"

"Did you, Aunt Hebe?" asked Myra almost affectionately after the demonstration of last night.

"Why do you ask that?" inquired the old lady, turning suspiciously.

"Ware wire," thought Myra, turning to upon her egg. "I'd better mind my own business, or else—talk about dad!"

Upstairs things went more easily. Aunt Maria greeted her great-niece with enthusiasm. "A—splendid night, my child. I wakened several times; and the tapping had ceased."

"So glad," remarked Myra, deciding to refrain from mentioning her own experience of the tapping ghost.

She forgot it, too; and it was only brought back to mind by rather a queer coincidence. Aunt Hebe fluttered out of Myra's bedroom just as the girl was racing in to fetch a handkerchief. "Why, Aunt Hebe!" she called, stopping short. "Where's the London Cry picture from my wall?"

"Eh?" said Aunt Hebe. "How should I know?"

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Then she, as well as Myra, became aware of a long cord hanging from below Aunt Hebe's cooking apron. Their eyes met; they both blushed. *Why*, Myra didn't exactly know.

"She was—taking away the picture! Did she think I'd spoil it, or—what?" thought the girl. "Talk of mysteries! Tapping ghosts, and——" Myra stood thoughtfully in her bedroom for some little while.

Her thoughtful mood continued all that day. It continued on into the night. Myra was beginning to feel bothered, not so much about the disappearance of the picture—that might be accounted for in a dozen ways—but about everything connected with Aunt Hebe. Was she ill? Was she overstrained? "Oh, if only I could do something!" thought Myra, turning and tossing. It was after she had turned and tossed for some time that, quite suddenly, the sounds began overhead.

Tap—tap—tap!

Myra herself was overstrained. Quite suddenly, at the little persistent metallic tap, she imagined a crowd of horrors—false coin makers in the attic over her head; wireless machinists doing something or other contraband; even ghosts! On went the tapping.

"It's all very well," thought Myra, "to upraid poor Aunt Maria and say that she's imaginative; but there's *something* there! Aunt Hebe'd better hear it, too. She *shall*!" Out of bed crept Myra, over the passage.

"Aunt Hebe!" she whispered at the door.

There was no reply, and the very silence seemed a reproach to the listening girl. "She's worn out, she must be. She works herself to death. She'd sleep through—anything. I'll leave her. But—find out I'm going to." Upstairs went Myra to the attic floor above.

Tap—tap—tap—tap! Then a pause. Then a feverish tapping came from the closed door of the little attic-room just above Myra's bedroom.

"Now—for—it" said Myra to herself. *Why should* she feel so eerie. There *could* be nothing extraordinary going on in the little attic-room!

She pushed open the door, then cried out at the sight which met her eyes.

"My darling dad," wrote Myra next day. "You've got to come. And you will, I

know, when you've had this. Aunt Hebe's in bed now, as well as Aunt Maria, and though I can manage beautifully and all that, yet—you've got to come and take them away. And I don't know exactly how to tell you everything without muddling it all up.

"Oh, dad, they're so poor. Aunt Hebe's let it out to me now. I was beginning to guess, I think, but I couldn't put two and two together quick enough. Do you know that Aunt Hebe has been carrying on simply wonderfully for months. They wouldn't ask you for help. They just wouldn't. They'd got the idea that you, too, had suffered during the war, and that you would only rob yourself for their sakes if you guessed how things were with them. The house is theirs, but—well, they've practically nothing else. Those shares—the Barraconbas—haven't paid for ages; and—nearly everything in the house is gone. Aunt Hebe has never let Aunt Maria know how things have



"'Why, Aunt Hebe! she called. 'Where's the London Cry picture from my wall?'"

been, and she has sold things and told her, you see, that they have gone to be repaired, and all that. I think I began to have a glimmering idea that things were queer on the day Aunt Hebe took the last London Cry engraving down from my wall; I ought to have understood before that, for she gave me my meals alone, and it wasn't just because she was eccentric, as I guessed, but simply because she hadn't enough for us both to eat. Oh, dad, dear, the pathetic little scraps of paper I've found in the kitchen since I've been nursing Aunt Hebe—shopping lists, you know—'one egg,' 'one candle.'

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Oh, I can't go on! It's dreadful. Well, I really and truly *did* find out how things were, when I tried to 'lay' Aunt Maria's ghost. I told you in my last of how she thought she heard midnight sounds, and of how upset Aunt Hebe was about it; well, one night I heard them, too; and next night I crept up to see what they were.

"Dad, it's impossible to tell you about it without crying. It was—poor darling Aunt Hebe. Typewriting she was, with one of those awful pay-by-instalment machines. She was trying to earn money to keep them both going! She had advertised, and she had got her first 'order,' and she was working up there in the cold early morning. Dad, I could tell you, but I can't write about it.

"I can't ever forget the scene when I found her; but—well, at last she got soothed down and explained a little, and I did what I could. But next day—that's to-

day—she's really ill in bed. And I'm looking after them both.

"Dad, darling, look here. We've got to have them. I want them; may I bring them home? It will be something for me to do to look after them and cosset them up, and they're both beginning to like me a little, even Aunt Hebe. So—let's do it, you and I. There's nothing else to be done, for they can't go on like this. Come down when you get this, and order them round in your own autocratic way; tell them you're rolling in riches or they'll not come, and we'll manage. I *know* I could do it. And business is getting better.

"Your loving MYRA."

Wire received next day:

"Miss Hamilton: Arriving to-morrow. Have everything prepared for journey. Entirely with you as to future arrangements —DAD."

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Anglo-Saxon Chivalry

With Continental Contrasts

By Helen Beckett

The writer of this article, who is an American girl, has been "doing" Europe in a novel fashion—by tramping through England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, etc., on foot. Her "tramp" included a call at THE QUIVER Offices, and I asked her to write me some of her impressions.

IF there were no other bond between England and the United States except similarity in the high standard of relationship between men and women, this would be enough to make them stand together, and in their standing together they would stand alone, for no countries have, or ever had, a chivalry—the kind of chivalry that counts in history—such as England and the United States have developed.

The Age of Chivalry

There was an age of chivalry before America was, the chivalry of song and legend, the kind so few men practised and so few women enjoyed. Those were the days when a whole nation picked up the inspiration of the Chanson de Roland, and France was led away to the Crusades; the days when the halls of the knights rang with songs of the troubadours, when Tannhäuser minstrelled the praises of Otto and sang history in the castles along the Rhine; the days when Pope and Poet ruled Italy and the humanists made an art of love; the days when King Arthur's knights won their spurs but never brought the Grail.

When Labour was Dishonourable

Those were the days when only a few shared chivalry, when, as Emerson the historian says, "Labour was dishonourable," and chivalry was never practised by nor extended to the dishonourable. But now that labour has found its proper place in the scheme of things it is not only respected but it respects itself. This present age of chivalry cannot be called a romance period, for it is the chivalry of tramcar and underground, of lift and office,

of factory and thoroughfare, a chivalry for all among all, and nowhere is labour so honourable and chivalry so democratic as in England and the United States. The chivalry which in mediæval times manifested itself in respect for one woman now manifests itself for all women, through the love of one.

The Distinguishing Mark of the Anglo-Saxon

It is this general respect for all women that makes England and the United States different from the Continent. On the Continent the British or American girl soon learns to step into the street, not only to make room for the men, but to avoid an insult. I have ridden on the Paris subway every day for two months, and only twice did I see men give women places, and then the men were on their way to the smoker. I know about seventy-five British girls working in Paris, and nearly everyone of them says there is no use in hurting her pride everyday, so she leaves it behind when she goes into the streets. There are men in business in Italy and Spain who would not permit their wives or daughters to venture abroad afoot, and although of moderate means the carriage bill has become an item in the household budget.



The señora works all day in the market place, and if she has sold everything out of her basket, her tired nina may ride home on her head.

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A foreign Consul in Barcelona told me he was out walking with a Spanish "gentleman" when the Spaniard suddenly stopped to look at a passing girl. He could not see the girl quite so well as he wanted to, so he circled her in his course. The Consul told the Spaniard that if he ever did that again he would slap him in the face, as the girl should have done. The next day the Consul was called into police headquarters to identify one of his countrywomen who had been held there for four hours. The girl, who was walking on the street, had been molested by a Spaniard, and she slapped him in the face, whereupon the Spaniard called a policeman and said he had been insulted. The girl was arrested.

Built to Suit

All these observations may sound superficial and of little importance, but they are just so important that whole countries have been built to suit these conditions. The domestic architecture, the interior court of France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and parts of Germany, the lattice where women may see but cannot be seen, the heavy bolts and bars, separate apartments for women, peep-holes in the doors so that the caller may be identified before opening the door, gratings over the windows, high walls around the house and garden, the custom of riding when in public and the necessity for separate railway coaches for women as in Germany, all of them reveal that man must protect woman against himself, and that without protective devices women become the objects of the proclivities all men know all other men possess.

That a woman should detest that man is as he is may not be so serious, because that is something outside herself; but that she should wonder at and hate what she herself is—that is striking at the roots of things, the source of life. While the English or American girl is loathing that element in herself which is so cheap all about her, this thing that has been debased because it is valued by no man yet pursued by all, the Latin woman fosters what seems to be the very malady itself. The refined, gentle Latin woman, who steps from her shelter and is accosted and touched by men, does not show the resentment and indignation which one would expect. Instead, she really appears to be inwardly pleased, her vanity a little complimented that she should have received from most any man the attentions which the English and

American girl would consider indiscriminate.

Latin Men and their Women

While the Latin woman is protecting herself from every other woman's husband and she knows that every other woman is protecting herself from her husband, she is not forgetting to protect her daughter from other sons, although she is not instructing her son to respect other women's daughters.

This relationship between Latin men and women, the frank avowal that there is an appeal too strong to resist and that they trust only protection, some people call intellectual honesty. Assuming that all which is not honesty is hypocrisy, the American and English are certainly hypocrites. In spite of the fact that "Not failure but low aim is crime," there are many who would not give man full credit for having any ideals in which to fail, and at the same time think him more honourable for frankly giving way to impulse and not making any pretences about a single standard. But the splendid thing about the Britisher and the American is that there is a single standard, many a one not living up to it and knowing that he is not—either ashamed that he is not or bragging that he is not, thus proving that there is a better sense within. The "intellectually honest" method, of all men and women acknowledging that such ideals are in vain, having no conscience in which to register a failure, making no confession, bestowing no forgiveness, replacing no lost confidences, surely this is a morality easily attained—empty of effort.

It is this single standard that makes English and American girls expect the men they marry to marry them completely, sharing the responsibilities of a home, giving of their time, their comradeship, their confidences. The Latin girl expects no such thing. There could be little confidence between two who are never allowed to be together long enough to learn the meaning of the word.

Several English and American teachers on the staff of a girls' school in Spain tried—a thankless task—to introduce ideas of self-reliance, self-discipline, and arouse the pupils to a desire for something bigger in life than the generations before them got from it. Immediately the parents of the pupils threatened to boycott the institution, frankly saying that they wished their children to know only what they themselves

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were taught in their girlhood, and that no liberties were to be permitted, such as using the telephone, receiving a caller, even a brother or uncle unless he carried a note from the parents, or freely using the small campus lest they see beyond the gate.

Deceits of Restricted Girlhood

When these pupils have learned all the little deceits of such restricted girlhood and are getting old enough to learn something else besides embroidering, they are taken from school because they have arrived at an age when they make delightful companions for their mothers, who never appear in public without a maid or a daughter. The mother likewise enjoys the rôle of duenna. So the same ideas are propagated with each generation, the parents having no confidence in their children because they know well that their children have their full inheritance of tendencies, which, instead of having been strengthened against temptation, have been protected from it generation after generation, developing a weakness of character which finds its only safety in more and greater protection. Thus the Latin girl, like her mother, jumps from the embroidering and quiet patio, the inner court of the home, into a marriage which was arranged for her, and the man perpetuates the life of his father at the cafés. The café, a bleak substitute for what the English and American girl would call a home, is practically that to the European. The boulevard habit certainly betokens a poverty of home life, and an utter lack of communal interests between husband, wife, and children.

The Dowry

The dowry, never heard of in the United States and seldom in England, is such an important factor in Latin countries that it has changed the whole form of society in France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, and parts of Germany. A student at Oxford making researches in France for his thesis on "Feminism in France," found that even today scarcely a Frenchman will marry a girl without a "dot." In millions of cases where the money and love are not settled on the same person, the dowried girl goes to marriage asking no questions and expecting none of the "extravagances" as do the English and American girls. This custom reduces the percentage of divorces, because there are fewer disappointments, there being fewer expectations!

The Latin countries having had little but wars have such a surplus of women, all competing for marriage, that they reach out avidly towards it. They regard it with undue importance, modelling their lives and personalities closely to what the men of their countries want. Feminism makes slow progress in Latin countries, for there feminism is hostile to femininity.

The One Idea

Girls are taught from the beginning that marriage is their aim, their religion fosters the idea, their schools do not teach vocations that afford any alternative to it, they depend upon it and anticipate it so intensely that very few women study for a life work or profession with the zeal and love that so many British and American women put into their work. Marriage to most Latin women



The gipsies are the happiest people of Europe. They toil not, neither do they spin. They have no inhibitions and no respect or consciousness of class

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means freedom from bondage, a sort of emancipation from the family cloister, the shutter or the balcony. While she is making her debut the British or American girl, who perhaps has been earning her living for years or has been going about freely and confidently with the men of her set, regards her marriage as a cue for "settling down," to establish a home and new ties rather than as a liberation from the old.

Marriage and the Home

Such an attitude towards home is a serious one, so serious that many of our men and women do ask questions, discovering that marriage is too big a thing merely to be "achieved." In spite of the many careless, unspiritual modern marriages, the wreck and ruin about us is often a good symptom. When the ideals of one or the other have been violated, this is the time when the English and American is not a hypocrite. Whatever advantages the dowry may have, however many homes it may hold together, the girl would never feel any pride in a home that was held together on such a cornerstone, nor would the man respect that, the very cause of which he was not supporting.

Youth's Exclusiveness

Dependence upon the dowry removes a great responsibility from the shoulders of youth. The United States, a country founded on heresy, has a youth imbued with a dread that the traditional heterodoxy will evolve into tradition and orthodoxy. Youth will always attempt to keep the decisions and selections of life in his own hands, more proud of his choice if successful, the more bitter and cynical if it fails. This tendency in youth, so afraid that age will hold it back, so afraid that the generations will overlap, combined with the teaching that everyone must justify his own existence and earn his salt, has its reflection in marriage. This independence of choice permits independence of action, the young people having no debts to pay to the older generation, and the older generation exercising none of the control of a creditor.

So the home in America is regarded as belonging to the generation which founded it. Young people have their parents living with them in more cases than the young people live with their parents. This is as it should be, for if retrogression is not to set in, the home, even if it be only a

furnished room, with its influences and its power, should be in the hands of those who have a future rather than those who have only memories.

Romance and the Dowry

The idea of the dowry will always be obnoxious to the Anglo-Saxon mind, for to rob men of the satisfaction of conquest, the spirit of working for and winning something worth the effort, and taking away from women the inspiration to make themselves worth working for, would be removing the real cause of the splendid relationship between these men and women. The creatures of romance and natural selection will always claim that it is good for the individual, but whether it is good for the State is another matter.

Economy of Spirit

The standard of home life in the countries where the dowry is considered the panacea for marital troubles is an indicator whether or not it is the best thing for the State. There is an economy of spirit, a selfishness which expresses itself in interests for only a day and only the individual, which persists in Latin countries. In spite of the fact that the individuals of these countries, of small business and small plots, are the masters of their own economic lives, having much of the power over their own capital and labour, they lack the inspiration to expand and develop their holdings and their own capacity beyond the meagre needs which the European peasant and shopkeeper demand. A friend of mine, finding that he had too much baggage to carry from the station of one of the cities of Spain, asked a porter to help him. The porter reached in his pocket, found some change, counted a peseta, and told my friend that he already had enough to live on that day and that he could carry his own bags. There was no one at home demanding any more from him than a peseta, and there was no reason that the porter could see to increase his wages.

The Despair of Civilization

It is walking through these countries as I have done and observing the living conditions in Italy, the contentment in a cave-like stable; in France, where whole villages (even hundreds of miles from the war area) are still living with their cattle in what looks like a dug-out; in Portugal, where hovels are dug in the hillside and called

ANGLO-SAXON CHIVALRY

"home"; and in Spain, where a mouldy thatched roof is all that is asked from the world, that makes one despair as to the meaning of civilization and also as to whether the divine impulse is really disappearing.

"Birds of Passage"

Germany is different from other countries as well as from herself, the one part from the other. Germany contains the lowest city on the Continent (next to Rome), which is Berlin. Notwithstanding this and the fact that many of the people of Germany live in miserable dwellings and conditions, there is a manifestation, a symptom of a new relationship between men and women never dared before on the Continent. The youths and maidens of this movement call themselves "Wandervögel." These "Birds of Passage" fill the trains, the side-walks of the cities, and the beautiful mountain districts of southern Germany. They carry their packs containing the simple needs for a day's outing. They go hatless into the sunshine, the men with open collar, short knickers, bare-legged with sandals, and the girls with canes, bright-flowered frocks, picking at some musical instrument as they go, unchaperoned, unrestricted, and their mutual confidences unviolated. They love this new confidence just discovered in man and woman, they love their new freedom, and most of them look as though they love one another, a new sort of love now that it is being acknowledged, but a love as old as all time, for it has always been latent in all people yet never before expressed on the Continent.

The reluctance with which many marry, the careful weighing of the advantages or handicaps, is not always an indication of selfishness as it would seem from what a desperate young man said to me one day: "What must a man say to a girl these days to make her believe he loves her?" It is in Great Britain and the United States where men are still looking for the ideals they found in their mothers and where women are demanding from men the same that is asked of them.

A Hopeful Disappointment

But there is someone reading these lines who slams down the magazine and says: "This is not so—the two will never be reconciled—there is no happiness!" for he has been disappointed, he invested his all in an ideal love and it failed. It is in just such persons the hope of civilization lies. There can be no pessimism, no scepticism, no negation except that there be first a positive—no sorrow but that there be feeling—no disappointment but that there be expectation. It is all these lives still unfulfilled and all these loves that never attained the spiritual heights which we believe youth sets out to attain, that indicate men are seeking an inspiration for which they must make themselves capable and women are expecting fulfilment for which they will always make ready. So long as there is a quest with one crusader the standard is up, but when men and women take the easier way, finding nothing for the want of seeking, the standard drags and is in the way, and it is locked up with the nation's relics.



Needlecraft Pages

For After-noon Tea

An Attractive Tea-Table Set carried out in Crochet By Ellen T. Masters

FOR the teacloth border fairly fine cotton should be used, and we recommend "Peri-Lusta" Mercerised Crochet No. 70, obtainable in 20-gramme balls. It is often misleading to state any particular hook, for the sizes of these vary in almost every shop, and in many makes are quite different. In any case use a fine hook.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch, chain; dc, double crochet; tr, treble; dtr, double treble; sp, space. (The spaces are worked as in any other pattern of filet crochet, for each consists of 2 ch and 1 tr in the middle and end of a row and of 5 ch at the beginning. The number of the tr for the blocks is reckoned without the tr that finishes a space.)

Border of Teacloth

Begin with 50 ch.

1st row.—Miss eight, 1 tr, 2 ch and 1 tr, three times, 3 tr, then 5 sp as usual in filet crochet, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

2nd row.—5 sp, 15 tr, 5 sp.

3rd row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

4th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

5th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

6th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 15 tr, 6 sp.

7th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

8th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 4 sp.

9th row.—3 sp, 24 tr, 4 sp.

10th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 4 sp.

11th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

12th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 15 tr, 6 sp.

13th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

14th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

15th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

16th row.—5 sp, 15 tr, 5 sp.

17th row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

18th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

19th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

20th row.—6 sp, 15 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

21st row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

22nd row.—4 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

23rd row.—4 sp, 24 tr, 3 sp.

24th row.—4 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

25th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

26th row.—6 sp, 15 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

27th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

28th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

29th row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

30th row.—5 sp, 15 tr, 5 sp.

Repeat from the 3rd row till enough of the trimming is made.

When the CORNER is required, begin it after working any one of the tr bars between the leaf patterns as in the 2nd, 16th, and 30th rows.

1st row of corner.—4 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

2nd row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

3rd row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 7 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp.

4th row.—2 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

5th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 12 tr.

6th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

7th row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

8th row.—3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

9th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp.

10th row.—3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

11th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 12 sp.

12th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp.

13th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr.

14th row.—1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 5 sp.

15th row.—15 sp.

16th row.—15 sp. Fasten off.

Join the cotton on the opposite end of the last row and turn the work round.

1st row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

Repeat from the 16th row of the band of trimming till the next corner is wanted.

When the whole of the band is completed join the ends neatly, so that the pattern matches exactly, and work as follows round the INNER EDGE: 2 tr into 1 sp, 3 tr in the next sp. In the angle miss the last sp along one side and the first sp along the next margin.

Then, for the LACE along the OUTER EDGE:

1st round.—1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr in one of the edge sp, * 3 ch, miss two sp, 2 tr, 3 ch, 2 tr in the next sp, 3 ch, miss two sp, 1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr in the next sp; repeat from * all round. In the corner arrange so as to get 1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the centre sp.

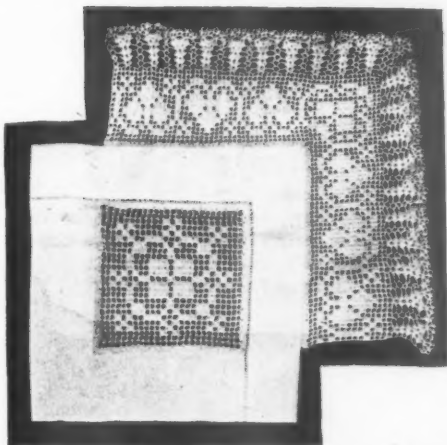
2nd round.—1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the first five ch, 3 ch, 3 tr, 3 ch and 3 tr in the next loop between tr, 3 ch; repeat from the beginning of the round. In the loop of five ch in the corner work 1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr.

3rd round.—1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr in the first loop, 3 ch, 4 tr, 3 ch and 4 tr in the next loop between tr, 3 ch; repeat. In the corner work 1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr in the first loop, 5 ch, 1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the second loop.

4th round.—1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the first loop, 3 ch, 3 tr, 3 ch, 3 tr, 3 ch, 3 tr in the next space between tr. Repeat. In the corner 1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the first loop, 3 ch, 1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr in the next, 3 ch, 1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the next loop.

5th round.—1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr in the first loop, * 3 ch, 4 tr, 3 ch, 4 tr in the first loop between tr, 4 tr, 3 ch and 4 tr in the next loop, 3 ch, 1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr in the loop of five ch; repeat from * all round. In the corner, 1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the first loop of five ch, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr in the next loop, 3 ch, 1 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr into the next ch.

6th round.—1 dc in the loop of five ch, 3 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch and 1 tr into the loop of ch between the groups of tr, 1 ch, then 4 tr and ch as before into next ch between tr, 3 ch; repeat from the beginning of the round and in centre loop of corner.



Showing the lace and corner, and the inset of the teacloth

7th round.—1 dc in loop of three ch, 1 dc, 4 ch and 1 dc into every ch between tr, 2 ch and tr in same way between next tr, 2 ch, 1 dc in ch loop, 2 ch; repeat from beginning of round.

Large Square for Teacloth

THIS square should be made with the same make and size of thread as that employed for the border of the teacloth.

In every angle—and, if liked, at intervals round the sides of the teacloth—is arranged one of these squares of filet corresponding with the pattern of the lace trimming.

For each square begin with 80 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven ch, 1 tr, then 24 more sp worked in the usual way of 2 ch and 1 tr.

2nd row.—5 ch and 1 tr for the first sp; 25 sp in all.

3rd row.—11 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 11 sp.

4th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

5th row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

6th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

7th row.—6 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 6 sp.

8th row.—6 sp, 6 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp, 6 tr, 6 sp.

9th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

THE QUIVER

10th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

11th row.—Like the 10th row.

12th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

13th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

14th row.—Like the 12th row.

Continue thus, working the rows backwards to the 1st and 2nd rows, which consist of 25 sp. Turn the work round and make a row of tr, putting 2 and

10th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

11th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

12th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

13th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

14th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp.

15th row.—1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

16th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp.

17th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

Repeat from the beginning of the 2nd row till the corner is to be made. Begin this after a repeat of the 14th row.

1st row of the corner.—1 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr.

2nd row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp.

3rd row.—4 sp, 9 tr.

4th row.—3 ch (for one tr), 9 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

5th row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

6th row.—7 sp. Fasten off.

Turn the insertion round, *not* over, and begin at the corner of the last seven sp. Work along the side of the preceding seven rows: 5 sp, 3 tr in the side of tr of the first part, 1 sp, *turn*, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp. Now continue according to the instructions already given.

Work the scalloped edge thus:

1st round.—3 tr, 3 ch and 3 tr in one of the sp, 3 ch, miss two sp and repeat from the beginning of the round.

In the corner work 3 tr, 3 ch, 3 tr, 3 ch, 3 tr, 3 ch, 3 tr, then 3 ch and continue.

2nd round.—1 dc between two of the sets of three tr, 4 ch, 1 dc in same place, 2 ch, 1 dc, 3 ch and 1 dc in the next loop of ch, 3 ch; repeat from the beginning of the round. In the corner, 1 dc between first two sets of tr, 4 ch, 1 dc in the same place, 3 ch, 1 dc in corner sp, 5 ch, 1 dc in same place, 3 ch, 1 dc in next ch between tr, 4 ch, 1 dc in same place, 3 ch and continue as before.

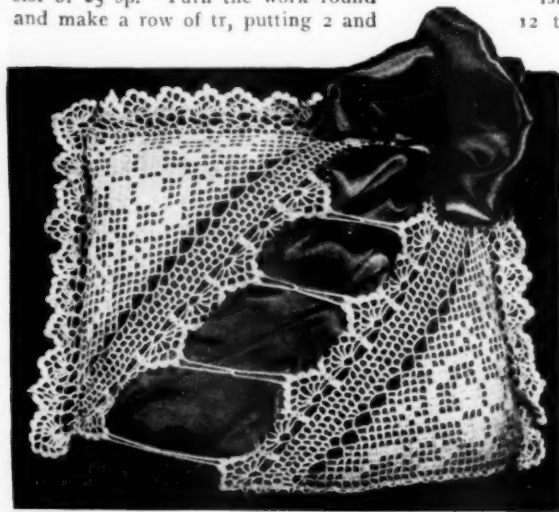
Set into the four angles of the crochet band are four SMALL SQUARES to correspond with the tealcloth.

Make 38 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven, 1 tr (for one sp), then ten more sp.

2nd row.—5 ch, 1 tr (for one sp), 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

3rd row.—Always turn with 5 ch and 1 tr for the first sp, 1 more sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.



A cosy of this description looks particularly attractive if a ribbon is chosen that tones with the china ware

3 into the sp alternately. In the corner sp work 5 tr, 1 ch and 5 tr.

Tea Serviette

FOR the border of the serviette finer thread than that chosen for the border of the cloth should be used. We recommend for this "Peri-Lusta" Crochet Cotton in a fine size, such as No. 80, or even 100 will not be too fine, and, of course, a fine steel hook must be obtained.

Make a foundation of 26 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven, 1 tr, work 4 more sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

2nd row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

3rd row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

4th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

5th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

6th row.—2 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

7th row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp.

8th row.—2 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

9th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

NEEDLECRAFT PAGES

4th row.—Like the 2nd row.

5th row.—4 sp, 9 tr, 4 sp.

6th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

7th row.—Like the 5th row.

8th row.—Like the 2nd row.

9th row.—Like the 3rd row.

10th row.—Like the 2nd row.

Work dc round two of the four sides of the square. The remaining two sides are then sewn to the inner edges of the angle of the insertion.

The foundation material should be carefully cut away under the little squares and the edges turned in and hemmed down neatly.

Cover for Tea Cosy

THE cover of this cosy consists of two triangles set at opposite corners and connected with bars of chain and ribbon by way of decoration. The work calls for coarser cotton than that employed for the tea cloth and serviettes, and for a cosy of ordinary size and wedge-shaped "Peri-Lusta" Crochet Cotton size No. 30 will be required.

Make a foundation of 95 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven ch, 1 tr, * 2 ch, miss two, 1 tr; repeat from * all along (30 sp in all).

2nd row.—5 sp, 6 tr, 7 sp, 9 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

3rd row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp; leave the last two sp and turn.

4th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

5th row.—4 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 4 sp.

6th row.—10 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 4 sp.

7th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 13 sp.

8th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp.

9th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

10th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 4 sp.

11th row.—4 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

12th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

13th row.—2 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp, 6 tr, 4 sp.

14th row.—4 sp, 6 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

15th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

16th row.—10 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

17th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

18th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

19th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

20th row.—7 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

21st row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

22nd row.—5 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp.

23rd row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

24th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

25th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

26th row.—6 sp.

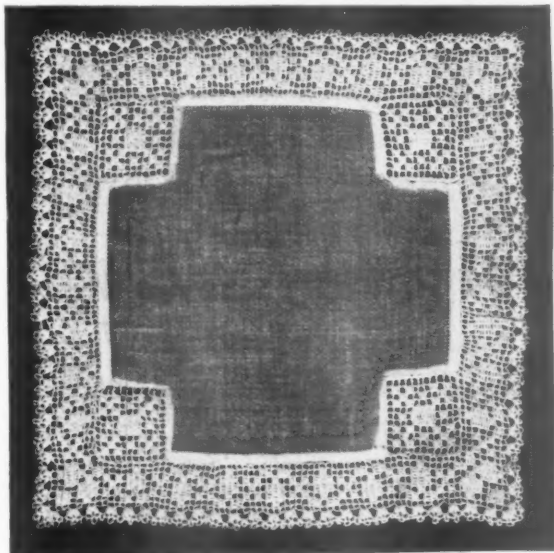
27th row.—4 sp.

28th row.—4 sp.

29th row.—2 sp. 30th row.—2 sp.

Work along the slanting edge of triangle next.

1st row.—1 dc in corner of battlement, * 7 ch, 1 dc in the space at next tip; repeat from * all along. At the end work 2 ch and 1 dc. Turn.



With its crochet border and insets the tea serviette is a very attractive item

THE QUIVER

2nd row.—5 ch, 1 tr in the corner of battlement, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch and 1 tr, 2 ch, all into the loop of seven ch. At the end put 1 tr into the corner, 5 ch, 1 dc into next ch, sp. Turn.

3rd row.—5 ch, 1 tr in the next sp, * 2 ch, 1 tr in next sp; repeat from * all along. At the end work the 2 ch and tr twice. Turn.

4th and 5th rows.—Like the 3rd row.

6th row.—1 dc, 5 ch, 1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the first sp, * 5 ch, miss two sp, 3 tr, 5 ch, miss two sp, 1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the next sp; repeat from *, 5 ch and 1 dc at end.

7th row.—3 ch, 1 dc in the first sp, 3 ch, then * in the loop of five ch, work 1 dtr, 2 ch, 1 dtr, 2 ch, 1 dtr, 3 ch, 1 dtr, 2 ch, 1 dtr, 2 ch, 1 dc in the sp before the three tr, 1 dc in the next sp, 3 ch; repeat from *, 3 ch and 1 dc at end.

8th row.—1 tr in the first sp, 3 ch, 1 tr between the next two dtr, 3 ch, 1 tr in the next sp, 3 ch, 1 tr, 5 ch and 1 tr in the centre sp of point, 3 ch, 1 tr in the next sp, 3 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr in the last sp, 1 dc in first sp of next vandyke, 3 ch; repeat from the beginning of the row.

9th row.—Turn with 5 ch and 1 dc in the first sp. In the first two sp before the point make 1 dc, 3 tr and 1 dc. In the middle loop, 1 dc, 3 tr, 20 ch, 3 tr, 1 dc, then 1 dc, 3 tr and 1 dc in each of the next two sp, 1 dc at the end of scallop, 1 dc in the first

sp of next scallop. Repeat from the beginning of the row, but change the number of the ch in the very long loops thus:

2nd scallop.—20 ch.

3rd and 4th scallops.—24 ch.

5th and 6th scallops.—30 ch.

7th and 8th scallops.—36 ch.

9th scallop.—40 ch.

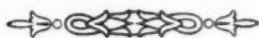
Later on the ch loops of the second triangle are caught into those of the first triangle which correspond in size. By way of a finishing touch a broad soft ribbon is run over and under these bars and made into a bunch of loops at the top right-hand corner.

For the two straight edges work as follows:

1st row.—1 dc, * 2 ch, 1 dc in next sp, 4 ch, 1 dc in next sp. Repeat from * all along, putting one of the larger loops in the corners. Work next like the 6th row of the border, but put only 1 tr instead of three.

This scalloped finish is needed along only one side of the second triangle, the remaining straight margin sets at the bottom of the cosy and the first row of the border is quite enough as an edging.

This completes one side of the cosy. On the reverse side, no ribbon rosette is needed, and the scalloped border, too, is not wanted. The two sections are sewn together just below the edging, which serves as a finish to both back and front of the cosy.



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Tools, and How to Use Them

By Judith Ann Silburn

NO workman can do grade A work without efficient tools. So, in housework, the house manager who obtains the best results is the one who pays attention to the machinery in her house. Adequate plant is quite as important for doing housework as it is for carrying out the work in a factory.

Two Objects

All domestic tools and implements should be purchased with two objectives in view: firstly, the saving of labour; and secondly, economy. By economy is meant not only time but also money. Every tool in a house should justify its existence. Each individual appliance should be a necessary part of the whole household plant. If it is not, it is merely taking up room and making work, for it naturally has to be kept in order.

Cheap tools are no economy. In the first place they are generally badly finished, and they are usually made of inferior materials, so that, as a rule, they will not stand much hard wear. This is particularly the case in buying metal goods. The latter are made in so many qualities.

The simpler a tool is in construction the better. Intricate machinery is difficult to keep clean, and when it gets out of order it means a good deal of expense. It should also be borne in mind, too, when purchasing any equipment that it has to be cleaned, so do not buy articles which require a great deal of cleaning. This is particularly necessary to remember in buying the numerous small kitchen tools, such as basins, kitchen spoons, measures, colanders, etc. White enamel and plain white wood are far easier to keep clean than tinned

iron. China moulds turn out just as good dishes as copper ones, and they are far cheaper and no trouble to keep in order. Fireproof ware for cooking food in saves a great deal of cleaning, so do good iron pans with enamel linings.

Save Fatigue

As one of the objects in buying any tool is to save fatigue, no implement should be bought which is tiring to use. A great deal of unnecessary fatigue is caused by working on the hands and knees, and there is no need to do it. A dustpan and brush with long handles are just as easy to use, and just as efficient as the short-handled kind. By the way, in using a dustpan many people seem to find a difficulty in keeping the dust from flying about. If a little salt be sprinkled over the dust from time to time this will not happen. The salt is heavier than the dust, and keeps it down. Long-handled mops, both for polishing the linoleum and washing stone or board floors, also save stooping. Do not make the mistake of using either of those mops to pick up dust, as otherwise the mop merely becomes matted and will not do its work. Always sweep first! It is by employing tools in the correct way that they last.

Two Centres of Work

The work of every house is governed from two main centres: One is the housemaid's closet, and the other the kitchen. Let us take first of all the housemaid's closet. Whether it be cupboard or closet will naturally depend on the size of the dwelling, but it is essential that there should be some place for keeping all the brooms, brushes and general cleaning paraphernalia tidy.

THE QUIVER

All brooms should be hung up. If they are left about the bristles get spoilt, and also they get very dirty. Small brushes should be hung downwards from the handle, but long-handled ones should rest on two small brackets. Every closet, if possible, should have a slop sink for washing out dusters and cloths, and also for emptying dirty water. There should also be a number of shelves to hold the cleaning materials for brasses, boots, grates, windows, etc., and each shelf ought to be labelled. One might be marked "brights" and contain the silver and brass boxes with all their necessary brushes and cloths, while another could have clean dusters, cloths, rubbers, and so on. A good pail, two or three papier mâché bowls for washing china in, and a cinder pail with a sifter, dust-sheets, a pair of light steps, housemaid's gloves, coarse aprons and cleaning materials should all be found in the housemaid's closet. Nothing should ever be put away with dust in it. Every duster and brush ought to be well shaken, and all these implements properly washed from time to time. Any electrical appliances should also be housed here, and do not forget that the latter want occasional oiling.

Kitchen Equipment

Now let us turn to the kitchen domain. In buying kitchen equipment the housewife must be guided by the amount of cooking she is going to do and the number in family. Also, it depends a great deal on the kind of cooker used what pans will be required. Gas and electric cookers, for instance, are not nearly so hard on pans as an open coal range. Electric stoves need very flat-bottomed pans of good block aluminium or steel. The size of a pan is very important. It is useless to have large utensils for a small family, as half the time the food is wasted by evaporation through being cooked in too large a pan. Food is very often scorched in this way, and once the bottom of a thin pan "catches," it is apt to burn the next time it is used. There is much in the shape of a pan. A square-sized pan cooks better than one which slopes outwards. Utensils which cook several dishes at one time are exceedingly useful. A good steamer which can accommodate a pudding, several vegetables, and possibly a piece of steamed fish, is a great boon and saves gas. A self-roasting dish for meat cooks a joint with the minimum of trouble, and saves basting.

Use Your Tools for Their Proper Purpose

Never use any cooking utensil for the wrong purpose. Do not, for instance, use the bottom of a steamer to stew food in, or a milk saucepan for anything except boiling milk or milky foods in. Asbestos mats should always be placed under thin pans, the kind with a wire protector top and bottom is the best to buy, as the wire protects the asbestos from the weight of the pan. If enamel-lined pans are used the best quality ought to be bought, as these are less likely to chip, and once enamel is allowed to get chipped food will burn if cooked in the pan. Saucepans which are used for cooking starchy food in should be soaked in cold water afterwards. Greasy pans require hot soda water to clean them, but never use soda for aluminium or enamel. If these are very greasy a little soft silver sand will generally be all that is necessary. All saucepans should be kept in a dry place, and so placed that air can get inside them. A pot-stand is most useful, but if pans are put on a shelf the latter should be one that allows the saucepans to project over the edge.

Nothing cuts down the work of preparing food so much as having the necessary implements near at hand. The kitchen cabinet is too well known to need description; it serves as an annexe to the store-cupboard and as a place for making pastry and preparing small dishes. There should be also, however, in every kitchen a meat and vegetable preparing table. It need not be large, but it should be fully equipped with sharp meat and vegetable knives, meat-chopper and chopping-board, a spring balance, a mincer (as simple a one as possible), colanders, spice-box, meat and vegetable cutters, sieves, iron and wooden spoons, skewers, larding needles, and various small implements for preparing meat and vegetables.

Keep Knives and Cutters Sharpened

Some of these can be hung above the table, others, such as small cutters and needles, etc., can be kept in a drawer underneath the table. Knives can be stuck in a wooden groove against the wall behind the table. Above all, see that all cutters and knives are kept sharp. Blunt tools are no use. Every household should possess an adequate sharpener, and do not forget a

THE ETHICS OF THE BOILING POT

really efficient tin-opener, one that does not jag the sides of the tin and cut the fingers!

A hanging book-case is quite a good thing to have in a kitchen for keeping small necessities on, such as lemon-squeezers, measures, etc. Basins with measurements marked on them are absolutely essential in

every kitchen. Fat and oven thermometers are other tools which should find a place if very much cooking is done.

Lastly, do not forget to have a good kitchen clock and a store indicator. In a word, have business-like tools and the work will be done efficiently.

The Ethics of the Boiling Pot

Plain Cooking Hints

By

Mary Warren

CAN you boil a potato? No, this is not a foolish question, but a real honest-to-goodness query. Seriously, *can* you boil a potato—that is, can you boil it so that it will make its appearance on the table mealy, white, dry, and so inviting that it can be eaten merely with salt, and heartily relished? Likewise, can you boil an egg, or a piece of beef, or a cabbage, or the breakfast cereal, or perhaps a pudding or dumplings, so that they will be tempting, nourishing, digestible?

Boiling is so simple a cookery process that one scarcely gives it a thought, and until the meat arrives before the carver, ragged and uninviting, or the potatoes are soggy and watery, or the cereal a pasty mess, one does not realize that there is a right and a wrong way to boil foods, just as there is a right and a wrong way in every other culinary operation. Most of us are content with just dropping the meat or whatever is to be cooked into water—tepid, hot, cold, or boiling, as may be most convenient—and letting the stove do the rest; as a result, we seldom have satisfactory dishes—dishes we would like. Therefore, in this article I propose to explain just what boiling means, how important it is that it be properly done, and the best ways of cooking by boiling some of the meats, vegetables and other foods which are suited to such a mode of cookery.

What is Boiling?

Of course everyone who has studied the subject even a little knows that boiling, in culinary terms, means applying heat to foods through the medium of water of 212 degrees F. But there are many ramifications of boiling—steaming, for instance, is a form of boiling, and so are simmering, stewing, and even braising, though some

authorities claim this last operation to be a sort of cross between roasting and boiling; but I regard it as a species of stewing. So boiling is really rather a complicated matter.

Water boils at 212 degrees F. at sea level; as one goes into higher altitudes it boils at a lower temperature, but 212 degrees F. is taken as the standard in most parts of this country. Milk boils at 214 degrees F., and other substances at various other temperatures. But water is what we are chiefly concerned with, and it is interesting to note the changes which it undergoes while it is reaching the boiling temperature.

First, small bubbles form on the bottom of the saucepan almost as soon as it is placed over the fire, even though the water be quite cold. Then, as the water becomes warm the bubbles grow larger, and because they are filled with a form of gas, like balloons, they will ascend to the surface of the water, and there they burst, sending forth the gas they contain in the shape of steam. Soon the whole surface of the water is filled with these steam bubbles, but the water is not boiling yet, and it would be a mistake to place in it any article which your recipe tells you to immerse in boiling water; in fact, the temperature has probably only reached 185 degrees, or the simmering stage, when these bubbles appear. The thermometer must register 212 degrees before the water is actually boiling; when this occurs the whole surface will be in furious motion, and in just the right condition to cook successfully potatoes and most of the tougher vegetables.

And here is a curious fact about boiling water: It will never get one jot hotter than 212 degrees, no matter how you poke the fire or increase the flow of gas under the

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kettle. Boiling water is boiling water, and the product in the pot will not cook a whit more rapidly for all the heat you may give it.

Steam is the next stage, so there is nothing whatever to be gained by keeping the fire at an intense heat, once the water has attained the boiling point; a very small amount of heat will keep it there, so you can readily understand how fuel is wasted by a person who does not entirely comprehend these facts in physics. Meats to be cooked by boiling, vegetables, cereals, suet puddings and dumplings all require to be placed in actually boiling water; but many times the heat is later reduced to 185 degrees or even lower.

The Simmering Stage

To go back to that stage of the heating of the water when the bubbles begin to form and break in rather quick succession on its surface—this, as I have explained, is the simmering stage, and one of the most useful and least appreciated forms of boiling. It is simmering which produces rich soups, tender hams, tongues and corn-beef, and succulent green vegetables of the delicate kind such as peas, Lima beans, asparagus, and the like.

The water, or the soup, or other liquid in simmering should never go to a higher temperature than 185 degrees, and it would be well, until one has thoroughly mastered boiling in all its branches, to cook by the aid of a thermometer, for there are such implements usually to be found in house-furnishing shops or department stores, which are made expressly for culinary operations.

The next form of boiling is termed stewing. It differs from simmering in that only a small amount of liquid is used to cook the article, while in simmering the product is immersed in many times its bulk of water or other liquid. Braising demands scarcely any water at all, for the juice of the meat—since this form of cookery is used almost entirely for meat preparation—supplies almost all of the moisture necessary.

Then we have steaming, which is much like boiling, except that the vegetable or meat or pudding is cooked over the boiling water, not in it, as in boiling. But steaming is particular work, for one must be so careful never to permit the water under the steamer to cease boiling for a moment, as disastrous results would follow. Nor is it wise to replenish the water in the saucepan, as it diminishes, with cold water, for

that would check the boiling, and the product in process of cooking would become heavy and indigestible. So it is well, when steaming any object which requires an hour or more, to keep the tea-kettle well supplied with boiling water, and to use this for filling the saucepan, should it become necessary.

Steaming is Satisfactory

On the other hand, steaming is the most satisfactory method of cooking many food products. Corn, potatoes, green vegetables and other delicate things lose much of their flavour and colour if immersed in boiling water, but retain all of these qualities when steamed.

Boiled beef is a most inviting dish when it is well cooked, and anyone who has ever eaten a well-cooked dinner of boiled mutton or lamb with caper sauce will tell you of its deliciousness. Boiled fowl is also most satisfactory, served either hot or cold, and a tough old rooster or hen may be made into a most delectable dish if properly boiled and served with Hollandaise sauce or some other tasty accompaniment. Or it may be made into Chicken à la King, or salad, or creamed into pattie shells, and cannot be distinguished from the most tender young pullet. Boiled pork is wonderfully good, too, and makes a delicious and digestible cold dish, or a most successful salad, dressed like chicken salad. But—and this is most important—the boiling must be correctly done, or the beef or mutton or fowl will be a dismal failure.

The first essential in boiling, as in roasting meat, is to sear it well, so that the juices will not escape. You can sear meat in boiling water just as you can in the oven, though of course you cannot brown it. When boiling meat of any kind, therefore, except salt or smoked, plunge it into water that has reached 212 degrees F., cover the saucepan and boil rapidly for two or three minutes—no longer. Then reduce the heat so that the water barely simmers, and keep it there until the meat is done. A piece of beef weighing five or six pounds will require about four hours; a leg or shoulder of mutton, four to five hours; a leg of lamb, two and a half to three hours; a three-pound fowl, if old, about three hours, and so on.

You can judge for yourself when the meat is done, as it will be tender when pierced by a fork. No salt is added to the meat until it is half done, for salt will draw out

THE ETHICS OF THE BOILING POT

the juices and flavour. Long, slow cooking will ensure tender, juicy, richly flavoured meat, while rapid boiling, though it may reduce to rags the connective tissues which join the little bundles of fibre, will never make those fibres themselves tender. You cannot hurry the boiling of meat, but you can make it unfit to eat by trying to do so.

Naturally, during the process of boiling, just as in roasting, some of the juice will escape from the meat, and so we may make our boiling piece or fowl do double duty by supplying us with a good vegetable soup or stock, as well as with the main dish for dinner. Therefore, when putting your meat into the boiling water, it is well to add also an onion in which a clove or two has been inserted, a carrot cut in pieces, perhaps a turnip, a bit of parsley and celery, and a tiny segment of bay leaf. These savouries will add to the flavour of the meat, and at the same time will flavour the liquid which later is to do duty as a broth or soup. After the meat is done, remove it and boil the liquid down, uncovered, to about two-thirds of its original quantity; then strain and set aside to cool. Later you may skim the grease from it, and use it for stock, or for sauces or gravies.

Retain the Minerals and Salts

Fresh vegetables all require boiling water, if they are to retain their full quota of minerals and salts and other wholesome qualities; but while potatoes and turnips and carrots and all the other desirable substantial things which are built up on a cellulose or woody construction should be given plenty of water and kept at the boiling point for the whole duration of their cooking, the delicate, tender things like peas, asparagus, string and Lima beans would be cooked to a pulp by such a proceeding, and all their delightful delicacy would be drowned. Therefore, while these vegetables should be placed in rapidly boiling water, the quantity should be only large enough to cover them and keep them from burning, and after the first few minutes the heat should be reduced so that the cooking is finished by simmering only.

Then there is the question of salt, which is of much importance in vegetable cookery. To obtain the best results, however, this simple rule should be observed: To all vegetables which ripen in the air add salt just as soon as they are placed in the boil-

ing water, or salt the water first and then add the vegetables. With those products which ripen in the earth, no salt should be added until the cooking is half finished, for salt toughens the cellulose walls in these varieties, while it brings out and intensifies the colour and flavour in the first.

Place Cereals in Boiling Water

For a dish of delicately white, mealy, tempting boiled potatoes, try this method: Pare the potatoes and trim away all spots or eyes; rinse in cold water and then plunge into boiling water; cover closely and keep boiling until the potatoes are nearly tender enough for serving, then throw in a cup of cold water and cover the kettle once more.

By the time the water is again boiling, the whole potato will be tender and will not have the tendency to break and crumble that it would if left to boil unrestrained till the centre was fit for eating. Adding the small quantity of cold water, you see, checks the cooking of the outer section of the potato, but does not affect the heat in the centre; so the cooking of this portion goes on, while the outer surface ceases to cook.

Now drain the potatoes well, place over the fire a moment or two to dry, then sprinkle with salt, and shake in the open air for a few moments. This will make the outer surface of the vegetable white and floury. Place the potatoes in a hot dish, pour a little melted butter over them, sprinkle with some chopped parsley and serve.

Cereals which are to be served hot are often ruined in the cooking. Almost every cereal is largely a starchy product, and each particle of starch it contains is closed up in a little case of cellulose, which must be broken quickly, so that the heat can have access at once to the starch; otherwise the product will be soggy and pasty. Therefore, in order that the cellulose may be quickly broken, the cereal must be placed in actually boiling water, and the cooking for the first few minutes should be rapid. Then the heat may be reduced and the cereal left to simmer slowly until it is finished. Salt may be added to the water in which the cereal is cooked, as it improves the flavour of the grain, or it may be added after the cooking has continued for a while—this is immaterial, the main point being not to forget it altogether.

Guests Without a Spare Room

How it is done
By
Agnes M. Miall

THE once ubiquitous spare room is now nearly as dead as the proverbial door-nail, and many people, in consequence, have almost given up inviting guests. This is a great pity, for, as Dr. Jowett said in one of his sermons, "Hospitality is the soul of friendship," and it is quite possible to practise it still, if we are content to offer less splendour and more simplicity.

In the newer countries hospitality of this kind is the rule and a most successful one. Travel in South Africa or the United States, and everywhere you will find yourself a welcome guest in a house without a spare room.

It is simply a question of ingenuity, combined with a willing adaptability on the part of the visitor.

Convertible Beds

It is always better, if possible, to put up a guest on some sort of convertible bed rather than to offer half a double one already occupied by a member of the family. People who are used to sleeping alone rarely rest well with someone else, and the average double bed which is habitually used by only one person develops a decided slope towards the middle. This means that two people sharing it sleep on mild hillsides or get jumbled together in the valley.

A far better plan is to have a fold-up bed which can be erected in one of the bedrooms at need. Army beds, consisting of a metal framework over which canvas is stretched, or concertina beds, also with canvas, but of wood, both fold up very small when not in use and are the best proposition for flats where space is very limited.

Is a Mattress Necessary?

Most households can furnish the necessary bedclothes, but sometimes an extra mattress is not forthcoming or it is inconvenient to find space to keep it. What matter? When travelling abroad I slept very comfortably for ten days on an army bed which was minus a mattress. A thick travelling rug, folded several times over the canvas founda-

tion, answered just as well. It is this kind of adaptability which makes the housing of extra people a comparatively simple matter even in the smallest household.

The "Settee-bed"

Another alternative, where there is room in the sitting-room, is to install a settee-bed. This is really an ordinary single bed with a spring mattress, metamorphosed by wooden railings along three sides and a loose cover harmonizing with the room. It has the great advantage over fold-up beds that it can be made all ready for use at night, enveloped in its pretty cover, and then used as a most comfy couch during the day.

The Divan Bed

The divan bed is another arrangement suitable for a sitting-room, consisting of a box mattress mounted on castors and with the usual loose cover. It is, perhaps, the most popular form of bed-couch just at present, but, lacking back or sides, to my mind it is neither so picturesque nor so comfortable for day-time use as the settee variety.

Practically every household boasts its round or oval mirror over the mantelpiece, which the guest housed in a sitting-room may use as a dressing-glass. The bathroom is available for ablutions, and the visitor who has no washing equipment in his sleeping apartment will naturally be given preference in its use.

On one-night visits the question of drawer accommodation does not arise, but for a longer stay it is perhaps the greatest difficulty. Space must be found in one of the bedrooms, or in old-fashioned houses the roomy bathroom will often hold a chest of drawers or a wardrobe. Failing either of these, there may be a little writing bureau in the sitting-room itself, of the type that has three drawers underneath. One of these could be kept permanently cleared for the use of guests.

Problem Pages

Careers—Work—Love—
and Life

By Barbara Dane

Teaching English Abroad

I AM asked by a young English girl if she can hope to live in Paris on a salary of two pounds a week, which she has been offered by the director of a teaching school.

I have been in Paris recently, and I strongly advise no girl to go there at such a salary.

The rate of exchange offers many advantages in the country districts of France, but one has to know Paris very well indeed to be able to live comfortably on two pounds a week, about 150 francs a week at the present rate. Paris is expensive, and there are so many Englishwomen living there who give lessons that I do not think my correspondent could hope to add to her salary by giving lessons privately.

Unless English references are given no engagement should be accepted abroad without an inquiry is first made at the British Consulate in the town in which the appointment is offered.

A girl who wishes to go to France for the purpose of learning the language should accept an *au pair* engagement, but she should insist that she has the same opportunity of learning French as she has of teaching English. Some girls who have taken such positions in France or Belgium have been expected to speak English all day in return for their board and lodging. Where it can be done an exchange of a member of the family is the most satisfactory way of learning a language. I know English parents who have sent their daughters to France to families who have taken the greatest care of them; in return the French parents have sent one of their own daughters to the English family to learn English. Of course, in making any such arrangement, the help of the Anglo-French Society or the Institut Français should be enlisted.

The Stage as a Career

What are the possibilities of the stage for a well-educated girl who loves acting?

This is the question asked me by "Diana,"

who tells me that her daughter of eighteen is most anxious to make acting her career.

I like this sympathetic letter, for it shows a real understanding of young people, and a sincere desire to help and not to hinder a daughter who feels a distinct inclination towards a definite profession.

Given a genuine talent for acting, the most necessary quality in a girl who wants to go on the stage is pluck. She will need pluck if she is to succeed, and she will need pluck if she fails. Many talented girls have failed on the stage, either through lack of pluck, or from ill-health, or simply because the chance to prove their ability never came along. An actress often finds that after several years on the stage she has to turn to something else to make a living; and at a time when many competent actresses are out of work it is certainly my duty to insist on this need for pluck.

You have only to look through the columns of any theatrical paper to find that a number of women whose names are well known to every playgoer are listed as "disengaged."

So, "Diana," if your daughter is faint-hearted, easily discouraged, and not strong, keep her away from the stage. If she is the type of girl who, finding that she cannot make her way on the stage, will turn with a brave heart to something else, then let her have her desire.

If she can get the chance to play small parts with a repertory company she will get valuable experience. Touring with a Shakespearean company is one of the best beginnings that any girl can make. In London there are reputable dramatic academies where girls are taught elocution and are coached in acting by experienced people. Such academies are often visited by distinguished actor-managers on the lookout for talent, and so offer a good opportunity to the clever girl.

Of course, you realize that in every year there are long periods of unemployment for the actress, who cannot hope for continuous work. Few plays run for four years, which was the record of *Chu Chin Chow*, and even

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touring companies have periods of "resting." Still, your daughter is far more likely to settle down into some other career, should her work on the stage be unsuccessful, than she would be if you denied her her wish and put her immediately into something else.

Experience is a great teacher, and sometimes a great consoler.

Home Work

Two or three correspondents have written to me asking me if I can help them to dispose of needlework. I much regret that I cannot undertake to find a market for home work, though, in the event of getting inquiries from would-be purchasers, I am willing to send them on to women who wish to dispose of their work. Well-made lingerie, in small or large sizes not so readily obtainable at shops as stock sizes, has a better sale, I think, than knitted wear. Artistic jumpers, of a type not generally seen in shops, are sometimes saleable. But the demand for home needlework is distinctly limited, and the quickest and most satisfactory way of disposing of it should surely be through one's own friends, who know the quality of the work and the skill of the worker.

A Divorce Question

A tragic letter comes to me from a London woman who gives no address to which I can send a personal reply. She has a comfortable home, but no income of her own, three young children to whom she is passionately devoted, and a husband who has broken his marriage vows. She says:

"I am torn between my duty to my children and my aching desire for happiness. I know that I could be happy anywhere with my little ones, and I think I could earn my living and theirs, though I could not hope to give them the education possible if I remained with my husband. He is fond of the children, but has not a sufficiently unselfish love of them to give up the life he is leading, and to be in reality the fine and honourable father that his children imagine he is. When my boy, who is now nine, gets a little older I am afraid that he will begin to ask questions, and if a break has to come would it not be better to make it now? To the outside world ours is a normally happy married life, and I have no friend to whom I feel I can tell the truth. I have written to you, therefore, in the hope that you will advise me,

for I do not know what to do for the best."

My sympathy goes out to this unhappy mother who is tormented by so big a problem. I imagine that most mothers who read these pages will agree that the children should always come first. If children can be spared unhappiness it is the duty of every mother to keep fresh their natural, joyous love of life. I am sure that almost any mother would sacrifice herself to secure the happiness of her little ones. But the point that arises here is that brought out by my correspondent: Is continuance of family life advisable when the marriage is unhappy?

If there is no hope for reconciliation between husband and wife it may be better to separate while the children are still young. There must inevitably come a time when the children will become aware of the unhappiness in the home, for even where there are no open quarrels the restraint and coldness between husband and wife become perceptible.

And it is not good that children should be brought up in an atmosphere of this kind. But divorce, I think, should be a last remedy. If it is possible, without taking that final and terrible step, for my correspondent to leave her husband for a time, taking the children with her, perhaps that may reveal to the husband all that he will lose if the break ever comes. If any mothers who are interested in the problems of these pages have any solution to offer of this very special and pathetic problem I should be glad to give their solutions here. I should like my readers to help with such suggestions occasionally, for I want these pages to be a means of comfort and light to all who are in sorrow or perplexity.

A Problem of Living

I am asked by a clergyman if I can find a home for a lady seventy-five years of age who does not wish to go into any kind of institution or nursing home, and who would like to be received as a lodger by some kindly, homely woman who would look after her if she were ill. The clergyman writes:

"I am afraid my inquiry does not quite come within your scope, but I thought I would venture to ask you if you have a reader living in or near London who would take this lady. She is not an invalid, and she gets about and enjoys life. But so few people like to receive old folk as guests and to make them really happy and comfortable that ordinary channels of inquiry

PROBLEM PAGES

do not answer the purpose. The lady is the widow of a clergyman who spent his life fighting for Christianity, and I should like to hear of someone who would give her board and lodging and nursing when necessary for a reasonable sum per week."

I shall be glad to forward any replies, but while I make an exception in this case, I am sure my readers will understand that I cannot turn these pages into inquiries for homes, paying guests, and so on. Only as this does seem a very real problem of living which cannot be solved by ordinary advertisement I am sure my Editor will permit its inclusion.

The Undomesticated Wife

The question which is puzzling a young man who writes to me is that of his undomesticated fiancée. He writes:

"Please do not think me awfully cold-blooded to raise such a matter, but I am engaged to a girl whom I love very dearly, but who is very undomesticated. As I am only a clerk getting £5 a week I do not see how we are going to live except by running our home on systematic lines. My mother is a very good manager, and while my fiancée is the dearest girl in the world to me, she is a bad manager, and knows nothing about cooking. I wonder if I ought

to postpone the marriage for a year or two or else ask her to take some lessons in housewifery. I feel shy about raising the subject in case I hurt her feelings, but in these days marriage may so easily be a failure on a small income that I think I ought to do something about it."

Isn't this young man just a little bit too serious? Hundreds of girls who are now admirable wives and mothers knew nothing about housekeeping at the time of marriage. A girl who has been earning her living from seventeen or eighteen has not had the ghost of a chance of learning cooking. But a girl who is intelligent enough to earn her living in business is probably intelligent enough to earn her living as a housewife. Of course your fiancée will make mistakes at first, and if you expect her, in the first few months of her married life, to cook as well and to manage as well as your mother, who has probably had twenty-five years' experience, you will make a great and a very unfair mistake.

Temperamental extravagance is another matter. I should advise you to trust your girl, and even if the suet puddings are a little stodgy at first and the English lamb a little overdone, you will find in time that your wife's housecraft is on the way to equalling your mother's.

"Becoming Young at Forty"

(From a "Quiver" Reader)

DEAR SIR,—It was with great interest I read an article in THE QUIVER of February, 1923, referring to "Becoming Young at Forty," which I think is very excellent except that I believe there is no need to *become* young! Why not keep young?

I write as a woman of forty-four years. I have a fancy I was born just ten years too soon, as when I went to school hockey and cycling were not considered lady-like (save the mark). My own parents were against any sort of exercise to take one out of the usual rut. I left school, and had great difficulty in getting a cycle, and only started playing hockey when I was over twenty. I am still playing, and am told I can play as good a game now as many of the younger ones. My husband and I have lately had a move to C—, where I at once joined the hockey club, and have been picked for four matches already, which speaks for itself, as I knew absolutely *no one* here to be favoured. With my old team last season I played every match, mixed and ladies, at the end of the season three in one week!

Tennis also in summer is a great help in keeping me fit; I have always been chosen for

the matches in that game. During the war I went as jobbing gardener, working fifteen hours a day in summer.

Five years ago I underwent an operation for fibroids. My own doctor, of course, sent particulars and my age (thirty-nine) to the specialist, who remarked that he must have made a mistake. Was it not twenty-nine he meant?

I had a fresh interest in my singing by taking alto parts instead of soprano in church choir, and I find it most stimulating to have to learn a new part instead of singing hymns, chants, etc., by heart! Also I am very fond of the piano, and read well at sight, which comes useful for accompaniments.

I certainly believe in a variety of interests, as one meets so many people with divers ones, and one can always then interest oneself in their hobbies.

My advice to all your readers who are "thinking" of middle age is "Keep keen." Don't let your energy flag; if for one minute you let yourself go flat it is as good as a whole year gone.

ONE WHO ENJOYS YOUTH AT FORTY-FOUR.

"The Quiver" Parliament

The Work of the Church Further Opinions from Our Readers

FURTHER interesting replies have been received in connexion with an article that appeared in our last January number dealing with the improvement of the work of the Church, and I have pleasure in awarding book prizes to the readers whose letters are printed below:

Clergy and Laity must Work Together

Your Special Commissioner's article hits the nail on the head—more than once—and I have read it with great interest. As an earnest Churchman, and member of the Church of England Men's Society, I am keenly interested in the infusing of new life into the veins of our beloved Church.

First, clergy and laity must each do their very best and work together. There are churches where the vicar is left to face a great task single-handed, and eventually breaks his heart. There are churches where a lazy incumbent passes on practically every duty which a layman can perform to devoted Church workers. One case is as wrong as the other. It is the duty of every Churchman to take a keen interest in Church matters and do his utmost for her well-being, but it is for the vicar to give a vigorous lead. He is a trained, educated man, a full-time worker, and a *paid* worker, and he should remember this.

In my humble opinion the abolition of pew rents and a better knowledge of each other between the parish priest and his members are the crying needs of the day. Systematic, tactful visiting of Church members and those who attend no place of worship are the most important part of a clergyman's duties. "A house-going parson makes a church-going parish." He should know every member of "the household of faith," and remember his duty to the lost sheep.

The Church should advertise more, go in more for the exchange of pulpits, and so "compel them to come in."

Parishioners should have the right to get rid of an undesirable vicar, and have the chief voice in the appointment of his successor.

Tenby.

JAMES A. RICHARDS.

Remove the "Clique" Element

The work of the Church is done by "the workers"—"the workers" being a special set or clique who, year in year out, accomplish the same routine. A work party? Oh, I'm not in the work party. The choir? I'm not a member. Collectors? Oh, the Misses A, B, C, D do the collecting. A prayer meeting? A few

faithful "regulars" are the "recognized" supporters of the prayer meeting.

Could not this clique element be removed? Could not each churchgoer tactfully and persuasively be assured that they have a joint possession in the Church and so be brought to feel, not the obligation, but the comradeship, the openness of all Church work?

Could the ladies who week by week attend the work party and close the door not try to make things less formal by keeping the door open and allowing people to come and go, allowing non-members to drop in and have a cup of tea and a few words of social greeting, and to look at and perhaps be consulted about the work?

There is too much of the closed door, and the same seat, and the same set in Church work.

Could the Sunday-school not have some surprises instead of its ever according-to-plan method? Could the teachers take any class instead of their own special one? Could the lesson one day come from the desk—shortly—and questions be invited? Could a stranger come in some Sunday and take the collection, and give a smile and a handshake to each pupil and ask if he might be allowed to tell them a story? Instead of the text being repeated by each scholar, could it not be rendered word by word round the class, then two words each, and then three, introducing a little competition and co-operation?

Could a few of the church meetings be combined?

Anything to counteract the terrible, terrible stiffness.

Instead of the few greeting the same few every Sunday, could everyone not smile and greet everyone else—just because it is God's House, and not their own, they are meeting in, and just because all are equal and all equally welcome in the sight of the Great Head of the Church, Whose name is Love, and Whose Love is Service?

(Miss) E. S. CALDWELL.

The Voting Competition

Our last Voting Competition met with the same spirit of enthusiasm that generally attends this type of competition. Readers were asked, if you remember, to vote for the three features they liked best in the January number, the result of which came out as follows: (1) "Standing Water," (2) "Things That Matter," (3) "A Wonderful Winter Playground." No reader's list, however, was given in this order, but in three instances the list corresponded most nearly to the above, so I have decided to divide the prize of One Guinea between these readers, whose names are as follows: Miss Hunter, of Londonderry, Miss Hoskins, of Horsham, and Miss M. E. Rose, of Derby.



Praising LUX on the Links.

GOLF ENTHUSIAST: "I'm glad you came along. How did you know I was playing?"

FRIEND: "I recognized the woolly cap and jumper."

GOLF ENTHUSIAST: "Yes, they're old friends, aren't they?—almost as old as my favourite putter, but they're comfy to play in, and one must wear woollens when there is a nip in the air."

FRIEND: "They look jolly good—quite as good as mine, and mine are new. How do you manage it?"

GOLF ENTHUSIAST: "They almost look after themselves. All I do is to give them a good sousing in a Lux lather occasionally—it's wonderful stuff, Lux—absolutely no trouble to use, and it makes things look as delightfully fresh as Spring flowers. What did you think of that surprising putt of mine at the 5th?"—*etc.*

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WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

In a bowl of warm water the beautiful Lux flakes are quickly whisked to a lovely cream-like lather. Gently squeeze the Lux suds through and through the texture—then rinse the fabric in clean water and hang to dry.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

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Lx 260—23



What keeps Mother so cheerful?



WHAT a busy, cheerful person mother is. Up first in the morning and in bed last at night, the whole day crammed with endless jobs all performed readily and kindly.

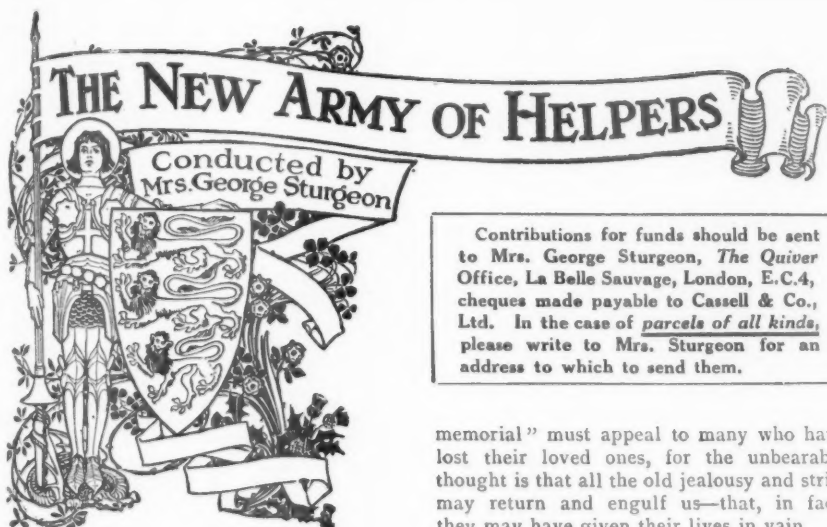
Mother knows how necessary it is to keep fit and well so that she can watch over her home circle and she makes a point of keeping her system toned up and cleansed of minor ailments.

*Beecham's Pills banish
Indigestion, Constipation,
Liverishness and many
ailments that make life
a burden.*



*They are the
Family Remedy*

Beecham's Pills



Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver* Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

MY DEAR READERS,—One of the most consoling memories of the terrible years 1914-1918 concerns the spirit of sacrifice and comradeship that swept away selfishness and self-consciousness, and one of the most depressing thoughts is that much of that spirit seems to have passed with the war. Those who have not interested themselves in the organization known as Toc H have missed a very inspiring experience, for it represents a magnificent attempt to recapture that spirit, and infuse it into daily life in peace time.

Toc H takes its name from the initial letters T. H. (pronounced by the army signallers "Toc H"), of Talbot House, of Poperinghe, and Little Talbot House, of Ypres, named after Lieutenant Gilbert Talbot, Rifle Brigade, the brilliant youngest son of the Bishop of Winchester, who was killed in action in 1915. These Houses, described as "a corner of heaven brought into the hell of men's and officers' lives," provided good cheer for mind, body and spirit from 1915 to 1918, and became famous throughout the British Armies. In November, 1919, the Rev. P. B. Clayton, M.C., Chaplain of the House at Poperinghe, and a few others who had been associated with him, decided to revive the Talbot Houses as a living memorial to the youth of all classes of society who had laid down their lives in the war. The idea of "a living

memorial" must appeal to many who have lost their loved ones, for the unbearable thought is that all the old jealousy and strife may return and engulf us—that, in fact, they may have given their lives in vain.

The power of a memorial in stone or wood, however beautiful, can hardly by itself make a better world—and it is the better world which we know will be their best recompense. There is a craving amongst people who think at all for high ideals expressed in a broad spirit and in highly useful and practical work—a craving which, incidentally, *THE QUIVER*, I think, understands as no other magazine understands. I am constantly hearing praise of its articles, which people tell me they find extremely interesting and invigorating; they are in touch with life and with the public's best aspirations. Toc H, too, has realized that there is an immense live desire to sink class differences and to work for the common good, and the movement has spread like wildfire. There are now branches all over the country, three hostels in London and one each in Manchester, Southampton, Birmingham and Swindon, while two more are shortly to be opened in London, and others in Sheffield, Bristol and Hull.

I spent a most interesting hour at the London headquarters hostel in St. George's Square the other day. The first words that greeted me when the front door opened were: "Abandon rank, all ye who enter here," and I learned that under the same exhortation in the original Talbot House staff officers and Tommies used to hobnob over tea and toast, to their mutual enjoyment and benefit. About twenty residents, selected on a definite scale, form the house

THE QUIVER

team, and include, as far as possible, four seniors between the ages of twenty-five and forty (e.g. a lawyer, a doctor, a business man, an actor or a journalist); four intermediates between twenty and twenty-five (men on the lower rungs of the business ladder, e.g. bank officers, clerks, assistant secretaries, junior civil servants); four students (e.g. a theologian, a medical, an art and an engineering student); four industrials (e.g. a type-setter, a railroad man, a shop assistant, a mechanic—preferably two trade unionists and two not); and four "youngsters," aged sixteen to nineteen, lately from school and beginning life as apprentices at various trades and callings.

It will be easily realized that here is a most interesting and unusual community, and that it is a happy and successful one is proved by the fact that all the houses at present existing are full, and that there is an insistent demand for more. Personally, I think that it is possible to diagnose in five minutes the "atmosphere" of a house or home; in fact, harmony or discord, unashamed materialism or wealth of interests are evident almost on the front door mat. And very soon I felt in the Toc H Hostel that all the good things were there. Surely the large houses of London, if they were asked, would much rather shelter such heterogeneous families as this than be defaced and disfigured and resolved into three or four telescopic flats whose unsocial residents know not one another! They are admirably adapted for the former purpose.

The large club room, overlooking square and river, invites all the amenities of leisure—rest, study and friendly intercourse. Here the weekly guest-night gatherings are held, when some "big man"—no matter in what branch of knowledge, so long as he knows his job—comes to speak to the members and to incite them to discussion. Residence in a hostel carries with it a twofold responsibility. Every resident pledges himself to be present on the guest nights to act as host to the other members, and also to devote at least one night a week to some form of social service. In practice this minimum is rarely adhered to. In every district many fine movements are starved for want of voluntary regular workers, and these Toc H is feeding with enthusiastic and able members. The Boy Scout movement alone owes to it hundreds of scoutmasters; boys' and men's clubs, after-care committee work, working men's colleges, municipal and

public work—in fact, "forward movements" of every kind find among its members helpers and champions. It is very tempting to digress, for the aims and work of Toc H are so liberal and so wide, but I must return to my tour of the house.

The dining-room with its long table gay with pink tulips was most inviting. The bedrooms brought many a sad but inspiring memory, for these are identified with the Christian name or surname of a man whose example is thus commemorated. For instance, one room was called the Donald Hankey Room, and several families whose sons did not live to come home have undertaken the furnishing of various rooms, and named them accordingly. Could there be a finer memorial than a room bearing his name, his portrait, and regimental badge in this little company that so ardently appreciates the qualities that he displayed, and is determined that they shall not have saved us in vain? There are several memorial rooms still to be equipped, and from £30 to £100 is the cost of this privilege. Once started, the hostels pay their own way.

Every hostel has its chapel, and very restful was the one I saw, with a window made from pieces of stained glass from Ypres Cathedral brought home in a sand-bag, and the beautiful Lamp of Maintenance, the symbol of Toc H. Many of you must have read of the wonderful ceremony at the Guildhall last December, when the Prince of Wales, who himself gave a lamp in memory of his friends, lit the lamps of all the branches. At the hostel in Queen's Gate Gardens one of the most precious possessions in the chapel is the old, worn carpenter's bench that served as an altar in the loft at the top of Talbot House in Poperinghe, where tens of thousands of men took Communion on their way from or their way to battle.

The Prince of Wales, who has been an enthusiastic supporter of Toc H from those days, is said to have declared that it is the best thing that has come out of the war, and one is rather inclined to agree with him. For it is not a society of war veterans, it is not a thing merely of the past or of the present; it seeks to unite boys and men of all ages and all classes and to keep alive and to transmit to those who come after the finest traditions of comradeship and common service—in a word, to conquer hate. It faces the future, and its influence on the future may be startling. A League of Women Helpers is being started for women

THE QUIVER

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WATER
WASHER



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a Copper as an Ornament?*

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all drudgery and
expense of the
Copper Fire.

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Now so many ladies are doing a good deal of rough work about the house, it is a difficult matter to keep their hands in a nice condition. If, however, they will get a bottle of

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(as pre-war)

and well rub a little into their hands after washing, they will soon find a

wonderful improvement take place, as this will make and keep them beautifully soft and smooth whatever work they may have to do.

TRY A BOTTLE.—We know you will be delighted with its effect! Bottles 1/6, of all Chemists and Stores all over the world.

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and pies lighter, more digestible
and so delightfully
appetizing.

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Under Royal Patronage.

Dear Friends,

It is the same old story—we want money, plenty of money, please. We cannot have too much. There are those, alas! who would give to us if they could, but times are bad and they cannot do so; and there are those who could give, but they forget to do so or fail to realise how much their help is needed. I appeal to those who can help us to do so liberally and quickly, and others to interest their friends in the Work which they know to be in such sore need.

Yours sincerely,

EDITH SMALLWOOD, Hon. Secretary.
15 Lancaster House, Malvern.

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MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

See the name "**CADBURY**" on every piece of Chocolate

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

sympathizers, and much useful work will be found for them to do.

A Book for S.C.F. Subscribers

I have just read a novel called "The Middle of the Road," by Sir Philip Gibbs, which I found most interesting, and which made me think of the many readers who have contributed to our large collection for the Save the Children Fund. I hope they, too, will read it, for although the descriptions of the sufferings of the starving people of Russia—typical, alas! of those of thousands in other countries as well—are almost overwhelmingly painful, they make one thankful that one had a small part at any rate in trying to alleviate them. They also rouse us to further efforts.

The Save the Children Fund still pursues its splendid work wherever it is most needed; in the Near East just now the plight of the Greek refugees is appalling. In a few days' time I am asked to a private view of the newest film illustrating their work—no doubt it will be heartbreaking, but it is no use hiding one's head in the sand. That will not bring food to the hungry. We must still send all the help we can to those who are so much less fortunate than ourselves. Many of my helpers are alive to the necessities of the moment, and since last month two subscribers have undertaken a third-year adoption, and the incorrigibly generous "Mothers" of Work-sop have sent another £1 for their godchild.

Schools and Blind Babies

I commend the following letter to the notice of other head mistresses, and can assure them that any help they might give Sunshine House would be immensely appreciated. I do not think there is any gift whose value a child so quickly appreciates as that of sight—his endless questions partly result from the keenness of that sense—and he feels for the baby who cannot and will never see a ready sympathy that ought to be encouraged:

"I have a school of infants, and I am wanting them to help the little inmates of the Sunshine Home. They seem so anxious to bring their pennies. Have you a box or coupons or pictures which you think might be more substantial than our little 'talks' on the subject?"

Generous Gifts

A few months ago I mentioned the need in the poor Midland parish in which we are interested of a bath-chair in which the aged

and ill could be taken out in fine weather. Having seen the wretched houses in which they live, I realize all the difference to health and spirits that it must mean to remain indoors in unlovely surroundings week after week, or to get out occasionally into the streets—also far from beautiful, it must be confessed, but at any rate more animated—or the park. It is extremely rare—in fact, it is almost unknown—for an appeal in these pages to fall on deaf ears, and in this instance a very touching gift brings this source of health and cheer within the reach of our poor friends. One of my readers sends £3 "to help to provide the bath-chair in memory of my own dear boy, whom when a child I wheeled about in a chair until he was ten years old; he had spinal trouble, and how he did improve after he was able to be taken out." If we were all to translate our own experience into sympathetic and practical help of this kind, it would be a better world.

"If you don't get enough to buy your chair let me know and I will send on the balance," adds my generous helper.

Another gift of £3 illuminated the horizon of one who was badly in need of a holiday and saw little hope of obtaining one. This was our old friend, M. M., to whom readers have been very kind. After her mother's death strain and grief had left her, never strong, very run down, and a rest and change were just what she needed and pined for. Another reader sent £2 to help the expenses of a "move"—a very timely gift indeed. A most generous gift of £10 "for coal or comforts for the many sufferers mentioned in the last *QUIVER*" comes from a reader who does not wish her name published. I only wish that all who give could see the resulting comfort and relief, but I hope their imaginations can summon up the picture.

Do it Now

Have you a birthday present to give in May? If so, please ask me for a typed list of *THE QUIVER* workers, and choose something from the tempting array of goods they offer. Since last month a new worker, Miss M. D., has joined our ranks—one who deserves encouragement, for she injured herself while doing a man's work in the Land Army during the war, and is now trying to support herself by knitting and crochet. She makes Shetland shawls, about 1¼ yards square, with very pretty fancy border, for which she charges £1, and also

THE QUIVER

knits socks, stockings, jumpers—in fact, anything that is wanted, as long as she has full details as to size and a pattern to go by. Another new worker is an old friend, Mrs. W., who suffers from tubercular hip and knee. She makes charming work-bags—the French fish-basket boldly and brightly embroidered in coloured wools—for which she charges 4s. Another old friend, Mrs. L., offers boudoir caps. Even if you can only give one order, ask for a list—for one order is much better than none; but many are better than one!

What's Wanted

Many kind gifts of clothes, eiderdown, rug, etc., have been received, but boots and clothes of all kinds and sizes and reading matter are still much wanted. I am also asked to make known the request of an invalid, and I hope it may be granted:

"I should so like to get hold of a musical-box—one that would play a few tunes for me—but I do not think they are made now. I remember a little one I had when a child—a round box with a painting on the top and a little handle or a spring. Mrs. M. kindly sent me a zither at Christmas, but I had to return it as I have not the strength to play it."

Anonymous Gifts

The following gifts are acknowledged with very many thanks:

S.O.S. Fund.—Nan (fires), 10s.; Mrs. E. M. Nichols, 10s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, Castle Douglas, 5s.; Fires (Norwich), 10s.; A QUIVER Reader, 8s.; Inasmuch, 5s.; A Reader in the North, 10s.; Shields, 10s.; M. J. C. E., £1.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—A Reader in the North, 10s.; A QUIVER Reader, 8s.

Save the Children Fund.—A Reader in the North, 10s.; E. F. B., 2s. 6d.; S. E. H., 10s.; A QUIVER Reader, 8s.

Sunshine House.—A Reader in the North, 6s.;

E. F. B., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Lakeland, 3s.; A QUIVER Reader, 8s.

British Home for Incurables.—A QUIVER Reader, 8s.

The Month's Mail

To the following my best thanks for all they have sent:

Lieut.-General Cecil Clifford, Mrs. Little, Miss Winifred Williams, Mrs. Wall, Miss Jessie B. Leslie, Miss Florence Graham, Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss Mary Thomas, Messrs. Edgar Penman and Frank Hall, Miss Lydia Robinson, Miss M. Arnold, Mrs. Farmer, Miss Smith, Miss Annie Jack, Miss Annie Preson, Mrs. Thorpe, Miss Harper, Mrs. Woolf, Mrs. Sparshatt, Miss Florence Webb, Rev. F. A. Smith, Mrs. R. Walden, Mrs. Wardlaw, Miss M. Booth, Miss Kilpatrick, Miss J. Farnworth, Miss Edith Brett, Mrs. Ronayne, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. Alfred Martin, Mrs. Haylett, Mr. and Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Brooker, Mr. Collingwood, Miss Hatton, Mrs. Newland, Miss Margaret Evans, Mr. Orton, Miss Philipps, Miss Cull, Miss M. Offord, Mrs. Harding, Miss L. A. Robinson, Miss Foxcroft, Miss Dolly Robinson, Miss C. B. Taylor, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Bridger, Mrs. Close, Miss A. Thompson, Miss M. Seddon, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Plowright, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Farbridge, Miss Jessie R. Taylor, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Davies, Miss Isa M. Watson, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. Castleton Ellis, Miss E. Kyle, Mrs. Greenfield, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Heath, Miss Falconer, Mrs. Eccles, Miss Giles, Miss Lois Davies, Miss Ann Zicherman, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Falding, Miss Hunt, Miss Kathleen Scotford, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Beaton, Mrs. Harvey, Miss Wharton, Mr. Carroll, Miss Elizabeth Shirley, Mr. Godbehere, Misses Bates and Male, and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.

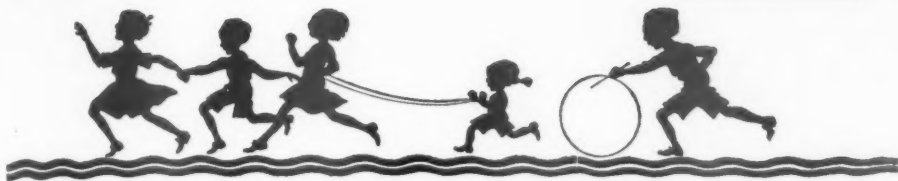


Result of the Voting Competition in the "British Girl's Annual"

THE Editor of the "British Girl's Annual" has asked me to announce in this number of the magazine the result of the Voting Competition in last year's Annual.

It was most gratifying to receive such a large number of entries, and certainly interesting to note the close running which

was shown in the votes accorded. No reader, however, succeeded in sending in a list that was entirely correct, so the prize of One Guinea is being divided between Miss Marjorie Thorn, of Harpenden, and Miss Maisie Christy, of Co. Antrim, whose lists most nearly corresponded to the final verdict.



Don't Let Your Children Have Flat Feet

START-RITE boots and shoes prevent it. They give the right support where it is most needed and when it is most needed.



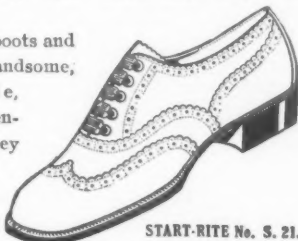
This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.

They enable little insteps to develop the curve of strength and beauty.

Compare a Start-Rite with an ordinary shoe. See the leather extension on the inside of the heel. Then feel inside the Start-Rite and note how the ordinary leather stiffener is extended. An arch has been built to build an arch. More support, more comfort, and the tendency of the childish ankle to turn inward prevented.

Give your child a chance. In years to come the little one will be grateful if you fit the little feet with Start-Rite shoes in time.

Start-Rite boots and shoes are handsome, comfortable, and give splendid wear. They are good buying irrespective of their value in preventing flat feet.



START-RITE No. S. 21.

A characteristic Brown Willow Bogue Oxford shoe, with tough-wearing uppers, and in every way a popular shoe for school wear. 9 to 10, 19/6; 11 to 12, 20/6; 13 to 14, 21/6; 15 to 16, 24/-; 17 to 18, 25/6.

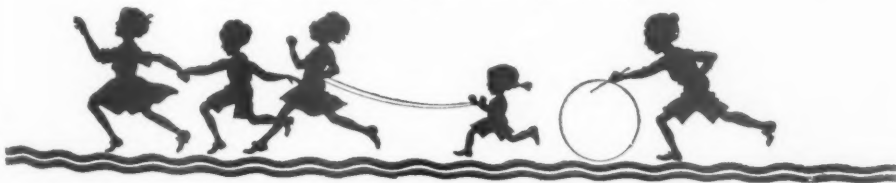


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Send a card mentioning this magazine for a free copy of "The Prince's Zoo," containing beautiful coloured plates by Harry Rountree of the Prince of Wales' Zoological collection and details of Start-Rite Shoes. The children will love it.

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A great Physician said he never had a Cold although constantly in the way of infection, simply because he KEPT HIS NOSE IN ORDER. Another prescribed inhaling antiseptics.

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Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Soap.
Ideal for the complexion.

John Taylor's Oxygen Tooth Powder,
in tins 7½d., 1/3, 2/6 and 4/-.

DR. MACKENZIE'S LABORATORIES LTD., READING.

"Four Years of Heaven," and Then—

*The Love that Came to
Thackeray*

By W. Greenwood

SOME years after the great shadow had fallen on Thackeray's life he wrote to a young man who was about to marry: "Though my marriage was a wreck, as you know, I would do it again; for, behold! Love is the crown and completion of all earthly good." And no doubt he was speaking the truth; for within the few brief years of union with his "little Irish rose" he knew more happiness than most men who live to see their golden wedding day.

To Thackeray, the "big boy with the big heart," a woman's love was more necessary than to most men. "I cannot live without the tenderness of some woman," he confessed, adding humorously: "I expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar loving, in a pinafore."

And on another occasion he said, in a similar mood of humour, which held no little truth: "What we big men want for the most part is a flattering, child-loving, tea-making being who laughs at all our jokes, however old they may be, and fondly lies to us through life. A wife ought to be able to make your house pleasant to your friends; she ought to attract them to it by her graces. Let her be, if not clever, an appreciator of cleverness. Above all, let her have a sense of humour, for a woman without a laugh is the greatest bore in existence."

In more serious mood he wrote: "Canst thou, O friendly reader, count upon the fidelity of an artless heart, or tender or true, and reckon among the blessings which Heaven hath bestowed on thee, the love of a faithful woman? Purify thine own heart and try to make it worthy of hers. All the prizes of life are nothing compared to that one. All the rewards of ambition, wealth and pleasure, only vanity and disappointment, grasped at greedily and fought over fiercely, and over and over again found worthless by the weary universe."

Such was the love and such the wife that came to Thackeray. But the pity of it! For four years of such happiness as has rarely fallen to mortal man, he tasted love

in all its perfection. Then with tragic and appalling suddenness it was snatched from his grasp by a hand crueller far than that of death, and for more than a score of years he was doomed to walk alone through a world that was left dreary and desolate beyond all imagining.

Though love came to Thackeray early in his life, he was already a sad and disillusioned man, sorely in need of affection and sympathy. He had tried both art and authorship, with disappointing results. He had lost the greater part of his small patrimony, and had had to abandon all thought of the law, the only other career that seemed to hold promise for him. "I am only twenty-four," he wrote to a friend in a mood of pessimism, "and already I am branded a failure—and this in spite of my best efforts. What the future may hold for me I dread to think." And it was at this time, when his heart had almost failed him and his future looked its darkest, that love came to revolutionize his life and fill it with a new hope and inspiration.

One day in 1835 he chanced to call at the house of his grandmother and there met Isabella Shawe, the dowerless daughter of an Indian colonel. She was, we are told, the merest slip of a girl, fresh from the schoolroom, "a blooming rose of Irish beauty," a fairy little creature brimful of the joy of life, with laughter on her lips and mischief dancing in her eyes, impulsive, warm-hearted and lavishly unselfish. And at sight of her and under the magic of her singing—for she sang to him as a nightingale might sing—the young giant promptly lost both heart and head.

And to her love seems to have come little less quickly. She was drawn to him, as the small and frail are drawn to the big and strong; his cleverness, his humour, his great heart, his tender and chivalrous homage appealed powerfully to her, and before she realized her danger she had yielded her heart to him as he had given his heart to her. But though Thackeray had thus won his prize, its full possession seemed to his impatience almost as remote as the stars.

THE QUIVER

But, as if under the magic of love, Fortune relented just when her smiles were most needed. Within a few months of his engagement to his "little Irish rose," Thackeray's stepfather, Major Carmichael Smyth, bought a London newspaper, the *Public Ledger*, re-christened it the *Constitutional and Public Ledger*, and packed his stepson off to Paris in the rôle of correspondent. The way to the altar was now clear to the young lovers, so they decided, and one August day in the same year William Makepeace Thackeray and Isabella Gethen Creagh Shawe, of the Parish of Doneraile, in the County of Cork, were made one at the British Embassy in Paris.

Thus followed ten months of Paradise. Then came a rude awakening from their dream, when the *Ledger* suspended publication, and in the wreckage the remnant of Thackeray's small fortune was engulfed. To Thackeray the blow was crushing. It seemed to be the end of all things; but his brave-hearted little wife smiled at his long face, teased and laughed him out of his mood of despair, and at last succeeded in turning his face hopefully to the future.

Returning to London, the young couple, bankrupt in all but love, found a temporary home under the roof of Thackeray's parents in Albion Street, Hyde Park, where their eldest daughter, known to the world as Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, was born. In spite of his gloomy forebodings, the young author had found the way to success opening before him. His pen had begun to find its cunning and to yield a sufficient harvest to justify him in starting a home of his own, in Great Coram Street, where a second child, who died in infancy, was born.

The golden days had now come back again. The world was once more beautiful. But this second taste of Paradise was not destined to last long. In May, 1840, Mrs. Thackeray gave birth to a third child, and with its coming the mother's life was plunged into a darkness worse than that of death. Physically she recovered her strength, but the light of reason had vanished for ever, and at the age of twenty-nine, after four brief years of heaven, Thackeray was left, more than widowed, with two little girls dependent on him for all the care and tenderness which a mother might have bestowed on them.

For twenty-three years he lived under this great shadow, presenting a brave and smiling face to the world.

The world never knew and never will know what he suffered in loneliness and grief, as triumph after triumph became his, and he heard the world's plaudits and tasted the joy of being almost worshipped by men of his craft—and remembered the poor little woman, shut away from all the interests of those who loved her, and waiting, waiting for the long-delayed release that came to her only after fifty-four years of madness.

"I was as happy as the day was long with her," he said. And one day when Trollope's groom said to him: "I hear you have written a book on Ireland, and are always making fun of the Irish; you don't like us!" Thackeray's eyes filled with tears as he thought of his wife, and he replied, turning away his head: "God help me! All that I have loved best in the world was Irish."

But to the closed and jealously treasured chapter of his wedded happiness he seldom referred, even to his intimate friends. It was too sacred for other eyes than his to look on, and we get few glimpses of it. And though he carried his yearning for and need of a woman's love and companionship to his last day, no other woman ever turned his thoughts for a moment from the little Irish sweetheart who was so much more than dead to him.

It was well for Thackeray that he had not to carry his sorrow to old age. For twenty-three years he bore it as bravely as man could, and then he quietly and gladly laid down the burden which he had found so cruelly heavy to bear.

Thirty years after Thackeray's life-weary body had been laid to its rest in Kensal Green cemetery he was joined by the wife who had so long survived him. There, all that is mortal of them, they sleep in peace side by side after life's fret and fever.

How was it, we wonder, that January morning in 1894 when the portals swung wide open for Isabella Thackeray, and she was re-united to her husband? One likes to believe that all the long years of darkness were as naught, as an evil dream that has no power to trouble in the glory of the morning.

One likes to think that it was the radiant Irish rose of his youth that came to brave-hearted Thackeray through the shining portals and brought to him for all eternity the "tenderness of a woman" in heaped-up reward for all the patient faithful goodness of long, lonely years.

THE QUIVER



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especially Nurses and Mothers, must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset, is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

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These "Health" Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers and Actresses will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Corset of Health." They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

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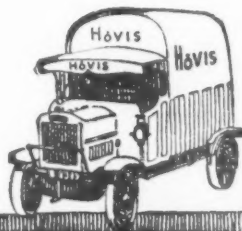
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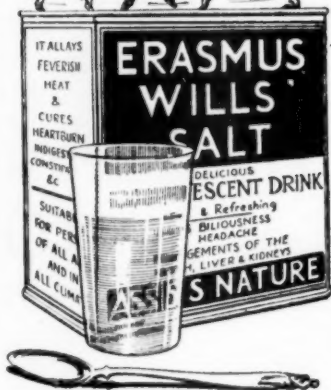
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sake. : :

Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—Last month the sunshine invited us to wear our new spring suits, and yet if we did so the hint of winter in the wind made us feel chilly. Now, however, spring has unreservedly arrived (how I wish, cousin mine, you could see the flowers in the London parks!), so we can lay aside our winter coats and furs and sally forth in more summery garb.

The new spring suits for outdoor wear are very attractive. The three-piece suit has jumped at once in popular favour, and this is not surprising. In many suits the top of the frock in Paisley crêpe-de-chine gives a vivid colour touch to a gaberdine of sombre hue, beige, mole, or perhaps snuff-colour, which forms the skirt and coat. The Paisley touch reappears in coat collar, cuffs and in the lining of cape or coat.

Hats are very delightful this spring. The cloche is becoming and comfortable, and when cunningly draped with a bordered silk net veil is very feminine and attractive. Flowers minus foliage in pert rosette-like clumps add a note of distinction to the small cloche.

A petersham ribbon hat or snug-fitting cloche entirely covered with shot taffetas ribbon is a most useful possession. For morning wear it is serviceable, and it is quite dressy enough for wear on occasions *de cérémonie* also. Why don't you invest in one, dear Cousin Delia? It would suit you admirably. You could wear it with practically any frock, and really ribbon stands the vagaries of our climate better than floral and feather adornments.

Before I forget I must answer your query about silk stockings. You tell me yours wear badly and yet you buy a good quality. I will tell you how I wash mine (for I always *do* wash these precious possessions myself!), and then you can compare notes and see what is wrong with your method. You observe that I take it for granted that your method is wrong and mine right! Put the stockings first into cold water and soak them for ten minutes, then squeeze them gently in luke-warm, soapy water. Don't rub hard. Then rinse them in clear warm water, and finally in cold. When drying don't hang the stockings up (unless you have a penchant for "ladders"! but spread them on a towel and put them to dry on the rack over the kitchen range, or, better still, in a shady spot in the garden. Here's one sure stocking hint! If your feet get hot, sprinkle a little carbonate of soda inside the soles before wearing them. It is an excellent preservative. And now au revoir. I must answer all my other

letters whilst I feel in the mood for correspondence.—Yours ever,
PAMELA.

Answers to Correspondents

A GOOD FURNITURE POLISH. Curio-collector (Bath).—You have indeed been lucky to pick up such charming bits of old furniture! Just the ideal type for your quaint old house. This is a very reliable polish that also cleans the furniture. Take equal parts of brown vinegar, methylated spirits, turpentine and boiled linseed oil and mix them well together. Put a little of the polish on a soft cloth and rub it over the furniture and then polish with a dry duster. You will not find much friction necessary.

FOOTWEAR FOR CHILDREN. Constant Reader (Liverpool).—You cannot do better than get Start-rite improved children's footwear for all your little people. It is so important for children to wear good-fitting boots and shoes from the very first, and the danger of flat-foot is obviated when Start-rite footwear is used. Messrs. Southall, of Norwich, who make these capital shoes, offer a free copy of "The Prince's Zoo," containing beautiful coloured plates by Harry Rountree of the Prince of Wales' Zoological Collection and details of Start-rite shoes to all who send a card asking for it and mentioning THE QUIVER, so do send for it to-day. The children will love it.

CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY. E. N. S. (Leeds).—You are right in believing that there is a revival in favour of this very effective work. It looks wonderfully impressive on children's little frocks and djibbahs. You tell me you are sadly out of practice, so why not try your hand first on a simple pattern. Here is a practical suggestion. Get $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of huckaback and cut it into three lengths. Work a band of any simple pattern in cross-stitch across each end, leaving just enough plain material to turn up into a hem to hide the back of the work. This will make three nice face-towels.

FURNISHING A NEW HOME. Fiancée (Highgate).—Your plans for your new home are very interesting, and I think you are most sensible to have decided to get second-hand furniture. The sum you mention will be quite adequate. Why not go over to W. Jelks & Sons, of 263-275 Holloway Road, N.7, and make your selection at their showrooms? You could write first for their "Bargain" booklet, and having studied it at home you will soon be able to make a selection.

TO CLEAN WHITE PAINT. Haus-frau (Notts).—How very tiresome to find so many finger-marks on your white paint. Luckily, however,

THE QUIVER

it is quite easy to remove them. Dip a cloth in warm water and then in a little powdered whitening and rub over the dirty paint. All the marks will disappear like magic, and then you can dry the paint with a clean duster.

FOR TIRED FEET. Pedestrian (North Wales).—Your plan for taking your holiday afoot sounds delightful. If you are strong and a good walker nothing is quite so enjoyable as a walking tour. You must, however, prepare your feet for the extra strain put upon them. Bathe them every night and morning in warm salty water. Dry them thoroughly and rub them with methylated spirit. Then dust them over with boracic powder or with Fuller's Earth. If a blister threatens on the heel, rub the inside of your stocking and shoe-heel with soap.

RETRIMMING LAST YEAR'S HAT. Thrift (Kensington).—The close-fitting cloche-shaped hats which came in last season are even more popular this year. I strongly advise you to re-cover the shape you had last year with one of the new petersham ribbons now so fashionable. Or you could use a shot-taffetas ribbon and make a smart upstanding bow of the same material. This lends height, and as you tell me you are petite this is an advantage.

CLEANING A GAS-COOKER. Housekeeper (Bridport).—You would find your cooking efforts much more satisfactory if you kept your gas oven properly clean. Have you tried "Kleen-off" Cooker Cleaning Jelly? It is admirable for removing grease from gas ovens, etc., and only costs 6d. a tin. Ask your ironmonger or gas company for it, and I am sure when once you have tried it you will use it regularly.

WINDOW DECORATION. Home-lover (Wimbledon).—Nothing really brightens up a room so much as careful window furnishing. You tell me your drawing-room is inclined to be dark and yet is rather overlooked. I should advise you to consult Messrs. Peach, of Nottingham. They are experts in the matter of curtains, window hangings, etc. I feel sure they will have some admirable treatment to suggest for side curtains, and I got some very pretty caseement curtains from them lately, too.

A ROLL-TOP DESK. Paterfamilias (Rugby).—As you tell me you do a great deal of your business correspondence at home and can reserve a whole room for your own use, why not invest in a roll-top desk? You can get one from Libraco, Limited, of 62 Cannon Street, London, that is an ornamental piece of furniture for any room. You would find great comfort in being able to close it down and protect all your letters and papers from the prying fingers of the children of the family. With such a desk and a Libraco bookcase for your books you would be able to transact your business correspondence at home in comfort.

MEMORY TRAINING. Student (Edinburgh).—Your letter is most interesting, and I thoroughly sympathize with your ambitious aspirations. But you must not get depressed because you find your memory so unreliable. Have you ever heard of the Pelman system? I strongly advise you to take the course of mind and memory

training this system offers. You will find it the greatest help in overcoming the difficulties you mention.

BABY'S FIRST COT. A. L. P. (Rochester).—How trying for you to have baby so restless at night! I wonder if he has a really comfortable cot? Why not get a Treasure Cot for him at 103 Oxford Street, W.? They are beautifully made and so dainty and cosy, and have the great advantage of a washable hammock. You tell me you will be joining your husband a little later in India, and in that case you will find the Treasure Cot invaluable for baby, as it folds up so compactly for travelling. I feel sure the wee man will begin to sleep well as soon as you get him this charming cot.

SWEETBREAD CUTLETS. Rosemary (Welshpool).—An invalid who is convalescent often enjoys these cutlets, and, as you say, they perhaps look more appetizing than steamed sweetbreads. Soak the sweetbreads in water for an hour or more. Then cut them up into neat portions. Dip each one in egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat till brown. Serve garnished with parsley and slices of lemon.

HOME LESSONS. Anxious (Exeter).—The hours you mention are far too long for a child of twelve to spend in study. I should advise you to see her headmistress and tell her exactly how long your little Doreen spends at work every evening. No wonder she looks pale and listless and sleeps badly, for there is no time left for proper recreation or exercise in the fresh air. No child will keep well under such conditions. Possibly she is in a class where the work is too hard for her, or she may need a little extra coaching in those subjects which she finds so difficult.

RECIPE FOR FUDGE. Cordon-bleu (Ipswich).—You cannot do better than include a tin of fudge in the tuck-box you propose to send your schoolboy son at half-term. Here is an excellent recipe. Take 1 cup of sugar, 1 dessert spoonful of butter, 3 teaspoonfuls of cocoa, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Mix the butter and sugar. Add the milk, and when the mixture boils stir in the cocoa. Boil until the mixture threads. Remove the saucepan from the fire, add the vanilla and beat the mixture until it is smooth. Pour it into a buttered dish, and as it cools mark it off into squares.

A DELICATE CHILD. Mother (Devon).—You tell me that you find it very difficult to get your little daughter to eat puddings, and her appetite is very capricious. Perhaps you do not offer her sufficient variety. Children are often tempted by a pudding that "looks pretty." Why not let her have a nice jelly? Chivers' Jellies flavoured with ripe fruit juices are not only delicious but perfectly pure and wholesome and therefore excellent for everybody, even the most delicate child. I hope soon to have better news of your little girl's appetite.

Correspondence should be addressed Lady Pamela, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

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